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MAGAZINE



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Behind the Guns of Crime By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

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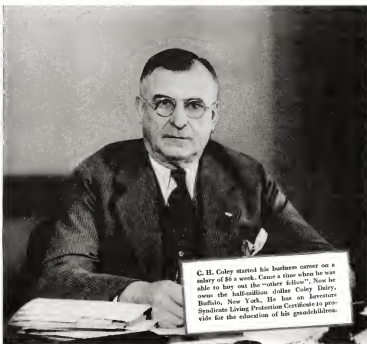
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\* \* \* \* \*

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All these—whether dashing bold or daintily feminine—need washing with as pure soap as you'd put in baby's bath. Wool is just as sensitive as a baby's skin! It needs gentle handling, gentle temperature and that gentle, pure soap—Ivory.

If you'd prefer completely disinterested advice on this matter, go to the baby department of any fine store. Here's where washing advice is given constantly, because baby wools *must* be kept soft and shapely. These experienced salespeople are partial to Ivory, *because*—"Ivory is mild and pure."

More and more salespeople mention Ivory Flakes, because they *are* Ivory Soap in a quick-sudsing form . . . tiny curly flakes that whisk into pure Ivory suds in lukewarm water. So much safer than flattened hard flakes that may stick to fuzzy wool fibers. Don't ever run the expensive risk of a soap that dries out wool—causing the parched fibers to mat harshly together!

Any other soap that claims to be "as good" as Ivory Flakes really costs more—because Ivory Flakes come in *big* boxes that contain *more* pure soap.



## Ivory Flakes

99 44/100 0/0 PURE



# Behind the guns of CRIME



DRAWING BY  
JOHN E. SHEDDEN

Riding the rods on gangland's underground railway . . . a well-groomed industry of efficient lawlessness that is levying a tribute of \$100 a year on every member of your family.



IN PRACTICALLY any city in the country the criminal of today knows exactly where to go to find aid, protection, escape, or immunity.

He knows because of a vast criminal information bureau—an organized underground railway which has extended its main lines and branches over the land. It provides him in advance with

lists of names, addresses, and telephone numbers of—

Doctors who will dress his wounds and keep mum about it.

Lawyers who will help him evade the law and defend him if he gets in trouble.

Tailors who, without questions, will make him clothing with concealed pistol pockets.

Bankers, brokers, or "fences" who

will dispose of his "hot money" derived from a kidnapping and other crimes, or his "sizzling bonds" fresh from a bank holdup.

Hotels which will hide him from the eyes of police.

Crooked police and other officials who will look the other way—for a consideration.

Even beauty doctors who will secretly disguise him by dyeing his hair and otherwise altering his appearance.

Investigating this vast network beneath the guns of crime, I have traveled thousands of miles, searched grand jury testimony, prison and court records, had confidential talks with chiefs and commissioners of police, sheriffs, prison wardens, members of pardon boards,

● BY COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Present-day crime carries a gun in one hand and a niblick in the other. Smartly dressed Kathryn Kelly, wife of George (Machine Gun) Kelly, both serving life terms for the kidnapping of Charles F. Urschel, Oklahoma oil man; Harvey Bailey, captured on a golf course and imprisoned for life for the same kidnapping. Below: Harold Fontaine (with cigarette), engineer of the underground railway which smuggled guns and dynamite into Leavenworth Penitentiary in a barrel of shoe paste



man-hunters in every section of the country, and with criminals themselves.

As I write, four of these criminals are "on the spot" for talking too much. A thousand voluntary "stool pigeons" of crime are on the lookout for them. And as, one by one, they are located, news of their hideouts will be passed swiftly along the underground railway telegraph until it reaches men detailed to kill them. The higher-ups who have ordered the killings may not stir from their "refrigerators"—as their hideaways are called—but their orders will be carried out quickly and efficiently.

**T**O SEE how smoothly the underground railway operates let's look, for instance, at the work of its beauty doctors. Conspicuous examples of their craftsmanship came to light with the capture of the notorious bandits, George (Machine Gun) Kelly and Harvey Bailey, both sentenced to life imprisonment recently for the kidnapping of Charles F. Urschel, Oklahoma oil man. Both had had their hair dyed, attempting to escape detection. James (Fur) Sammons, wanted for a Baltimore robbery, had done the same. Two prisoners who escaped from Leavenworth Penitentiary roved all over the country before they were caught—with dyed hair.

Here were widely separated instances, but each of these notorious criminals had known exactly where to go to get a hair disguise. The dyeing jobs were expert ones, and each evidently had been repeated several times. But in no instance had police anywhere been informed that a young man, for no apparent reason, had altered his appearance!

Crime's underground railway even goes so far as to supply criminals with lists of "soft" pardon boards, easy governors, and loosely run prisons.

A bandit wanted by several states was



PHOTO BY APOL.  
INTERNATIONAL KEYSTONE

recently captured in San Francisco. He offered no resistance to extradition by any state except Missouri.

"I won't go back there!" he announced. "I'll plead guilty in one of those other places. I'll fight my head off before I go back to Jefferson City."

**JEFFERSON CITY** penitentiary is known along the grapevine telegraph of the underground railway as a "tough stir," just as Dannemora, in New York, is tough, and as Sing Sing is a hard place

to work the rackets by which convicts are freed.

The criminal likewise is supplied with the names of prison guards and wardens who "fall" for hard-luck stories or are easy with passes. Three convicts serving life sentences in a Western penitentiary wanted to go fishing. An indulgent deputy warden gave them passes to fish in a lake adjoining the prison, and the three happy fishermen walked out of the penitentiary, called a taxicab—and never came back.



Mrs. Frank Nash, under Federal indictment for attempting to obstruct justice—whose bandit husband and four officers were killed by gunmen attempting to liberate him in Kansas City; and "Machine Gun" Kelly, looking the part of a well-dressed business man

More recently, Harvey Bailey escaped from the Dallas (Texas) jail, for which escape a jailer and another confederate were convicted. How did he get a gun? How does any convict get a gun? Or dope, or anything else he wants? Through information provided by the underground railway!

Perhaps I can show by the case of Joe Dunne—convicted in Santa Fe, N. Mex., with thirteen others, of running a lottery—how far-reaching is the information system. The lottery was to be a sweepstakes on a horse race at Saratoga, N. Y. The drawing was to be in Juarez, Mexico. Agents, many of whom worked under aliases, were appointed to sell the tickets in 19 states, from New York to California. Dunne picked his men during a three weeks' motor trip as casually taken as if he were appointing representatives for legitimate business.

There was no hesitation anywhere. Dunne would drive into a town, find the men he wanted for agents, complete the financial arrangements, and drive on. When indictments were handed down in Santa Fe, N. Mex., it was necessary to pick up defendants in New Mexico, New York, Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri, Oklahoma, California, and Arkansas.

These were only the actual organizers and promoters of the scheme; the numerous agents and sub-agents, working in hundreds of cities and small towns, were not prosecuted.

Now, did Joe Dunne know where to go—in 19 states—for whom to ask, what political boss to placate, what pool-room was the proper hangout, what city administrations were lax, and what towns were good hangouts for the kind of men he was seeking—men willing to break a Federal law and police willing to permit it to be broken—or was he a mind reader?

LET me tell you of George Robertson, who desired to rob his own bank, the Montgomery County National Bank of Cherryvale, Kans., of which he was president. According to his own confession, he went to a "fixer" for the underground in Springfield, Mo., and told him that he wanted his bank robbed and would divide the loot with the robbers. The fixer engaged three experienced bank robbers, who held up the bank, taking \$7,000 in currency and some \$63,000 in bonds. According to instructions, they delivered most of the bonds to a fence in Miami, Fla. This

man sold a part of the bonds at 65 cents on the dollar. Two of the bandits had been killed by this time in another bank robbery which hadn't been as well planned. Lyman Ford, the third robber, took his part of the loot to a Western attorney.

The attorney, according to the confession, advised Ford and his wife to go to a certain "cooling-off joint" in the South, and later paid them their share of the money obtained from the sale of the stolen bonds. The amount was not stated; usually the lawyer who arranges the selling gets 40 per cent, the crooked banker, broker, or fence who palms them off on unsuspecting buyers gets another 40 per cent, and the crook gets what is left.

Anyway, the bank robber and his wife went to New Mexico and started a chicken ranch. Subsequently, the attorney sent the bonds remaining in his possession to Ford for disposition. Ford sent them on to another lawyer, an American living in Juarez, Mexico, who, caught trying to sell them, "squawked."

NATURALLY, these questions arise: How did the Springfield fixer and fence know just where to find an expert bank robber? How did the bandit gang know just where to deliver a part of the loot? Why did Lyman Ford know that his attorney would not immediately call up police headquarters and have him arrested for attempting to sell stolen property? And who gave Ford the name of the Juarez attorney when he moved to New Mexico? Does all this give an indication of the workings of crime's underground railway, and the reason it costs you and me and other honest citizens of this country \$12,000,000,000 a year to run it?

Because of the underground railway, the "shoving" of bonds has become a big business. Here is a typical case:

Five bonds (Continued on page 98)



Part of the captured equipment of a modern bandit gang. It includes stolen license plates, road maps, a first-aid kit, liquor, and ammunition. This in addition to a fairly complete arsenal of pistols and machine guns

*Loyalty was a thing that bound men's hands and tongues oddly . . . in the cell Ray Fawcett nursed his own personal tragedy and would not speak*



# Motives of an OVERLORD



NADINE CURTIN entered the intersection with a wholly unlawful recklessness, and a car's brakes snarled at her bare ankles while the last brilliant sunlight of the day made a fluid outline of her slim, striding body.

She was, Bourke Rembeau admitted, watching her, a real Juno of the prairie country and as unquenchably modern

as the platinum bracelet glittering on her wrist.

The bustling town of Pendleton was bathed in a stifling heat that rolled cloudlike off the vast hinterland of wheatfield and cattle range, but Nadine skipped briskly up the curb and laid a peremptory hand against Bourke Rembeau's wide chest. "So it takes a court trial to drag the big beef baron of Ukiah

into town. Six o'clock at the Curtin table, mister."

A grin licked across the sun-darkened steadiness of Bourke Rembeau's face. He said amiably, "A party?"

"Purely informal gathering of Pendleton's best unmarried people. Bourke, your eyes are turning hazel and I detect a faint touch of the austere sagebrush autocrat. Too much solitude. Presently you'll have shaggy eyebrows, an ingrown temper, and a tendency to kick stray children out of your path, and I shan't love you any more. At six, my cabbage."

This is the story of a sagebrush baron. He disliked men who rustled cattle and girls who threw stones when they got mad.



LIKE that—and away; a blithe girl swaggering through the five-o'clock crowd.

The manners of his own generation were beginning to be a little strange to him, and at twenty-six he felt somewhat like an outlander in this brisk county town he seldom visited. Isolation, that was it. The town kept abreast of the world; it was, in miniature, a network of all the puzzling threads of this complicated century. But the long, bare flats and dun slopes of the yonder range didn't change at all, and he had been

● BY ERNEST HAYCOX

so immersed in it the last few seasons that his own outside education now seemed like a faint dust cloud in the far distance.

He thought about it a moment, features indolently taciturn beneath the wide hat brim, and then dismissed the notion. Little Simon Lent, Bourke's top hand, shuffled out of the crowd and paused on the curb, a rider with shrewd, agate eyes and a dry and silent face that was very misleading. His glance touched some remote object, his talk was thready and indifferent:

"The Cockerline boys been at Kelly's card-room most all day. There ain't much more left of the trial except your testimony."

BOURKE knew what his answer was to be, but he allowed the silence to run on. It was a habit the ranch had taught him; when you had a great many men expecting exact judgment, you spoke slowly and you made your words seem final. He said, at last:

"Keep them in sight, Simon, till the verdict comes in."

Simon took a step backward, was absorbed by the crowd. Bourke Rembeau grinned faintly as he crossed the street. Simon Lent had the instincts of a Pinkerton, and this surreptitious stuff was his

meat. Two blocks on, Bourke Rembeau entered the courthouse, turned through a particular door, and ran into the deputy sheriff.

"Like to see Ray Fawl, Tip."

The deputy merely waved his arm. Bourke Rembeau went down a cool corridor bounded by iron gratings and the faces of men looking out at him. He stopped at the end cell, spoke to a man lying belly-down on a bunk. He said, "Hello, Ray."

Ray Fawl rose unhurriedly, and his manner changed when he saw Bourke Rembeau; it at once became reserved and civil. There was, Rembeau thought, a hint of wildness creeping out of the lad's very black eyes, a sign of stubbornness along the straight mouth. But the rather sharp face was proud and clean-shaven, and nothing of the habitual lawbreaker's slovenliness was there. What he saw now was just another young fellow on the borderline, normally honest but too quick-tempered to stand the punishment of hard circumstance. And circumstance had pushed him over the cliff.

"Ray," he said, rather gently, "I didn't pull you into this."

"No, sir," said Ray Fawl; "I know you didn't. A deputy happened to be on the road that night when I came by with

the critters in my truck. It's the district attorney that's mad. You been pretty white, Mister Rembeau."

"Don't get me wrong," stated Rembeau. "I'm not Santy Claus, and I don't like my beef rustled."

"That's all right. I got this coming to me."

Bourke Rembeau said, very blunt, "Things were pretty quiet and you couldn't find a job riding. You needed some money bad. So you went for this gag. I know why you wanted the money, Ray."

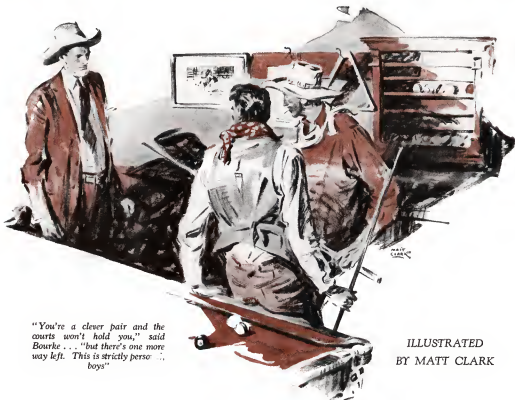
RAY FAWL put both hands around the bars and stared at Rembeau with a drawn expression. "Let's leave Lily out of this, Mister Rembeau."

"The district attorney isn't shooting at you, Ray. Why don't you open up?"

Fawl said, "I don't get that," guardedly, and his face lost expression.

Rembeau shrugged his wide shoulders. "You're a deuce in the deck. The boys who drew you into this mess will get the money and you'll get the sentence. Don't you know they always let the other fellow do the dirty work? In court tomorrow, lay it out plain. You don't belong to that gang. You got pulled into it."

"No," said Ray Fawl in a soft, dogged



"You're a clever pair and the courts won't hold you," said Bourke . . . "but there's one more way left. This is strictly perso . . . boys"

ILLUSTRATED  
BY MATT CLARK

voice; "that won't do. I don't yell."

"If you're turned free, then what?"

For the first time—and Bourke Rembeau was watching for it—the youngster's eyes showed desperation. He said, "I'm in kind of deep. They got me over a barrel—you know who I mean. But I won't get free." He stared at Rembeau. "Listen—I wish you'd see Lily. Tell her the fire died out."

"I'll see her."

"I always thought mighty highly of you, Mister Rembeau."

"So you took my beef?"

"You know how it goes," said Fawl quietly.

Rembeau nodded and left the corridor. The deputy at the door said, "Nothin' to it—the judge'll throw the book at him."

"That please you, Tip?"

The deputy stared. "I hate to shoot at big game and get a rabbit. Those other boys are clever, Bourke."

VERY clever, Rembeau thought, as he left the courthouse and struck out for the hotel. Loyalty was a thing that bound men's hands and tongues oddly; and there in the cell Ray Fawl nursed his own personal tragedy and would not speak, while the Cockerlines, behind all this, played pool at Kelly's. "They have nibbled at me a long while," he told himself, "and they think I won't protest." Anger streaked through him, and his lower lip folded slow across the upper, and he was at that moment a burly shape sightlessly tramping down the street.

In the hotel lobby he paused a moment at the dining-room entrance, until one of the waitresses there saw him, halted instantly, and showed a slow fright; then he went on up to his room, shaved and scrubbed, and brushed his suit.

He was smoking a cigarette when the knock came. The waitress entered, her features bitterly and clearly framed against the starched Dutch collar of her uniform. She was, Rembeau thought, very pretty, but her eyes were dark and without any hope at all.

He said, "Lily, what did Ray want money for?"

Lily Dreck closed the door and supported herself against it. . . .

Everybody talked at once, and the conversation simply went over hill and dale until some scent drew the whole pack to a common topic in a flurry of sharp, unsentimental comment. Sixteen people sat around Nadine Curtin's table and seldom bothered to be serious; and all this made Bourke Rembeau feel a little strange and stiff at the joints, and he sat mostly silent while the repartee cracked over his rugged red head.



Conscious of a girl's slim hands lying gracefully motionless at the other side of the table, he thought that he had somehow drifted from this crowd, of which he had been a part only two years before. It was very gay, but for him the old ease was gone, and in its place was the smell and sight of the range and a ruthless present in the shape of the Cockerline boys playing pool at Kelly's.

HE LIFTED his eyes from the opposite girl's hands to her face; and then it was like being shocked out of a long sleep. He was aroused and astonished, and he said in a rather odd voice, "Hello, Elsa."

Nadine Curtin's voice cut arrestingly through the chatter: "It took him just

twenty-one minutes to discover her."

There was enormous and inordinate laughter along the table, and Elsa Ballard's very definite face slowly, gently colored. Something had happened to this girl he had known since childhood. All the contours of her features were fair and serene and still, and her return glance was straighter, more deliberate than he remembered. Poise. A distant serenity.

Bourke Rembeau laid his elbows on the table and brushed aside the surrounding mockery. Something had happened. "What have you done to your hair?"

"Didn't you know, Bourke?" interposed Nadine, still ironic. "She's been in Portland for two years."



*"Bitterness in you, Elsa, is something new. You used to throw rocks . . . why the added venom?"*

"Yes," said Rembeau, "yes; I knew." The passive bronze features stirred; recklessness rose and showed itself. "I could always make you lose your temper, Elsa."

Her smile was a faint glow in her eyes; the rest of her face was untouched, reflective. "You always wanted your own way, Bourke. You still do."

"This will be good," said Nadine Curtin. "Go after her, Bourke. Do you remember in high school, when Haley Wyatt took her to the dance and you—"

"You don't need to pour oil on a good fire," said Elsa Ballard gently. "Bourke and I always supplied our own fuel." She watched him, and her lips formed a looser, more thoughtful curve. "It

started in the eighth grade. He wanted to be the gallant cavalier sweeping off the prairie. He never liked opposition. And so here he is now, the overlord of Box R range, a sagebrush baron, the court of first and last resort for fifty men and such surrounding territory as he can claim through feudal assumption."

THE quiet deepened. Nadine said, "This is very familiar. It is practically spontaneous combustion."

"When she got mad," said Rembeau, "she always threw rocks at the boys. She still does. But there's something else."

He stopped, demanding her attention and keeping it. In his more arrogant youth he had liked to rouse the stormy

brilliance across that level line of brow so that he might see the sad and forlorn afterglow. But he could not break this present calm. She was a still, poised woman with a mass of black hair shining against satin skin; a woman turned serene and remote, judging from a great distance. He continued, spuriously calm:

"You went to Portland and changed the style of your hair and tried to become Judge Ballard's refined daughter. You think you've run away from the tree-climbing and one-old-cat stage. It won't work, Elsa. You always loved a fight. You never could stay out of one. You can't be a fine lady."

The man beside Elsa Ballard—Bourke Rembeau didn't (Continued on page 86)



# 1934's CHALLENGE to the NEW DEAL

THE great experiment called the New Deal, in which the United States under the visible leadership of its President is engaged, has a twofold purpose. One is to lead the country out of its present economic depression. The other is to bring about far-reaching and permanent reforms in its economic structure.

The real problem lies in the fact that what seems to be the natural remedy for one difficulty is not compatible with what seems to be the natural remedy for another. Thus the nation finds itself very much in the position of a man who is suffering, shall we say, from a combination of diabetes, duodenal ulcer, and progressive anemia. The diet which is helpful to one of these ailments is harmful to the others.

In the modern world social change has been immensely quickened, because, through the applications of science, minutes now suffice where days were formerly necessary. Events follow each other so rapidly, and repercussions of these travel so quickly through the world's nerve-network, that hardly has one time to note occurrences of one change when another is on its heels.

Writing, as I must, weeks before these lines can be read, I can do no more than describe what seem to be the main difficulties that the New Deal has set itself to surmount and the nature of the means by which it is hoped to conquer those difficulties.

Occasionally, weather experts tell us, there is a conjunction of storms, each independently originating, and when that occurs we get something quite unusual in the way of bad weather. The famous blizzard in New York of March, 1888, was an example of this; a more recent instance was the flood in Vermont a few years ago. The present economic depression, as I see it, is analogous to these phenomena in that it is the result of several separately originating disturbances converging and finally coalescing in one great economic storm. Three of these are:

*First:* The collapse of an over-extended speculation in the United States.

*Second:* The existence, independently of that speculation, of an over-extension of debt, in part (only in part) the product of the Great War.

*Third:* The breakdown of the theory and system of production and distribution long accepted and followed by the civilized world—free, unrestricted industrial and commercial competition.



Only by looking back at the bottom can you see how far we've climbed, says Mr. Woodlock. Economist and journalist of wide experience—Contributing Editor of the Wall Street Journal and former Interstate Commerce Commissioner—he points to the difficult peaks still to be scaled along the path to better days. "Courage!" he says. "Remember how Napoleon defeated his enemies—one at a time."



Any one of the three, occurring alone, would have presented serious difficulties. Synchronizing, as they have done, the emergency which they have produced is greater in size and more varied in character than we have heretofore experienced in our economic career.

Nor is this all, for underlying these three is a process which has happened to reach maturity at this time and is, by its nature, a true and major revolution. That is the final emergence in definite form of a demand for a more just division of what we call the national income.

I call it a revolution because it is—as are all revolutions—a demand for transfer of power from one “class” in the nation to another. This time it is economic power which is to be transferred from the few to the many. It is the logical sequence of the revolution which a century or more ago made a similar transfer of political power.

TODAY we have the following problems, each of the first importance; I do not attempt to grade them as to rank:

1. A lack of employment more severe than has heretofore been experienced in

the history of the American people.

2. A burden of outstanding indebtedness also relatively greater than at any time in the past, as a result of the fall in the general level of commodity prices.

3. An internal dislocation in the commodity-price structure which has placed the agriculturist class at a marked disadvantage as compared with other classes in the community.

4. A lack of profit in industry as a result of diminished volume of work, due to diminished consumption of useful things.

5. Disorder in national currencies following abandonment by important nations of the gold standard. And, as a consequence of all these—

6. A general lack of confidence on the part of capital and enterprise which has driven both into a state of inertia, motivated by uncertainty, not to say anxiety, as to the future.

It is with the difficulties created by these conditions that President Roosevelt is so courageously battling. Each calls for a specific remedy. For instance:

Remaining unemployment can be remedied in the main only by resump-

tion of permanent investment of new capital in what are called durable goods as distinguished from those goods—commonly called consumption goods—which people use and quickly consume from day to day, week to week and month by month.

Durable goods are of three classes:

1. Goods of a gradual consumption character, as houses, furniture, automobiles.

2. Goods represented by public property, as parks, water systems, roads.

3. Goods of a commercial or productive character, as office buildings, factories, machinery.

THE burden of debt can be quickly relieved only by a general advance in commodity prices, thus restoring the debtor-creditor relation to something like what it was when the debts were created.

The agriculturist's relative disadvantage can be cured only by an advance in the prices of his products as compared with the prices of products of other classes in the community, so that he can exchange his goods for theirs upon fair terms of barter.

Disorder in national currencies can be cured only by their stabilization with respect to something, so they may be stable with respect to each other. The only thing with respect to which their stabilization at present seems possible is gold.

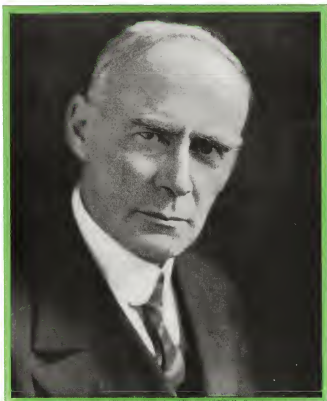
Restoration of confidence on the part of capital and enterprise can be achieved only by a reasonable measure of success in finding ways to apply the above remedies.

For example, take the first difficulty, that of unemployment: The way to remove it is to start permanent investment in durable goods. In order to do that it is necessary to induce capital to seek that form of investment, for it is the only source from which such investment can be made.

THE second difficulty arises from the low level of prices for commodities and services, which renders performance of the debtor's contract far more onerous than it was when the contract was made. The remedy for this is an advance in these prices, and the only short road to this seems to be monetary inflation.

The third difficulty arises from special conditions affecting prices for agricultural commodities which can be remedied only by reversing these conditions. This takes time, and meanwhile the agriculturist's disadvantages can be remedied only by taxing all the people for the benefit of the farmers.

The fourth difficulty, lack of profit in industry, can be remedied only by permitting prices to rise so that they fully cover all costs (Continued on page 92)



# Wives Must

By FRANCIS



**MAYOR TIMOTHY PERKINS** was a large, expansive, good-natured man who had been boomed for the office of chief executive of the city of Hartley by the Rotary Club because he was good at delivering pep talks. Today, as he stood in the middle of his sanctum on the top floor of the city hall, with his hands folded behind his back, head bent forward, eyes frowning as he studied the dull tips of his unpolished shoes, there was little about him that suggested the pep talker. His collar was too big for his neck, his sleeves too long for his arms.

Where once had been a magnificent mayor's paunch was nothing but a stingy bulge over which a too-big waistcoat was buttoned. His face was still purplish and bulbous, but it had lost the epic ruddiness of an earlier day. Once plump with good-fellowship, it had sharpened with

the coming of the long, lean months. His pale blue eyes, better able to express humor than anything else, were bewildered and frightened, like a child's. The corners of his large mouth were pulled down in a perpetual expression of disillusionment and unpleasant anticipation.

**ON EITHER** side of the office tall windows looked out over the city, and Mayor Perkins paced back and forth between them. He gazed for a time from the eastern windows, taking in the broad view of the Hartley Furniture Factory, the railroad tracks and station, and the

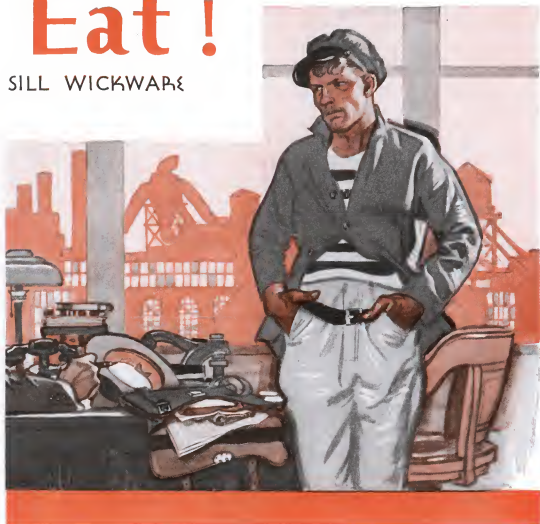
grimy blocks of frame bungalows where dwelt the factory workers. With a sigh he crossed to the west, where the pleasanter vista was that of well-kept Main Street, the municipal park, the Chestnut Street of the better homes, and, in the middle distance, the Hartley mansion.

Finally, with reluctance, he edged toward his desk and, like a flabby balloon that has just been punctured, settled into the swivel chair behind it. The desk was covered with papers. Here were the estimates from the school board, there the tentative schedule for the next year's taxes. On the blotter under his very nose were two pink memorandum slips. One was from the chief of police, and read: "Have been informed that the Unemployed Council has organized a

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUSS

# Eat !

SILL WICKWARE



parade this morning to demand Foster's release." The other was from his secretary: "Mr. Jacob Hartley telephoned before you came in. He and his son will call on you at eleven o'clock."

**E**VEN as Mayor Perkins reached for his watch to see how much time there was before the Hartleys would arrive, his secretary opened the door to the office, and said:

"They've come!"

Mayor Perkins nodded weakly, and assumed an air of official industry and importance for the benefit of his distinguished visitors. He did not often have occasion to talk with the city's one and only tycoon, and when he did the conversation invariably hinged on some unpleasant topic like the current tax rate.

They were not long in coming. Jacob Hartley followed the secretary into the

office. He was dressed in black—a tall, white-haired old gentleman, so tall and so aristocratic in his bearing that he looked rather improbable, like an actor made up for a Southern-colonel part. With him was Franklin Hartley, his son. He was a big, rather ordinary-looking young man with the brisk healthiness and clean, pink skin that come from early-morning cold showers. He wore horn-rimmed glasses, had keen, efficient eyes, and knew a great deal. A Yale education, interspersed with the practical experience gained by working in the furniture factory during his summer holidays, had made him his father's right-hand man and an able candidate for an important executive position in the family business.

The mayor greeted his callers warmly, but with a certain restraint. When they were seated he came directly to the

*"I'm head of the Unemployed Council," said Foster tonelessly. . . . "They have to pass on your proposition of work. . . . I'll let you know in the morning"*

point by asking them what they wanted.

"Why, Mr. Mayor, we've come to make a little bargain," the elder Hartley began. "We've got some good news and, if you'll cooperate with us, the town will be a better place to live in."

The mayor smiled a little and picked up a sheaf of papers.

"I was just working on the tax schedule," he remarked grimly. "Unless taxes go up again next year I don't see how we can open the schools in the fall."

"They can't go up," Jacob Hartley snapped. "They've got to come down.

I'm an industrialist, and I tell you frankly that unless they do come down, I can't operate here. I'll have to sell the plant and move somewhere else. There's no sense in it."

Mayor Perkins

stood up and went to the windows that faced the Hartley factory. He motioned to Jacob.

"Come here," he said. "You want to know where the tax money's going? I'll show you." He pointed to the dismal section of cheap bungalows that bordered Main Street across from the railroad. "There's close to six thousand people—more than half the town—living down there," he continued. "The men—most of 'em, at any rate—used to work for you. You closed the factory two years ago, an' ever since then they've been living off the town." Slowly he returned to his desk. "For a while the churches and the charities and the community chest took care of 'em. But that didn't last. It costs an awful lot to take care of six thousand people. But you got to take care of 'em. If you don't—"

JACOB HARTLEY nodded.

"I know. I was losing money with the plant, but the most expensive thing I ever did was to shut down. It's been nothing but taxes, contributions, assessments—and then more taxes for a year and a half. Now for the good news."

He smiled genially and nudged his son.

"Frank, here, has just proved the value of a college education," he said, with a twinkle. "He's been out in Chicago, visiting his old roommate. The roommate's old man owns a big department store, and, since he thinks times are getting better, and his inventories are low, he wants to stock up with just about everything. So Frank came home this morning with an order for enough

furniture to keep my plant running for three months on a twenty-four-hour shift."

The mayor stared. He blinked incredulously for a moment, then settled back into his chair and breathed a sigh of relief.

"By George!" he said.

"That's great! Why, say—" He looked at Frank admiringly. "If that isn't the best little advertisement for going to college I ever heard, I'd like to know what is. You got a right to be proud of that boy!"

The old man chuckled.

"Proud? I should say I am! But the whole of Hartley ought to be proud of him. He's done a great thing for us."

Frank Hartley sat quite still, self-possessed as a block of ice—with an effort, for he was very well pleased with himself.

"But about these taxes, Father," he said, in a voice keen enough to dispel any suspicion that mere praise could please him. "We've got to get busy. You know there's a time limit on the order—"

"Perfectly right," said Jacob. "We've got to have the men in the plant late tomorrow afternoon, at the outside. This department store wants to have a big sale of bedroom and living-room suites, and they've started on the merchandising campaign already. It's up to us to do the hustling."

"Sure! Sure!" said Mayor Perkins. "We can make an agreement in five minutes." He reached for a cigar box.

"Here—help yourself."

Jacob Hartley declined a cigar.

"This town's got a special problem," he said. "It's a one-industry town. If the furniture plant's running, good times are with us. If the plant shuts down, we've got a depression. Now, I've worked it all out—" He



took an envelope from his pocket and extracted some papers from it. "If you'll agree to reduce my taxes substantially for every hundred men I re-employ, I think I can guarantee to keep the plant running for the rest of the year, at least. That will solve the unemployment problem automatically, and it won't cost me any more—even without a good business—than it does to support my workers through taxes and charity—"

THERE was a knock at the door, followed instantly by its opening. Tom MacFadden, whose Adam's apple was as big as his fist, and who always looked more like some disreputable scarecrow than like Hartley's chief of police, stepped into the room.

"Sorry to disturb you," he said, addressing the mayor, "but the parade's begun, and it's headed this way. I got the reserves out on Main Street, and I

*The men quickly subsided when the formidable kitchen armament was brought into play*





on broomsticks. They were all alike. Scrawled roughly in red paint was the demand: "Release John Foster." A few added: "Free movie tickets for the unemployed." The mob seemed peaceable enough, but its very presence was ugly, menacing.

Frank Hartley straightened up. He took off his glasses and folded them into his breast pocket. The lack of them was flattering.

"Who's this John Foster?" he asked sharply.

"One of their leaders," the mayor replied. "He got drunk last night and started beating his wife. I've got him in jail now. They want him out."

"But—the name's familiar. Was he in the plant?"

The mayor nodded.

"You bet he was. He was your head foreman!"

Jacob Hartley started as if he had been stuck by a pin.

"My foreman?" he demanded. "My John Foster?"

"It can't be!" Frank said. "Why—I worked under him!"

"Yes, it's the same man, all right," said the mayor.

"I can't believe it!" said the elder Hartley. "John Foster was the best foreman I ever had. He was a regular leader—full of spirit—"

"He still is," Mayor Perkins replied. "But not the same way. He leads those men, all right—he's got 'em in the palm of his hand—but he ain't leadin' 'em to suit me. Don't forget he's been out of work for two years. He's changed so you wouldn't know him. They all have, for that matter."

Jacob Hartley frowned in silence and knitted his fingers together. Not only his mouth, but his whole face was scrawled into an expression of anxiety. He sighed.

"I don't understand it," he said, almost wistfully. "I liked that man—respected him. I hate to have a man let me down. Well—" He pulled his fingers apart with a snap.

His voice was full of command. "No matter what he's done, we'll have to put him on his feet again. I need him in the plant. You'd better let him out right now and have him talk to me."

Mayor Perkins hesitated.

"Mr. Hartley, if you'll pardon my advice—" he said. "But I don't think Foster ought to be let out of jail. He's been nothing but a trouble maker and a drunkard for months. He's put ideas into the heads of those men that they'd never get by themselves. If he had his way, the city would be bankrupt in a week. Look at 'em! Free movie tickets! That's his idea. First they wanted free transportation, then free ball games—" He paused and looked at Jacob. "And the worst of it is they got both of 'em," he added slowly. "I didn't dare—"

THERE was a scuffling and pounding at the door of the office. The three men looked questioningly at one another, and slowly retreated to the desk.

"Come in!" said the mayor.

The door swung open. A lean-faced man stepped into the room, followed closely by two others. They carried caps in their hands, and were not very much at ease. They were obviously members of the throng that was waiting in the street below.

"Mr. Mayor!" the spokesman began. He seemed to be embarrassed by the presence of the Hartleys. "And you, Mr. Hartley—" He jerked a self-conscious nod in the direction of the older man. "We're here to demand that you let John Foster, (Continued on page 116)

can use the fire department. Shall I try to steer 'em off?"

The mayor hurried to the eastern windows and looked out. Already the noise of tramping feet, of shouting, of snatches of loud song were audible in the office. Mayor Perkins shrugged helplessly and turned to the policeman.

"It's no use, Tom," he said. "You can't do anything. Let 'em come, and try to keep order."

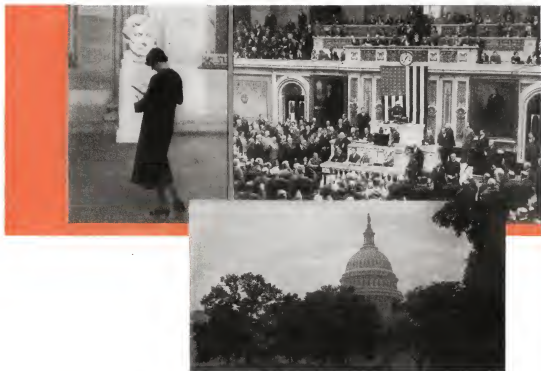
Jacob Hartley went to the window and glanced down at the ragged, dark-colored army that was moving up Main Street.

"Why—sure, let 'em come!" he exclaimed. "Why shouldn't they? Who are they? What do they want?" he asked, all in a breath.

"It's the unemployed," said the mayor. "They want—but let them speak for themselves," he added quietly. "They'll let you know."

FRANK HARTLEY joined his father at the window. As the front ranks of the procession drew near, the leaders raised crude banners and posters made of cardboard squares and waved them aloft





# OF THE PEOPLE....



JUST a little while, now, and the Congress will come into session again at Washington—and the American Government will change, at least in theory, from the brilliant one-man enterprise it has been for so many months into old-fashioned democracy, full of the customary sound and fury.

One night several of us got to talking about the way Congress works, and the upshot of our chatter was unanimous admission that we knew precious little about what actually goes on down there in the Capitol when the gentlemen are deliberating our fate.

Finally, everybody got together and said I would have to go down to Washington, inspect the whole business of government, and come back with a report. So I caught a train. The senators and the representatives had not actually gathered when I was there. But I had seen them at work once or twice in the past, and there were enough old-timers around to fill out the picture for me.

There is an extraordinary difference between the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States. It is almost the difference between a Fourth of July barbecue and a snug dinner for eight in the Palm Room. Not quite that, of course. Huey Long is in the Senate, and he sees to it that there is no tendency toward becoming too restrained. But the difference is there.

The House is a boisterous and casual place. The honorable gentlemen, more often than not a little shabby-looking, prowl up and down the aisles and drown the perpetual speech-making with their buzz of talk. They shout for the pages and they shout at each other. Nearly always, above the peevish clatter of the gavel, somebody is yelling, "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!" at the top of his lungs, waving sheafs of paper and trying frantically to be recognized for yet another speech—to which nobody has the slightest intention of listening.

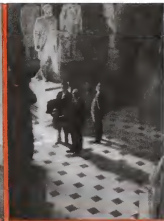
Nobody even pretends to listen to anybody else's oratory. But a member of the House indulgently explained that.


"Why, now," he exclaimed, "it ain't the idea to make other members listen. Not at all. They know how they are going to vote, anyway. The speeches are for the record, for the folks back home, for the home-town newspapers. They wouldn't like a fellow at all if he never got up on his hind legs here in the House



● BY MORRIS MARKEY





 With a new session of Congress in the offing, our roving reporter goes exploring under the Capitol dome and discovers what makes the wheels go round.

and sounded the thunders of liberty."

There are no desks for the members of the House when they assemble. They sit on chairs that have no cushions, crowded very close together—Democrats on one side of the room and Republicans on the other. Such documents as the gentlemen bring into the chamber must be kept on little shelves below the chairs, where passing feet kick at them incessantly, scattering them over the floor. But nobody seems to mind very much.

To go from the House gallery to the

Senate is like moving from the storm into the calm. In the first place, unless some important question has come to final vote, many of the august gentlemen are likely to be off in the committee rooms, in the lounge or the restaurants, at tea parties or the races, or perhaps even in their own office rooms, toiling away. Those who are present, however, are generally dressed with great care for the part of senator. Theirs is still a chamber of black tail coats, of string neckties, and golden *pince-nez* glasses, of manlike hair, fine waistcoats, and varnished boots.

Instead of crowded chairs, the senators occupy beautiful small desks of red mahogany, old and rich with memory. Senator George of Georgia has Daniel Webster's old desk. The seat once occupied by Jefferson Davis now gives comfort to Pat Harrison of Mississippi. Senator Trammell of Florida has Henry Clay's old place, and Senator Ashurst of Arizona sits where Stephen A. Douglas used to brood over his hatred for Abe Lincoln. The walls are high and cool,

the green carpet soothing to the eye. And under any but the most exciting circumstances the senators speak with formal politeness, delivering their remarks to the chair in modulated tones.

**T**HIS difference between the two houses is not accidental. It has nothing to do with individual affluence, for the pay of senators and representatives is the same, and it is not merely because there are so many more representatives. Tradition is at the root of it; law and custom both do their best to support the aura of dignity and suavity in the senior house.

Take the simple matter of restaurants in the Capitol building. When a friend invited me down for a bite to eat, I discovered that the senators have three separate restaurants on their side: one, elegantly decorated, for members alone; one, almost as impressive, where senators may take their specially invited guests; and the third, simple but pleasant, where anybody—or nearly anybody—may go, where the solons may brush shoulders with the common herd.

Representatives, on the other hand, have but a single eating place, and that reminds me inescapably of the lunch counter down at the railroad station. Everybody stands about there, Congressmen quite indistinguishable from lesser mortals, quaffing their coffee or beer and (Continued on page 93)



*Camera shots of Washington's big show. Top: A sculptured head of Lincoln halts the sightseer. . . . Senate and House in joint opening session. . . . Workmen keeping the halls shipshape. . . . Senators arrive from their offices by subway. . . . Among the statues of presidents. . . . At left: After-the-session crowd on Capitol steps. . . . Partial view of the Senate in action*

# Buzz the

Those who know Mr. Thwing only by his criminal record must understand that I knew him as a guileless child. We grew up as boys together in the little village of Pikesville, Maryland. And, although I was the carefully nurtured only child of a noted botanist and he was a neglected member of the night watchman's large brood, we were friends.

Theodore protected me against the rough boys who came over from Sudbrook Park (I was a frail creature then, though I have become obese in recent years) and I, in turn, helped him as best I could with his Three R's. He was not overly bright, but he was amiable, courageous, generous, and always eager to help a friend. If he had a fault, it lay in his tendency to play hooky from school, an offense in which he often persuaded me to join him.

WHAT particularly endeared Theodore to me was his truly remarkable skill as a frog hunter. Since infancy I have had a veritable passion for fried frogs' legs. It is, I suppose, a kind of minor sin of the flesh for a minister of the gospel to have so striking a preference for any one kind of food, but if it is a sin I confess it freely, for I have vowed here to tell the whole truth.

I was not an agile child, and was further handicapped in my search for frogs by a severe myopia, or nearsightedness. Furthermore, my father sternly forbade my possessing firearms. Theodore, on the other hand, suffered from none of these disadvantages. He was quick and keen-eyed, and owned a rusty .22 caliber revolver. Under my encouragement he learned to wield this weapon with amazing skill, often shooting a frog squarely through the head at ten paces.

If it had occurred to me what use Theodore might make of this marksmanship in later life . . . but I must not get ahead of my story. Suffice it to say that he kept me admirably supplied with my favorite delicacy, and had enough left over to sell in the neighborhood. Because he sold frogs, because he perhaps talked a little too volubly, because of his short stature, bow legs, and protuberant eyes, and because his voice has a croak quite similar to that of a frog, he was called Buzz the Bullfrog, a nickname which I have always deplored as lacking in dignity. But Theodore, or Buzz, seems to like the name.

When we grew up, Theodore and I both came to the big city at about the same time, but there our paths began to diverge. I went to the theological seminary, and he, despite my protests, took a position as assistant bartender in a saloon, in what I fear was quite a low neighborhood.

Nevertheless, our friendship continued. Every month or so he would drop around to see me and have a chat. He seemed to have a kind of affection for me. For my part, I could never forget his earlier kindness to me. I will always maintain, whatever



By BEVERLY SMITH

I FEEL that I should make some public explanation of my association with Mr. Theodore Thwing, otherwise known as Buzz the Bullfrog.

Unseemly rumors are afloat, connecting my name with such offenses as aiding the escape of a criminal, defying the Eighteenth Amendment, and even arson. It has also been said that I share in the profits of a certain patent-medicine hair restorer known as "Frog's Hair—Will Grow Luxuriant, Glossy, Curly Hair on a Frog."

Such gossip is naturally embarrassing to me in the community and among my parishioners. I intend to scotch these rumors, clip their wings, and draw their fangs, by a full, free, frank, fearless, and lucid statement of the facts. I have at times been foolish, mistaken, even indiscreet, but no one who knows the whole astounding story will doubt the innocence of my intentions.



# Bullfrog

the world may say, that Theodore has a truly sweet character. Often I would remonstrate with him about his way of life, but to no avail.

"You go your way, Doc," he would say, "and I go my way. Every man to his trade, I say. If there wasn't no sin, there wouldn't be no calling for ministers of the gospel, the way I see it, so, by keeping my job, you might say I'm keeping your job for you."

I think there was an element of sophistry in this reasoning, but I was always at a loss for a ready answer to it.

I was alarmed at this time to find that he was associating with some very, very rough characters. I was shocked to hear Theodore speak casually of certain of his friends who had been in what he callously called the Big House, i. e., prison, in the argot of the underworld.

At the same time, I was encouraged to find that Theodore was taking some interest in sports. He seemed much interested in the outcome of horse races and boxing contests. Furthermore, he attended the matches of a shooting society, and invariably carried off the gold medal for the revolver. I regret to say that he always pawned these gold medals immediately and tore up the pawn tickets.

IT WAS not until the coming of prohibition that I became seriously concerned over the destiny of Theodore's immortal soul. For nearly a year after the passage of the act I saw nothing of him, and when he finally came around to see me there was about him an evasiveness quite unusual in so open and garrulous a character.

When I finally pinned him down and asked him what he was doing he said he was "riding a truck."

"You must mean driving a truck," I corrected him. "I am most happy that you have at last washed your hands of the liquor business. It was a vile traffic at best. I am glad we have banished liquor from our country forever. I think I shall tell your story in my next sermon as a tangible example of the blessings of the Volstead Act."

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**Q** If the parson hadn't had a passion for fried frogs' legs this story would never have been written. But you can't hold that against the parson!

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*Theodore seemed disturbed when I said I'd tell his story in my next sermon*

Theodore seemed disturbed by this, which surprised me.

"Hold on now, Rev.," he protested uneasily. "Better go a little slow on that. You don't want to get off on no wrong foot in your sermon. I'd hate to let you do that. The pulpit is sacred, the way I see it. It ain't no place to give your customers no bum steer."

"The fac' is, Rev, that I ain't driving a truck. I just ride on the truck. And maybe there might be a little wee mite of liquor in that truck. And the reason I ride that truck is there might be some bums come along—hijackers, you understand—and try to take that liquor away from its rightful owners. That would be wrong, the way I see it, so I'm there to prevent anything like that happening."

To say that I was horrified would be putting it mildly.

"But that's against the law," I gasped. "You will be sent to prison!"

Theodore seemed hurt.

"No, no, Rev, you got me wrong," he said apologetically. "I don't break no law. It's against the law to make liquor, or possess it, or sell it, or transport it. I don't do none of them

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
MARSHALL  
FRANTZ

things. I just accompany the liquor. If I was driving the truck it might be different. But I don't transport that liquor. The liquor transports me, the way I see it."

To me it seemed there must be some flaw in this logic, but I could find no ready answer, and so I was silent for a moment. Then a thought occurred to me.

"Suppose," I suggested, "that some low fellows—lowjackers, did you call them?—came along and tried to take the truck away from you. Might not a conflict ensue? Might there not even be some use of firearms?"

"THERE, Doc, there's just where you're wrong," chuckled Theodore triumphantly. "If there was somebody else riding that truck there might be fighting. But when the hijackers know I'm on a truck they keep away. Why, I got medals hanging in every pawn shop on the East Side. All the boys in town know that old Buzz the Bullfrog can hit a dime from the hip with either hand, at fifty feet."

"So you see, Rev, if I was to give up my job and let some dub ride that truck in my place, the hijackers wouldn't be so careful. They might try to take that truck, and that would lead to shooting and bloodshed. The way I see it, I gotta keep my job to avoid bloodshed."

Again it seemed to me there must be some flaw in his argument, but I was unable to put my finger on it. I had never encountered precisely this situation in my studies at the theological seminary. Also, in those early days of the dry era, no one knew nearly so much about the ways of the evaders of prohibition as we know now.

"If you are really convinced that you are performing a valuable public service," I said hesitantly, "I suppose I have no right to criticize you, Theodore. But still I can't help feeling that there is something somehow wrong about your present employment. Wouldn't you like to give it up and take a position here at the church as custodian of the cemetery?"

Theodore started up from his chair,



his protuberant eyes bulging with alarm.

"Gee, Rev, I couldn't do that. I'd be scared to death, hanging around amongst all them graves."

WE PARTED amicably enough. I exhorted him to perform his duties as conscientiously as possible, and he promised to do so, but still I was a prey to nameless fears.

These, of course, were amply justified. Six months later Theodore was arrested and put in jail. He was not charged with transporting alcohol, but, as the law put it, *conspiring with others to transport alcohol*. When Theodore attempted to claim that the alcohol and the truck conspired to transport him, the judge interrupted by sentencing Theodore to the Large House for a year and a day.

I visited Theodore frequently at the prison, took him little delicacies, and made him promise me never to accompany a truck again.

When he was released he was unemployed for a while. I offered him a job

cleaning out the church, but he rejected it, saying that the stone walls of the church reminded him too much of the prison.

Then one day he appeared, quite radiant with happiness.

"Say, Rev, I got a swell new job," he confided. "I'm a sleeper."

"Sleeper?" I asked, puzzled.

"Sure, a sleeper. Friend of mine has got a joint on the East Side. He makes me the owner of it; see? Gives me the papers in my name and everything. 'Theodore Thwing,' just like that. All I got to do is sit in this joint and sleep, if I want to. That's why they call me a sleeper. I get free food and a couple dollars a week spending money. Soft, eh, Doc?"

"I am happy that you have secured honorable employment," I said, "but I'm not quite sure I understand the precise nature of your duties."

"It's like this, Rev," Theodore explained. "Maybe this pal of mine runs a little game of faro for the boys sometimes; see? And if he's raided or any-



*As we emerged, a burly police sergeant seized me by the arm. "Gee, Reverend, are you hurt?" he inquired solicitously*

"You get out of here, Buzz," I gulped, "or I'll report you to the police. And if you ever tell me the address of that gambling house, I vow I'll turn it over to the authorities."

Theodore gave me a little salute and scuttled out.

I have no defense for my conduct on this occasion. I am merely recording the facts as they occurred as honestly as I can.

Theodore's duties as sleeper proved more arduous than he had expected. A new district attorney, entering office, started a vigorous anti-gambling drive. Theodore was constantly arrested, roughly handled, and fined. The fines were paid by his employer, but the beatings, or "massages," as Theodore called them, had to be endured by himself.

AND then, sure enough, he had to go to prison for his friend. I visited him often, urging him to take the job in the cemetery, but on his release he went back stubbornly to his occupation as sleeper.

The life did not agree with him. What with the visits to the Large House and his long hours in the smoky, fetid atmosphere of his friend's establishment, Theodore pined away. He became very thin and almost completely bald. His eyes bulged more and more, and he came to look, I must admit, more and more like a bullfrog, a rather anemic bullfrog.

Then, after another interval, he was again sent to the Large House for a year and a day.

During this third incarceration the legislature passed the Fourth Offender's Act.

Now, indeed, Theodore's situation had become perilous. One more conviction and he would have to go to prison for the rest of his life. On his release I had a long talk with him, and persuaded him to abandon his calling of sleeper.

"Honest, Rev," he promised me with tears in his eyes, "I'll find me a job this time with no chances of trouble in it. Strictly legal."

He telephoned me a few days later to say that he had (Continued on page 120)

thing, he pretends I'm the owner, and I take the rap, serve the term in the jug; see? And even if I do have to go to jail, I keep on gettin' my salary while I'm there. Soft, eh, Doc?"

"Soft, yes," I said heatedly. "Soft, and iniquitous. Gambling is just as bad as bootlegging."

THEODORE was pained, and his projecting, froglike eyes gazed into mine pleadingly.

"My job ain't to gamble, Doc," he said. "I ain't got any money to gamble. I don't even know the rules of faro. My only job is to go to prison for a pal when he gets in trouble. Is it any sin to do a favor like that for a friend? To do unto somebody else like as ye would have them do unto you yourself?"

I was touched in spite of myself by this appeal. To go to prison for a friend! But I remembered how easily Theodore had won my sympathy before, and sternly rejected his argument.

"No, Theodore," I said. "However you may think of your new calling, the

law will regard it as a conspiracy to foster gambling, which is a crime. Unless you resign your position as sleeper, I shall have to report you to the authorities."

Theodore's large mouth dropped open and tears started to his eyes.

"Say it ain't true, Rev," he whispered.

"You wouldn't be a rat!"

"I? . . . A rodent?" I was astounded.

"What do you mean by 'rat'?"

"You know, Rev, a rat—like we used to say in school—a tattle-tale, a kind of a sissy."

I quivered uncomfortably. That word "sissy," I confess, struck deep. It brought back painful childhood memories. Because of my frailty, perhaps, the other boys always teased and tortured me with that word. Buzz, I remembered, had never failed to fly loyally to my defense, whatever the odds. He had lost a front tooth, I remembered, fighting a bigger boy for me. I glanced at him now. Yes, the front tooth was still missing. He had never had money enough to have another one put in.

# The FARMER'S on your PAYROLL



Every day the government pays out \$4,000,000 of your money for stuff that isn't sold. The farmer gets the money. What do you get? Here's the answer of Federal Farm Administrator Peek, the man charged under the Agricultural Adjustment Act with solving the farm problem.

**W** IN ONE of the new Department of Agriculture buildings, almost within the shadow of the Washington Monument, stands a battery of strange machines. Day and night they whirr and hum under their electrical power—click-shuttle-click, click-shuttle-click.

These are automatic check-writing machines. They are writing out 40,000 checks a day, at an average of about \$100 a check, or \$4,000,000 a day. Each check is made out and sent to one of

the millions of farmers of the country.

If the man whose monument stands near by could see these machines in action we should have a lot of explaining to do. Let's try to imagine the situation.

"What are these devilish engines?" asks George Washington.

We explain that the machines are writing checks to be sent to the farmers. "And why?" asks Washington. "To pay the farmers for growing their crops?"

"No, sir. This money is to reward

farmers for not growing crops. We are paying them to plow under part of their cotton, to kill their little pigs, to withdraw a total of 44,000,000 acres of their land from cultivation."

"On whose money are these checks drawn?" he asks.

"On moneys contributed by the consumers, who pay an additional penny for each loaf of bread, a few extra pennies for each piece of cotton cloth, a penny or so extra for their tobacco, corn meal, and pork."

"What nonsense is this?" exclaims Washington.

And then, I think, we should hear some characteristically strong language from the Father of His Country about the folly of his children.

BUT we don't have to go back as far as George Washington. Many good citizens today are as puzzled as he would be. The housewife wants to know why her food bills are going up. Papa wants to know. They are asking questions like these:

"How much land are the farmers withdrawing from production? Why are they doing it? It's their business—why should we pay for it? How much are we paying? What do we get out of it?"

They are fair questions. I am going to try here to give honest answers, which can be understood by the ordinary person who hasn't the time to study a bale of charts, statistics, and economic essays.

In the prewar days of 1909-1914 the average farmer was neither poverty-stricken nor unduly prosperous. He worked hard, made a decent living, paid his debts, sent his children to school, and

ments were higher; distribution costs were practically the same.

The results? Business in the farm areas was almost at a standstill. Mortgages were being foreclosed, sometimes amid scenes of violence resembling armed rebellion. Trains were running empty. Country banks were closing. Some life insurance companies, facing a loss of their farm assets, were threatened with insolvency.

In the cities banks, affected by the panic spreading from the country banks, were about to close their doors. Industries which sell to the farmer—and this includes to a greater or lesser degree all the industries—were stricken. The unemployed from these industries swelled the millions in the streets.

The plight of the farmers was not the sole cause of the depression, but it was the greatest single cause.

THE reasons why the farmers got into this fix, and helped drag the rest of the nation into depression, are fairly obvious.

During the World War the European nations, unable to produce their own

farmers were having a hard time of it. Their debts were growing, their purchasing power was falling off, and the bubble of industrial prosperity was being maintained largely by pumping billions of dollars in loans into foreign countries, most of which billions we shall never see again.

WHEN the bubble burst in 1929 the domestic market was further impaired, the surpluses rose still higher in the storehouses, farm prices dropped still farther, and the plight of the farmer became desperate.

But why in the name of common sense, asks the city man, didn't the farmers reduce their production so as to get a decent price for their crops? Why did these 7,000,000 men, with their families and employees making up 50,000,000 of our population, drive themselves down into poverty?

They did it because they couldn't help themselves; because they are individualists by tradition; because, as prices fell, they were forced to plant more and more in order to get enough money, at low prices, for taxes and



Automatic check-writing machines in the Department of Agriculture, which turn out 40,000 checks a day for American farmers



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL REEVE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

sometimes managed to put a little aside for his old age. The total farm income was about 22 per cent of the national income.

During those years times were middling good in the cities. Food prices were reasonable, the factories were smoking, and unemployment was a minor problem.

Now turn the pages to February, 1933. For what they *bought*, the farmers were now paying exactly what they paid in 1909-1914. For what they *sold*, they were getting only *one-half* as much. Grain prices were at one-third prewar levels; cotton, less than half; meat animals, barely over half. The average price of all farm products was at 49 per cent of prewar levels.

Taxes, on the other hand, were higher than ever in February, 1933; debt pay-

foods and fabrics, bought heavily in the United States. Our farmers got high prices, and expanded their acreage by 50,000,000 acres at the request of the Government, which told them, "Food will win the war."

After the war the foreign demand for American farm products shrank steadily as the European nations and their colonies increased production. At the same time the wide use of automobiles, trucks, and tractors replaced live stock which had been consuming the product of nearly 20,000,000 acres. (Incidentally, the farm machinery made over-production easier.) Then came the tariff war between the nations, shutting off the foreign market still further from our farmers.

Thus, even in the apparent boom years for industry and finance, the

mortgage interest; because it did a farmer no good to limit his own production unless all the other farmers did likewise—and because there was no one organization strong enough to ensure such cooperation.

Every farmer knows that *enough* wheat brings in more total income than 10 per cent *too much* wheat. For example, farmers will get \$100,000,000 more this year for a wheat crop 200,000,000 bushels less than last year's, with \$100,000,000 in benefit payments besides. But if a farmer in Kansas cuts his acreage 10 per cent, how does he know that farmers in Missouri and Nebraska, men he has never seen, will do the same? The problem was simply too big and too complex for individual cooperation. The result was the ruin of all. (Continued on page 69)



# PARIS



BY LESLIE CHARTERIS



USUALLY Simon Templar's opinion of newspaper portraiture was low—except when it was alleged to depict persons of whom he already disapproved. He found it generically unfunny, inartistic, and unrecognizable. But he had to admit that the photograph of himself which adorned the front page of the journal on his knee left nothing to be desired.

Taken only a couple of years ago at the studio of an ambitious photographer who had clearly visualized the potentialities of future revenue from an authentic likeness of such a disreputable character, it brought out to perfection the rakish curve of his jaw, the smooth backward sweep of black hair, the mock-

ing challenge of a gay filibuster's mouth. Even the eyes, by some trick of lighting in the original which had been miraculously preserved through the processes of reproduction, glinted back at him from under the bantering lines of eyebrow with all the vivid, dangerous dance of humor that was in his own. The result pleased him. It was his own face, and he liked to see it well treated.


The story illustrated by the picture also pleased him, though on more dubiously esthetic grounds. It occupied two columns of the front page and was continued somewhere in the obscure recesses of the interior. One gathered from it that the elusive and distressingly picturesque outlaw, the Saint, had set the

*Across the table her gray eyes looked into his with serene intimacy. . . . "I'm glad I met you, Stranger," she said*



# Adventure



 The creator of Simon Templar, the Saint, brings you an exciting chapter from the life of this Robin Hood of modern crime

laws of England by the cars again with a new climax of audacities; his name and *nom de guerre* waltzed through the bald paragraphs of the narrative like a debonaire will-o'-the-wisp, carrying with it a breath of buccaneering glamour, a magnificently medieval lawlessness, that shone with a strange luminance through the dull chronicles of an age of dreary news.

"The Robin Hood of modern crime" they called him; and with that phrase the Saint himself had least fault of all to find. It was the epitaph he would have been well content to have chosen for himself, an epitome of the rare spice that

he had taken for his own savor of life.

At the next table on his left, a fair-haired English girl was struggling to explain the secret of successful tea-brewing in halting French to an impatient and unsympathetic waiter. At other tables other guests of the Café Berry read their evening papers, sipped *apéritifs*, chattered, argued, gazed incuriously at the drifting march and countermarch of humanity on the pavements, while the march and countermarch gazed as incuriously back. Paris at six—or any city in the world.

In those surroundings, anyone but a Simon Templar might have been em-



barrassed by the knowledge that a life-like portrait of himself, accompanied by an account of his latest misdeeds and a summary of several earlier ones, was at the disposal of any citizen who cared to spend the price of a glass of beer on a London penny paper.

The Saint was never embarrassed. At that very moment, some exciting radio correspondence was in progress between the officials of Scotland Yard and the captain of a liner bound for Panama, who had discovered and clapped in irons a passenger who answered very satisfactorily to the broadcast description of the much-wanted Simon Templar. Simon had paid the passenger 500 pounds to make the trip and endure the inevitable indignities, with all rights in subsequent actions for damages against the shipping company thrown in, and had left a well-organized trail of clues for Scotland Yard to trace him by; and for the next ten days he felt relieved of all responsibility.

He folded his paper and lighted a cigarette, with the comforting assurance that any casual glancer at his classic features would be far less likely to suspect him of a hideous past than to suspect the eminent politician or the débütante victim of a motor accident whose portraits, in smaller frames, had flanked his own two columns on either side. Certainly he saw no reason to creep into a corner and hide.

AT THE next table, the English girl was getting more hopelessly entangled, the waiter more surly and inattentive. The girl's gray eyes wavered in humorous despair towards the Saint, meeting his own for an instant, which to a Simon Templar was sufficient invitation.

"*Ecoute, toi!*" The Saint's voice lanced through the air with a sudden quiet command, the edge of a blade so sweetly keen that it seemed to caress even while it cut, snapping the waiter's wandering eyes round like a magnet dropped within an inch of twin compass needles. "Mademoiselle desires that the pot shall first be warmed. After that one will put two spoonfuls of tea within and pour boiling water on it. It is necessary that the water should be really boiling. Go to it."

The waiter nodded sourly, and moved away in a slight daze. In his philosophy, foreigners were not expected to speak his own language better than he did himself, nor to cut short his studied surliness with a cool self-possession that addressed him in the familiar second person singular.

"I wonder," said the girl, "what

Frenchmen were really like before they were upset by tourists acting as if they owned the place."

Simon smiled. The tide of cool spring twilight was rising in slow pools of intangible shadow, breaking in soft waves against the island of brightness where

they sat; the night pulse of Paris, which is like the pulse of no other city in the world, picked up its beat of tinsel and tragedy and laughter. To the Saint any city was an oyster for his opening, a world for conquest; anything was an adventure, even the slaying of an insolent







*On the top of a massive ladder of bookshelves beside the door, Simon Templar rose like a panther*

ILLUSTRATED BY  
SAMUEL N. ABBOTT

have coffee at the Closerie des Lilas, which is just an ordinary French café with a name that ought to send pilgrims in search of it. And after that we might know some more."

"I should like to go there," she said.

SIMON flicked a hundred-franc note across the marble top of the table, and beckoned the waiter. The waiter counted out change laboriously from a bulging wallet.

"Shall we?" said the Saint.

The girl gathered up her gloves and bag. Simon stood up quickly to pull the table away from in front of her. He trod heavily on the waiter's toes, overbalanced him backwards, and caught him again dexterously as he was on the point of descending, like Newton's apple, on the bald head of a customer in the next row. Somewhere in the course of the acrobatics the bulging wallet traveled from the waiter's pocket to the Saint's own.

"Mille pardons," murmured the Saint, patting the anguished man soothingly on the shoulder, and sauntered after the girl.

There was a taxi crawling by, and they climbed in.

"I'm free till twelve, Stranger," said the girl.

She pulled off her hat and leaned far back on the cushions, with one slim silken leg stretched out to rest a toe on the folding seat in front. The passing lights picked up her face in almost breathless perfection, and let it sink back reluctantly into shadow.

"And then do you have to hurry home before the clock strikes, and only leave a glass slipper for a souvenir?"

"No," she said. "I have to burgle a house." . . .

THERE was an omelet. She had never dreamed of anything so delicate, wrapped in such a gossamer skin, so richly red-gold inside, so different in every way from the dry coagulation of half-scrambled eggs which passes under the same name in too many places.

Across the table her gray eyes looked into his with the serene intimacy which must come from the sharing of any pleasure, even of eating. She said, "I'm glad I met you, Stranger. You take things very calmly, and you don't ask awkward questions."

In the course of his strange career the Saint had taken a good many things calmly enough, but he could not remember having heard it accounted unto him for righteousness before. He perceived that he had fallen into the error of attaching himself (Continued on page 80)

waiter and the rescue of a damsel in distress about nothing more serious than a cup of tea.

HE LET his cigarette smolder in absolute contentment. The second pot of tea arrived. The girl poured, tasted, and grimaced ruefully—he decided that she had a mouth which couldn't look anything but pretty even when it tried.

"I should give it up and try a Martini," he advised.

He gave the order, and the girl looked at him enviously.

"I wish I could speak the language like you do."

"I have been here more often than any respectable man should," said the Saint cheerfully.

The gray eyes laughed.

"Then you must know your way around."

"Paris is yours," said the Saint with a gesture. "What would you like? Respectable night clubs? Artists with real beards? Apaches?"

She tasted her Martini, and nodded as if she liked it. She seemed to be thinking of something else. And then she turned towards him again in a pose very like his own, with her arm over the back of her chair and her chin on her hand. The deep, friendly eyes had a queer wistfulness.

"Tell me, Stranger—where do you think a girl should go on a great occasion? Suppose she had something rather desperate to do, and if it went wrong she mightn't be able to choose where she went any more."


The Saint's very clear blue gaze rested on her thoughtfully. He had always been mad, always hoped to be.

"I think," he said, "I should take her across the river to a quiet little restaurant I know in the Place Saint-Michel, where they make the best omelets in the whole world. And then we should ride up the Boulevard Saint-Michel and

*The trouble had to do with Pete, who, it seemed, was an absolute brute. . . . Nancy drank it all in avidly*



# GLAMOUR

 IT SEEMED funny, thought Nancy Cole, as she slipped her rose-beige dance frock over her shining auburn head, to have Elaine at home again. Of course, ever since their marriage almost six years ago, Elaine and Pete had made a practice of coming back a couple of times a year for a visit—but this was different.

Elaine had arrived at five, looking absolutely lovely and quite perfect in every detail, just as she always did. The taxi-man followed her in, carrying bags and hat boxes and beaming at Elaine's slim, silk-clad back, as though he'd cheerfully have carried a couple of trunks as well. Elaine's hat was terrifically smart, exposing her high white forehead almost completely on the left side and dipping roguishly toward her right eye, and her hand-sewn gloves matched her tall-heeled suede pumps exactly, and she didn't look at all as though her heart was broken.

Nancy, who had stuck her head out

of the living-room doorway at the first sounds of this unexpected arrival, regarded her sister in round-eyed amazement, and Mother came down the stairs, exclaiming in surprise at every other step, and the taxi-man put down the bags, and then Nancy exclaimed expressively, "Well, for crying out loud! Where's Pete?"

Which, it immediately developed, was just the wrong thing to say! Elaine's nose quivered slightly and she stopped fishing around in her purse for some money to pay the man, and pressed her absurd scrap of handkerchief hard against her mouth and regarded Nancy reproachfully over the top of it. So then Mother hastily produced a bill and got rid of the interested audience, and as soon as the door shut she took Elaine instinctively into her arms.

Nancy continued to observe everything with the boundless curiosity of seventeen.

Mother had breathed softly, understandingly, "Darling, is something wrong? You're unhappy? Tell me all about it."

Elaine did so immediately. It was all very involved. Even by listening to every word with breathless attention, Nancy was able to get only a hazy idea as to what the trouble was. Of course, it had to do with Pete. Pete, it seemed, was an absolute brute. If Elaine had had the faintest inkling when she married him of the way he was capable of acting . . . there were moments when Elaine waxed positively incoherent. Then, there was a blonde mixed up in it. She was the cousin of Elaine's dearest friend, and so it was almost impossible to avoid her—in fact, wailed Elaine pathetically, Pete seemed to have no desire to avoid her!

Mrs. Cole shook her head sympathetically, and patted her daughter and spoke calming words of comfort. Nancy sat with her chin cupped in her

● BY ROSAMOND DU JARDIN



ILLUSTRATED BY  
JOSEPH CONDE

palm and drank it all in avidly. It was terrifically exciting even though somewhat obscure in spots.


Once she ventured a word in the defense of the absent Pete. She said tentatively, "But, Elaine, Pete's a swell fellow. And, gosh, I can't see what's so terrible—" That was as far as she got. Elaine burst into a fresh storm of weeping, and Nancy's mother regarded her youngest with a commanding gaze in which pain and rebuke were intermingled. So then Nancy merely listened. Eventually her mother persuaded Elaine that the thing to do was to lie down a while.

Elaine knew it wouldn't do any good—but she was rather tired after the long train ride. Presently she was ensconced in her old room, with all her own pillows and most of Nancy's tucked behind her, and an expression of patient suffering on her lovely face.

Nancy yawned slightly and went back to plucking her eyebrows. That was always the way—when Elaine was around, the house positively resounded with alarms and excitements. It seemed to be a gift with her. Nancy could still recall the sense of exquisite peace that had descended upon the whole place that June day when Elaine and Pete

had departed in the little coupé all hung with old shoes and "JUST MARRIED" placards, and rattling with rice. And now—oh, well, thought Nancy with a sage smile, this wouldn't last long. Pete was quite mad about his wife. Nancy gave him—well, two days at the most, and then he'd be turning up, quite humble and seeking forgiveness. As for all Elaine's talk about divorce, it was tremendously thrilling, but not for a moment to be taken seriously.

SHE was still thinking about Elaine later that evening as she dressed for the regular Saturday night dance at the country club. What was it, she was wondering idly, that set Elaine apart from other girls, that made her so absolutely fascinating? Of course, she was beautiful, but any number of girls are beautiful, though very few have about them the indescribable, the curiously exciting lure that was Elaine's. It was

 A little mystery is all right . . . but  
it's dangerous stuff to play around with.

the aura of mystery about her, Nancy thought; the atmosphere of illusion and glamour. Greta Garbo had it, too. Probably it was something of the sort in Cleopatra that made Antony so dilatory about going home.

Nancy sighed. She wished she were more mysterious, but anything of the sort is so difficult when all your friends have known you since you wore hair bows. It was rather exasperating. Of course, Nancy thought, and was conscious of a little delicious thrill, there was an occasional new man. For instance, this Roger Allen whom she expected to meet tonight. He sounded exciting, goodness knows, the way Mary Lou described him. Of course, you always had to take Mary Lou's vaporings with a bit of salt; still, if he was very tall, and slender and blond, and a marvelous dancer, he couldn't be an absolute wash-out.

Maybe, Nancy pondered hopefully, he might like her; lots of boys did—but

somehow they had all grown rather stale and monotonous lately. She regarded her slim reflection appraisingly in the long mirror. He might even find her mysterious, although she wasn't going to count on that. There was nothing, she had to admit, even remotely mysterious about her. An idea struck her and she turned her back on her reflected image and strolled with assumed nonchalance into Elaine's room.

Her recent tears had made Elaine's face look tragic, ethereally suffering. There were faint violet shadows beneath her eyes.

Nancy said nonchalantly, "I—uh—don't suppose you brought those topaz earrings along, did you? The dangly ones?"

Elaine raised her eyebrows. "Why, yes, I did."

"Mind if I borrow 'em?" inquired Nancy sweetly.

"I most certainly do," said Elaine positively. "Anyway, they're much too old for you, child. Where are you going tonight?"

"Oh, it's Saturday," said Nancy, trying to keep the disappointment out of her tone. She hadn't really expected that Elaine would lend them to her. "There's the usual dance."

Elaine yawned. "The usual dance," she repeated in a bored voice. "Nancy, there'll be one thing our grandchildren can depend on in a changing world—the Saturday night dance." Nancy said "Yeah," and ambled back into her room. Elaine might have been a good sport about the earrings. They would have been quite lovely with auburn hair and rose-beige. They might even have made her look the tiniest bit mysterious . . . she hoped that Pete would come for his wife soon. Elaine could be an awful pill when she put her mind on it.

THE dance was quite as usual. There was the young married crowd, acting very gay and somewhat sophisticated; there was the younger crowd, acting slightly bored and rather more sophisticated; there was the youngest crowd of all, Nancy's intimates, acting very bored indeed and so sophisticated that all the others seemed infantile beside them. The three cliques mixed very little or not at all. Now and then a hardy member of the younger crowd would ask a very daring young matron to dance. Now and then a gay young spouse would cause a slight furor by inviting a nonchalant seventeen-year-old to tread a measure with him. But these things were in the nature of an occasion. Usually the young marrieds cut in joyously on the other young marrieds; the young crowd danced languidly with each other; and the youngest crowd seemed almost too bored to bother about cutting in at all.

Nancy had been dancing only a short while when she observed Mary Lou's ar-

rival with Roger Allen. Mary Lou, thought Nancy sagaciously, wasn't so dumb; coming late was a swell way to be sure everyone saw who was bringing you. Nancy excused herself during the next intermission and made for the dressing-room. He was even handsomer than Mary had led her to suppose, she reflected, as she touched up her lips delicately and added an infinitesimal amount of blue eye-shadow to her lids. Maybe someone would introduce them right away if she hurried back before the intermission was over, and then he could cut in during the very next dance. Nancy thrilled at the thought.

She gave her hair a couple of deft pats, adjusted a peach-colored strap that insisted on slipping, and rushed out . . . but the music for the next dance had already started. And just then Nancy observed Bud Stevens making his determined way toward her—and she couldn't dance with Bud now. Bud bored her at any time, but when she was all keyed up over the fascinating Roger Allen—well, it just didn't bear thinking about, that was all!

Nancy let her eyes slide over Bud's approaching form as though she didn't even see him, and, turning, she departed rapidly by the French doors directly behind her.

THE night was warm for September; the terrace was sheer, dusky magic. There was no moon, only quantities of far-flung stars that adorned without brightening the night. Nancy made her way through the murmuring twosomes on the terrace steps, on down the little path through the shrubbery toward her favorite bench, which snuggled at the edge of the first tee and was practically always deserted.

It was deserted now and Nancy sank down upon it with a little relieved sigh. It was all so heavenly—the night and the distant stars and the gentle night noises that rustled unobtrusively all about. There was a glamour about it, an enchantment that defied description. You felt it, that was all. . . . She became aware, with a definite sense of annoyance, that someone was approaching along the path. If it were Bud Stevens following her—but it wasn't Bud Stevens. Although the face above the white gleam of shirt front was a mere indefinite blur, Nancy could tell at a glance that this was someone taller than Bud.

He paused a few feet from her and lit a cigarette . . . in the momentary flare of his lighter Nancy observed, with a little stir of interest, that it was Roger Allen. Odd that he should come upon her alone like this. It seemed almost—fated. Nancy drew a long, rather tremulous breath and watched him come on, closer, closer . . . he was sitting down on the very bench with her now. His hand touched hers fleetingly and jerked away with obvious surprise.

His voice came confusedly: "I'm sorry. It's so dark I didn't see you at all. Did I startle you?"

Nancy smiled in the darkness. "No-o," she drawled softly. "I heard someone coming—and I thought I'd be very still—and perhaps they'd go on."

"Then—I'm intruding," Roger Allen sounded flatteringly regretful. "You wanted to be alone?"

NANCY hesitated a moment and Roger Allen, who had started to rise, hesitated also . . . and presently relaxed behind her once more with obvious relief. "Well," said Nancy with a little breathless catch in her voice, "maybe I was mistaken."

"Of course you were—whichever you are," said Roger Allen very positively indeed. "It's a great mistake—sitting alone."

"Whoever you are" . . . Nancy considered the words thoughtfully. Then he had no idea who she was. It was thrilling, really—and a little sad, too. Sad, because she wasn't someone strange and exotic and fascinating and not just—Nancy Cole. But—a little quiver of excitement shook Nancy at the mere thought—he didn't know she was Nancy Cole. So far as he knew she could be anyone. Someone glamorous and alluring, like Elaine. An older woman, perhaps, one who had lived and loved—and suffered. The thing had enormous possibilities, really. Here was opportunity, made to order; here was the perfect chance to see if what she had long believed about the lure of the unknown was true.

"Who are you, anyway?" inquired Roger Allen conversationally. "Do we know each other?"

Nancy swallowed. For an instant she hesitated, but it was far too thrilling an opportunity to lose.

"Does it matter?" she asked softly in the same oddly touching little drawl she had heard Elaine make use of so often. "Does anyone know anyone else?"

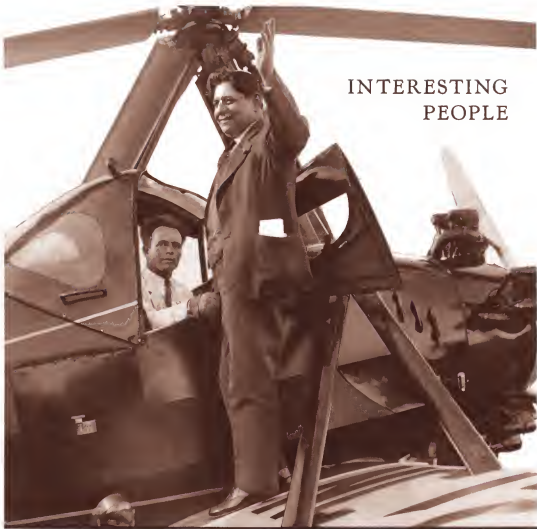
"Well"—Roger Allen sounded rather surprised, but willing to take the matter under consideration—"well, maybe they don't, at that. I hadn't thought of it, but, now that you mention it, names don't seem very important."

"Especially on a night like this," murmured Nancy dreamily. "It's so dark. I can't see you. You can't see me. We wouldn't recognize each other if we met—later on. It's like fate, isn't it?"


She was doing it very well, she felt. She was being inscrutable, alluring. She hadn't really thought she had it in her. Roger Allen seemed impressed, too.

"Say," he breathed admiringly, "it is like fate. Meeting you out here, and everything. And—you're different from any girl I've ever met before. You think of things that other girls never seem to have an idea (Continued on page 95)

## INTERESTING PEOPLE



### Senator

 **ALTHOUGH** blind twenty-six years, United States Senator Thomas D. Schall, from Minnesota, spent seventeen of them in public office. Entered the Congressional race in 1946 and won. He has gained a following that sees to it he is kept as one of the Nation's law-makers. Lost his sight after he graduated from college, where he hit for a batting average of .526 for the University of Minnesota baseball nine. "Since I lost my sight there has been only a short period of darkness. At first I was despondent, but my wife kept me at the legal profession, and soon I found an insight, or heart sight, that compensated me." Lux, his police dog, guides him about the capital

as he hurries from his office in the Senate building to his office in the Capitol. Staff of readers keeps him informed. Has trained his memory to the point that he delivers his speeches without laborious preparation and can retain salient points of speeches he hears and with which he takes issue. Sleeps only four or six hours. He does not find blindness a handicap, but rather an asset, in many ways. "I have learned to understand many things that I failed to note with my eyes; my memory and my mind have been whetted to a fine edge and I have a sense of being able to ferret out what really is inside those about me." He has two sons and a daughter. His home is Minneapolis.

**W**HEN the Chicago school system's financial cupboard was found bare, Marye C. Hicks took a long look at her own boot-straps, read an article about winning prize contests, and decided that contests were a good way to pull herself up. In three years she won cash amounting to \$3,600, and prizes ranging from a floor mop to a business school scholarship, from a canary to a fur coat, a bottle of medicine, a diamond ring—and the car she was photographed in. She is in the "Big Three" of leading contest winners. Still teaching in Chicago and keeps up the contests partly because they are fun, partly because her bread needs buttering. "Once you win a prize you keep right on

trying." Born in Greenfield, Tenn., in 1907. Has taught school nine years. Doesn't think life would be any fun if things were handed out on silver platters. Her hobby is photography. Likes dancing, music, and the movies. Weighs 104 pounds but wishes it were 124. Likes pink and blue and sometimes a splash of red. Her prize possession is a baby grand piano which she plays for her own amusement only—"Those who listen don't think it's amusing—they think it's the Great American Tragedy." She's a Baptist, but "I think the Methodists are good people, too." She tells us, "I'm not interesting—I'm exhausting." But we think she should win another prize—for personality.

## Winner





PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT CLARK TRAFER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

## Commuter



EVERY morning Louis S. Ritter ran for the 7:37 train from Westport, Conn., to New York. Usually he made it—but without his breakfast. He went to railroad officials but, although sympathetic, they said there was nothing they could do. Mr. Ritter was persistent. Finally they turned over to him an old smoking-car. Westport carpenters and artists got to work. When the smudge of old smoke cleared away there was a very snappy breakfast car, artistically furnished with light, bright wood

counters and tables, red leather stools, tricky lampshades, and gay curtains. There's no other like it anywhere. When it was hooked on the 7:37, commuters talked about its smart atmosphere—and made use of it. Now 150 breakfasts are served every morning. Some passengers have standing orders waiting, piping hot, when they board the train. Going home, they can get tea and muffins. Mr. Ritter has a man managing the car for him while he carries on at his office—no longer breakfastless.



# Dynamic

**W**HEN word went around that the New York Metropolitan Grand Opera could not open, for lack of funds, for the 1933-34 season, a few die-hards called on Lucrezia Bori. Through her personality, perseverance, and persuasiveness she talked and sang nickels, dimes, and dollars out of the pockets of opera lovers to the tune of the three-million-dollar guarantee necessary. An opera star herself, she claims she likes people but is not a good mixer, in the party sense. But she is the one who met the people and saved the opera. Born in the Spanish city of Valencia on Christ-

mas Day. When she was six she made her début at a charity concert. Her family, the famous Borgias, objected to her taking that grand old name and plastering it over the music-loving world on posters, so she changed it to Bori. Accomplished needlewoman who, in her early days on the stage, made her own clothes, even her stage wardrobe. Still alters garments to suit her own ideas. Very careful of the color of her dresses—believes that certain colors go naturally with certain parts. America is her home. "I live here, sing here, and everyone is divinely good to me."



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED VALERIE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

# The Private who didn't Salute

● By PATTERSON  
McNUTT



THESE are pages from the unimportant diary of a rolling stone. It is now thirty-six years since I was proposed, seconded, and elected a member of the human race. During those years I have been an actor, a soldier, a newspaperman, a press agent, a playwright, a theatrical producer, and finally a stage director on a Hollywood sound stage. I have rolled into situations which to me have seemed exciting, bumped against characters who have been color-

Recently Mr. McNutt told in *The American Magazine* of his experiences as a Broadway theatrical producer. Here he recalls some glorious moments in his fast-moving career as actor, soldier, sports writer, and all-round rolling stone.

ful, collected a yarn or two because they have been amusing, and paused occasionally to look upon backgrounds which have been charming.

These random recollections are the pick of the crop.

The rolling stones are a perverse lot. I'm going through the diary backwards. First stop, Hollywood. . . .

**HOLLYWOOD!** A little island of sex appeal entirely surrounded by paid admissions. A frontier town where manicured prospectors with permanent waves acquire sudden millions. A gold camp in spats.

I rolled into Hollywood on the limited, my wrists manacled with the golden

handcuffs of a motion-picture contract. Maurice Chevalier was a fellow passenger. He emerged from his drawing-room at Albuquerque and lounged for an hour in the club car. He talked with another man who was unknown to me. I listened in on the conversation.

"Eet was told to me," said Chevalier, "zat you wair offaired two thousand dollars a week to direct zees peecture."

"Yeah," the husky voice of his companion replied. "Thass right."

"Deed you," Chevalier inquired, "sign zee contract?"

"Naw," the scornful answer came. "Now look, Maurice. You know yourself that ain't a livin' wage."

There was, it appeared, a future in Hollywood. . . .

A few bewildered days spent in the futile attempt to become accustomed to the incredible miracle that is Hollywood. A visit to a sound stage, where Eugene Walter, famous for such plays as *Paid in Full* and *The Eastest Way*, was engaged in a desperate attempt to make an actress out of a pretty face. The lady had been a star in silent pictures, but her first talkie revealed a voice that was flat and weak. Walter, a grim little bantamweight of a man, struggled patiently to build something out of nothing, but finally the inevitable explosion occurred.

"I'll tell you how to improve your voice," he (Continued on page 89)



ILLUSTRATED BY  
GEORGE DE JAHN



# Smart Girls Don't



"A BABY certainly does tie you down!" I believe every young mother I know has made that statement at least once. Even Clara Jordan, the only one in our crowd with a nursemaid, has been known to sigh and look martyred on Julia's Wednesday afternoons off. She actually told me she hadn't known what it was to be free since Phillips Junior was born!

I suppose a lot of people use their children as an excuse for not doing things they don't want to do, anyway. But after they've done that a few times, they really begin thinking that they've sacrificed everything for the good of the race or something.

I'll certainly never be able to kid myself along like that. Far from tying me down, Joan's arrival just about set me free. I've never been so tied down in my life as I was before she was born.

It all happened because of a club we organized. Jack made all kinds of fun of the Half Hour Club when we started

it—all the husbands did. Joe Orson complained that it put ideas in Jennie's head.

"Joe thinks having an idea is one of the major crimes," Jennie said, glaring at him.

"Some ideas are," Tommy Rice said. "Louise nearly killed the whole family with one of those Half Hour ideas. She wouldn't give us anything but raw vegetables to eat for two solid weeks! And what's more," he added, "we'd still be gnawing on raw carrots if the maid

hadn't threatened to quit. Why, I had to sneak down to the Greek's when I wanted a beefsteak!"

"You didn't give it a fair trial," Louise said, annoyed. "I still think the idea is sound. You remember the book, Judy—*Throw Away Those Pots and Pans*."

I remembered it, of course. Louise gave a very good review of it for the club. It was all about somebody who went to live alone on a desert island to prove that everything has been cooked. I mean, the sun cooks vegetables and fruits just the right amount, and this man claimed that cooking them any more is just burning them. It really was awfully convincing, and the interesting



BY HELEN RHEES



ILLUSTRATED BY  
WARREN SAURBREY

**Never tell a man that woman is his equal. Look what happened to Judy when she had to prove it.**

part of it was that nobody had ever heard of the man until a party of explorers happened on his dead body with the manuscript right beside it.

**I** LEARNED loads of interesting things that winter. That was the beauty of the club. You could know about a lot of books that you didn't have time to read. At the monthly meetings, each of us gave a sort of critical review and résumé of some non-fiction book. The result was that we all felt fairly familiar with all the books.

It was called the Half Hour because we were supposed to read our books half an hour every day during the month. It certainly kept you right up to the min-

ute. I felt it was a real privilege to belong.

When it came my turn to entertain the club, I fixed everything the day before the meeting, and the luncheon went off well, if I do say it. I think having a lunch instead of tea is much nicer for the one who's entertaining, even if it is a little more trouble. You can get the fuss over with and out of the way, and really relax and enjoy the afternoon.

I had shrimp cocktail, creamed chicken and mushrooms with peas, a salad of lime jelly with diced cucumbers in it, and pineapple ice with some of those marvelous frosted cakes from the Cake Box Tea Room. And of course coffee afterwards. When you do the entertain-

*It certainly was annoying to have Jack barge into the middle of an intellectual discussion and ask about his dinner*

ing you don't have to report on a book, so I was all set for the afternoon.

Clara Jordan was called on first for her review. "I have chosen *Russia and the Modern Woman*," she said. "I think it is the most interesting, and, yes, exciting book I have ever read. Do you girls realize that Russia—Soviet Russia—is the only country in the world where women aren't ridiculed and despised by men?"

Well, that made us all sit up.

"I can prove my point," Clara said, tapping the book in her hand.

It's funny, but when you have a book to review for the club, you get so that you almost feel as though you'd written it yourself.

**"WHAT** is the only standard of value we have today?" Clara went on. "Let's not be sentimental—let's face facts. Reward for ability comes in terms of—money!"

Well, when you stop to think about it, I suppose that's pretty true.

"And who makes this money?" she asked. "How many of you are contributing towards the support of your homes? I mean, contributing money? Of course, you may be doing the housework, or



*Jack's patience broke down . . . and he said if we had lamb chops again he'd go downtown to a lunch wagon*

taking care of children, but that's pretty vague and intangible, isn't it?"

"There's nothing vague and intangible about taking care of my children!" Louise whispered to me. Her Sonny and Sister are full of the dickens.

"And what's more," Clara went on, "you could hire someone to do the work you're doing for half or a quarter of what your husband pays one of his stenographers. That's how much the world values your contribution."

THERE was a murmur of protest, but Clara held up her hand. "This book holds the secret of our freedom. What Soviet Russia has done, we can do. Women, given an opportunity to develop natural gifts, will work outside their homes. They will be paid in proportion to the work they do. They will be the equals of their husbands, instead of mere menials, to be scolded when the pudding is burned. When they can hold their own in the economic world, when they can bring home pay checks as big as

their husbands'—then, and then only, will they hold up their heads and say, 'I am the equal of my husband!'"

There was a lot more of it. The book told all about Russian women holding down regular men's jobs and being as responsible as men for the maintenance of their homes. And until women of other countries did the same thing, they would not merit or receive the respect of their husbands.

"Petted and spoiled though you may be," Clara read from the book, "in his heart of hearts, your husband despises you. He regards you as his intellectual inferior. A gay comrade for his idle hours, perhaps, but unworthy to share his serious ones."

When Clara sat down, everybody started talking at once.

"If I'd only gone on with my music," Louise mourned, "I'd have a career today. Then Tommy wouldn't dare to spend all day Sunday on the golf course and leave me ditched in the apartment with the children!"

It did seem a pity, because Louise had a lovely touch—everybody said so, and her music teacher wanted her to go to a conservatory and study, but she got engaged to Tommy, and now I don't suppose she touches the piano once a month.

It was amazing how many natural gifts there were in our crowd—lots I'd never even suspected. It had always been Jennie Orson's dream to be a landscape architect, and Clara had wanted to go on the stage.

"And look at Judy Carey," Louise said. "I heard Mrs. Belmore offer you a job last week, Judy. I suppose Jack wouldn't let you take it."

"That's what's so unfair," Jennie said indignantly. "They despise us because we don't have jobs, and then do everything to prevent us from having them."

"Well, it wasn't exactly definite," I admitted. "It was at her opening tea and fashion show."

MRS. BELMORE had just opened a little dress shop on Center Avenue called the Sally and Anne Shop. She sold dresses at five ninety-eight that were really divine. She's an old friend of Mother's, and she did come up to me at the tea and say she wanted some of the nice young married girls of Winfield to sell for her, and would I consider trying it for a while? But I didn't take it very seriously at the time—in fact, I never even mentioned it to Jack. So I assured them that Jack hadn't prevented me.

"Perhaps not," Clara said. "I don't suppose you even told him you had an offer. But don't tell me you didn't, in your subconscious mind, know perfectly well that Jack would disapprove of it."

"Of course, that's why you refused," Jennie chimed in. "You know you're devoted to Jack. But husbands are all alike in wanting their wives to stay at home and cater to them. Wouldn't you really like the job, Judy? Think of the darling clothes you could buy!"

I hadn't thought about it before, but there was an adorable rough crêpe afternoon dress that they showed at the tea. It was chartreuse, a color I wear awfully well. I didn't need another afternoon dress any more than a cat, but you know how it is with clothes. Sometimes you see a dress and know right away that it would be exactly right on you. And that's the way I felt about the chartreuse. There's no doubt that men are narrow-minded about their wives working. When Clara said that knowing subconsciously that Jack would prevent my working, I realized how true it was.

We were so interested in the discussion that I could hardly believe it when I heard Jack's key in the door.

"Well!" he said. "You girls still

hanging around? Am I going to get any dinner tonight?"

Of course, Jack knows the girls awfully well—we all went through high school together—and he loves to kid them along. But it certainly was annoying to have him barge into the middle of an intellectual discussion and ask about his dinner. I could see the girls looking at each other and sort of smiling. "How typical of the male!" I distinctly heard Jennie whisper to Clara.

Jack just stared at them all. He's used to having them make a great fuss over him, and he loves to joke.

"For Pete's sake, what's the matter?" he said. "Have I got leprosy or something?"

"Why, there's nothing the matter, not a thing," Louise said nervously. "I must be running along. You'll be wanting your dinner." And she looked at me pityingly. I could have killed Jack.

They all went home at once. Honestly, they practically fought to get out of the door. Jack just stood there gazing at them in bewilderment.

"What struck them?"

he said. "They acted as though they thought I was going to ask them for money."

"I'll go and see about dinner," I said coldly, "since you're so anxious about it." I just felt I couldn't discuss the matter with him.

LATER in the evening, when he asked about the meeting, I did try to tell him what we had talked about. Sometimes I just don't understand Jack at all, he reacts so strangely.

"What the heck is the matter with you, Judy?" he asked, when I was right in the middle of a sentence. "You've been trying to pick a fight with me all the evening."

Honestly! To accuse me of picking a fight with him in the middle of a discussion of woman's place in the economic scheme of things!

"Well," I told him, "money is the only standard of value. Men despise us because we don't contribute to the support of our families!"

"Good heavens!" Jack put down his newspaper. "Who said men despised women?"

"They despise our intelligence. Look at the way you said I wouldn't understand that book about the gold standard

—and then you lend it to Phil Jordan, and if there's anybody dumber than he is—"

"Why didn't you say you wanted to read the book?" Jack said. "Anyhow, you'll have plenty of chance to read it when Phil returns it."

"Good grief, I don't want to read the book!" I exclaimed. "But can't you see that women are no better than menials?"

JACK was beginning to look dazed. "You have that cleaning woman twice a week," he said, "but if the work's too much for you—"

"It isn't the work. It's the principle of the thing. The way you criticize me when you don't like the food—"

"Well, of all the nasty cracks!" Jack said indignantly. "And I suppose you never criticize me! I suppose you didn't make me stop smoking in bed because I burned a little hole in the sheet!"

I sometimes wonder if it's possible to have an abstract discussion with Jack. He always takes things so personally.

"What's the matter, Judy?" he asked.  
"You've been trying to pick a fight with me all evening"



"It happened to be the quilt my grandmother left me," I said as calmly as I could. "But that's hardly the point."

"Well, for Pete's sake, what is the point, then?"

"They've solved the problem in Soviet Russia," I said.

Jack flung his paper down on the floor and uttered a little cry. "What problem?" he almost yelled. "Will you tell me why I'm being hounded like this?"

Hounded! That was too much.

"You despise me for not working!" I said. "But you wouldn't let me take that job in the dress shop!"

Jack just stared. "I suppose there's some explanation for all this," he said. "It might be just a bad dream. Or perhaps I had a twin brother who was stolen by gypsies and you're his wife."

I don't think sarcasm is ever particularly amusing.

"What job did I not let you take?" he asked.

"I'd forgotten I hadn't told you about it," I said. "Mrs. Belmore wanted me to sell dresses in her new shop."

"Is that what this is all about?" Jack said. "Well, why don't you?"

That just took my breath away.

"Y—you don't mind?" I said.

"Certainly not!" Jack said. "Well, I'm glad that's all settled. I thought it was something serious!"

I DIDN'T know whether or not the job was still open, but Jack insisted on my calling Mrs. Belmore right away, and she said she'd love to have me. Of course, I was crazy to take it, but it was a little upsetting, after I'd sort of given up the idea.

But I got all excited when we started planning. I could get a maid for eight dollars a week who would come in at two, clean the apartment, and get dinner. And we could stop for breakfast on the way to work.

I got a nice colored girl from the agency—Eva, her name was. I arranged with her to plan the menus for dinner. I felt I ought to save my energy for my career, and, besides, it's always fun to sit down to a meal without knowing what's coming.

I started working Monday morning. I got a real kick out of leaving the apartment with Jack and

(Continued on page 110)

# THREE MEN & DIANA

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS  
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

DIANA CARMICHAEL felt that she would be trying to escape her fate if she didn't marry Neal Tressady. He was handsome and fascinating, and marriage with him would mean an escape from her humdrum existence in Bayhead. She had lived there all her life with her grandmother, Mrs. Chamberlain, who kept a lodging house in a shabby part of the California town, and her life had not been very happy. An excellent student, she had to give up the idea of college for financial reasons, and from high school went to work in one of the town's hardware stores. Also working there was Bruce Palmer, son of one of Bayhead's most prominent families, whom she had met and fallen in love with while at school, but their friendship was cut short by Bruce's mother, who had him sent abroad as secretary to the minister to Sweden. And when, several years later, he returned for a visit, he gave Diana quite a rush but failed to make the declaration she had hoped for.

Besides Neal and Bruce, Diana had another admirer in Peter Platt, who was one of her grandmother's lodgers. Peter, though, could devote little time to her, since he spent his evenings studying law and finally went to take a promising position in Sacramento.

Neal, who had had occasional movie parts in Hollywood, wanted to marry Diana, even though she admitted that she really cared for Bruce Palmer. The marriage took place with just Diana's close friends present, and the

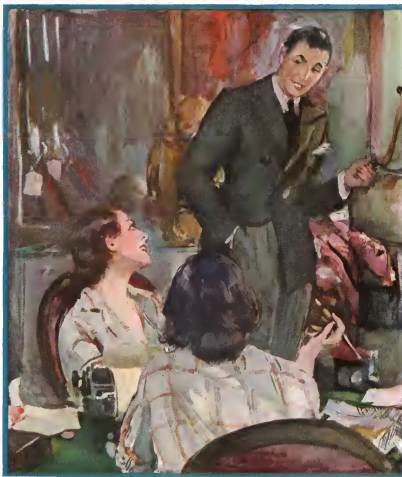
bride and groom left for Los Angeles. For a while there weren't many opportunities for Neal, but finally he was given a part supporting Deirdre Dean, a movie star whose thirty-five years were only partially hidden by her make-up. After that Deirdre and Neal were constantly together,

and when she finished her picture and left for New York, Neal deserted Diana and went with her. There was nothing for Diana to do but go back to Bayhead and her grandmother, and try to find a job.

Now go on with the story. . . .



She feared there would never be any more adventure in her life. But a glittering, golden girl can sometimes find romance even in a hardware store.



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THE clerks in Rowley & Palmer's were so many, and were divided into such different departments, that Diana had been there a year before she recognized certain of her fellow workers when she met them on the street. The place was like a dozen stores in one.

Her own work was in the sporting goods shops; she had to know about fishing rods, high boots, baskets, flies, pocket torches, tents, camp gear, traps, guns.

Rowley & Palmer's establishment occupied two square city blocks, one with the tremendous main building filling it, the other, across the street, only partly built up with sheds and a foundry, storehouses, a clubhouse where the men had their lockers, and a cafeteria. There were almost a thousand men at the place; less than a hundred women. The plant was south of the big city, not far from the railroad tracks and the tanneries.

Off to the east the long tongue of San Francisco Bay ran up through jumbled docks and piers in a fringe of masts and

spars; obscure and humble coming and going of old barges and schooners went on all day long, and on foggy days the air was softly pierced by a hundred hoarse whistles. Between the plant and the water front the great trains rushed through, but the factory itself was on a by-street, and little traffic passed its big gates.

Diana's work kept her, she thought, among the nicest women Rowley & Palmer employed. There were about seven women in the department and there were no men, but men came up from the other floors with their customers. Supposedly doing only a wholesale business with the trade, yet there were many retail sales made every day to friends of the firm or the salesmen.

The newest clerk, Diana, when she first came, had been relegated to the job of stock-checking, filing, hunting for odd bits of merchandise, answering the telephone. She had sat, shy and strange, in her place at the table for a few days, eagerly doing what they asked her to do, doing more, indeed, than they would have asked.

Diana had kept her mouth shut, her eyes and ears open, in those confusing old days. She had taken the motorbus from the city to Bayhead every night and gone home to her grandmother completely weary; weary in soul and mind and body, weary in heart. But nothing had been important except that she should hold her new job, and not think. Everything had been swept away—youth, love, hope, dreams, pride—but she had her job. She plunged into its complications gladly; the harder it was, the more it would help her just not to think.

TO HER grandmother she had told everything in one bitter burst of shame and need. Someone must listen; someone must care. Mrs. Chamberlain had said little; she had been kinder than ever to the child she had loved for so long, the bird that in her life's first storm had been blown home with a broken wing.

They had breakfast together, at half-past seven every morning, in the kitchen. Then Diana put on her coat, and walked two blocks to the omnibus stop. Forty minutes later she was in the city, with three more blocks to walk to the office.

She went in the big side door well before half-past eight with other early comers, and punched the time clock. Eight; sixteen; eight; eleven; eight; twenty-one—Miss Tressady was never late.

To some extent Diana and the other girls on the floor were all mysteries to one another, yet they called one another by affectionate or jocular nicknames, and talked incessantly of everything that made up their business world. Mrs. Baxter, whose husband had been distantly related to the Rowley family, and who had great prestige in consequence, was their head; she had been in the employ of Rowley & Palmer for eighteen years. She had one son, Royal, now twenty, and finishing his course in engineering at the state university; he was not only the perfect son, but he promised to be a great man. Stout, gray, emotional, capable as far as her limited

*Everyone adored Bruce, and it amused Diana to see how her companions' respect for her was enhanced by his admiration of her*



*They were standing on the balcony, Bruce's arm about her. . . .  
"Why not get married, and keep that a secret, too?" he asked*

intelligence permitted, Mrs. Baxter was proud of the position she held, without any attempt to improve it or expand it, without any ambition that was not embraced by the walls of this fourth-floor loft.

Forming a sort of old guard about her were May Blunt, Elva Wiss, Mary Torney. These had all been there for years; the rest of the women clerks came and went constantly, sometimes staying for a few weeks or months only, sometimes completing a first or second year. Then they married, or went to other positions, or were discharged. Albert Roach was superintendent of the department, and he never hesitated over the unpleasant job of telling one of the "young ladies" exactly why she had failed to be of any value to the all-important firm of Rowley & Palmer.

In this weak, fair-headed man Diana found another Mr. Morey, and was reminded of the resentments and rages of her days in the Bayhead Hardware Store. But Mr. Roach had no such power to stir her as the other manager had had; she was only vaguely conscious of disliking him, disliking his sureness of himself, and his relish for authority over the women. He was sufficiently agreeable to her always; not that it mattered.

Nothing mattered. She lived in a dream of routine; it went on and on—the days were winter, were summer, were winter again, months made no difference, nor seasons.

ALMOST without discussion she had moved to the third-floor room at Gram's, the big, upper front room she had so wanted some time ago. There was no objection from Gram now; she was only anxious to have Diana want to do something, be happy somewhere. Her narrow bed, her second-hand books, her floor lamp, an old chair or two, and Diana was established.

The alarm clock went off punctually every morning in a flight of chimes. A plain little hat on the bright, damp waves of her brushed hair, her office suit trim and neat, Diana went down to the kitchen.

Always she found her grandmother up, coffee boiling, bread cut to toast, newspaper airing. The two talked together over their meal; Diana was gone immediately after it.

In the omnibus, for the forty-



minute trip, she usually had a book.

Then came the office hours in the sporting goods department on Rowley & Palmer's fourth floor. It had become immediately evident that Miss Tressady was in serious earnest about her position, was determined to make herself useful, and the old guard had accepted her at once as one of themselves. There was no rivalry or competition among them; old-fashioned methods and an old-fashioned atmosphere prevailed. There was much good nature and constant laughter between May Blunt and Mary Torney, who were neighbors in the quiet, old-fashioned part of San Francisco known as the Mission, and whose brothers, cousins, beaus were the cause of endless conversations. Why these girls did not marry was something of a puzzle to Diana; they were both in their twenties, but they seemed to feel no interest in matrimony.

"Ix-nay on the iddies-kay and the eye-dees-day!" May would decree hardily, and both girls would go off into spasms of mirth.

"You get married, Diana," May advised her one day, "and Mary and I'll come see you and the babies on Sunday afternoons."

DIANA smiled cryptically in answer. She was not yet twenty-one, but she felt herself ages older than Mary or May. Didn't they know that she had been married; didn't the fact scream itself at everyone who saw her?

Apparently not. The office girls were as incurious as wild animals. She was "Miss Tressady" in fact as well as name, as far as they were concerned. She was their new member, silent, but not unsympathetic, beautiful in her quiet way, always studying something, always "nice." "She's terribly nice," they told one another before she had been there a month, and terribly nice they found her straight through the years.

When whistles screamed noon there was always a lull in the daily routine. Few customers penetrated to the fourth floor between twelve and one o'clock. They were eating their "dinners" somewhere in the unwonted noise and excitement of the city, and the girls were free to enjoy their own meal.

They usually summoned Pat, at about eleven o'clock, and confided to him a small sum of money and voluminous directions. Pat was a lean, disillusioned messenger boy whose function it was to buy such items as were not on Rowley & Palmer's lists and had been requested by mail-order patrons. Pat bought schoolbooks, drugs, soaps, dolls, and every day he also bought whatever the girls on the fourth floor wanted for their lunch.

Most of the other girls in the big plant went to the cafeteria, but the sports goods girls rather disdained that; it was noisy and crowded, and was patronized by the men as well as the women; altogether not restful or attractive.

On the other hand, the big closet back of their department made a delightful lunch-room. There was a sunny window, a gas plate, a table, chairs, teapot, cups, sugar tin.

When Pat returned from his morning round with the tinned tomatoes, Saratoga chips, rye bread, cream cheese, cookies, or whatever else the order of the day demanded, one of the girls disappeared quietly in the direction of the lunch-room. They took turns in "starting lunch," which meant slicing bread, getting out butter and sugar from their stores, lighting the gas jet under a freshly filled kettle, and setting out on plates the sliced sausage, cake, cheese. There was always tea, and it was over the teacups that Diana came to know her companions. Day after day she listened to May and Mary tell of their home life and their men friends. But she never returned their confidences.

In the evenings, especially in the winter evenings, she and her grandmother often sat long at the kitchen table, discussing the afternoon paper, gossiping comfortably. Their few dishes were quickly handled; when she had cleared the table Diana laid a soft, thick, red cotton cloth there, and Mrs. Chamberlain got out her cards for solitaire.

Diana would move about the kitchen, wipe the sink boards dry, snap off the gas under the kettle. Her grandmother was always tired at night. She was only, after all, three years older than the grandmother of Diana's happy last school days, but Diana was wiser now. She realized what a burden the lodging house was to the elderly woman; how tiring it was at sixty-five to mount stairs, make beds, show rooms to prospective tenants. They both hated the miserable business, but it was a point of honor never to say so.

HER grandmother asked her no questions. She did not lament the wreckage of Diana's youth and happiness; she never suggested that Diana accept any of the friendships, the invitations, that men were eager from time to time to offer her. Sometimes they two walked to College Avenue, and saw a movie or went up to the college to listen to a lecture. But most often they remained at home, Mrs. Chamberlain musing over the eternal turn of the king, the four spot, the knave, the ace; Diana working at her French, or perhaps reading some travel or adventure book aloud. Sometimes they would talk:

"Six months, Gram, since I saw Neal."

"I don't understand it."

"No, and I don't understand it."

"I saw Kate Witherspoon the other day—I told you. She said his mother didn't know where he was, either."

"Is his mother back here again?"

"No. I believe she's still down South."

"Queer, isn't it, Gram?"

"Well, women affect a man like that sometimes."

"She is seven years older than Neal—Deirdre Dean is. She looks it, too."

"That wouldn't make any difference."

"No husband's worth while," Diana said, "if you have to keep fighting for him with other women. No friendship would be worth while that way. Even if Neal came back, and was sorry—"

"He will!"

"I don't know. Sometimes I think he will, and sometimes that he won't. I'm not sure," Di said slowly, "that I care, very much."

"It seems to me queer that he had you, Diana, and let you go."

"It does seem queer."

The sore (Continued on page 102)





"Thanks," said the woman. "I never burn my stewed tomatoes"

# I'm Afraid of what You'll Think

● BY EDGAR CARROLL



IT WAS his second day on the job as the new general manager of a reorganizing business. He called the hold-over members of the staff into his office to talk things over. Enthusiastically he outlined his plans for pushing the business ahead, spoke in an informal, friendly way of what he expected from them.

When he had finished he looked from one to the other expectantly. "Now, what do you think of it?" he said. "Let's hear what's on your mind."

There was a graveyard silence. They looked slantwise at one another. Some of them flushed in confusion. Nobody offered to speak up. . . .

"And that," said the executive who was telling me about it, "was one of the most bitterly disappointing moments of my life."

"So what did you do?" I inquired.

"I guess I exploded," he said. "I told them I had never seen such a gallery of wooden faces. I told them they looked like a bunch of licked school kids kept after school. What were they scared of? And I suggested that if they couldn't show some interest, loosen up, and let themselves go, I'd find somebody else who could. I told them that this was no time nor place for timid souls."

I suppose the man was right. I sup-

pose he should have my sympathy. But, just the same, all my sympathy goes the other way—to that tongue-tied bunch of department managers and assistants who were called in to meet their new boss.

I know precisely how they felt as they sat there, all self-conscious under the scrutiny of their superior. That miserable, all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach! That desperate, futile effort to appear poised and at ease! That longing to speak out boldly and impressively—yet tongues paralyzed by the fear of saying or doing the wrong thing!

I know, because I, myself, am a shy man—a charter member of the vast company of timid souls.

As I write this I have just answered the questions in the test which accompanies this article. My score is exactly 20—which just about sweeps me off the floor and sets me down with the wall-flowers.

ONE Sunday recently a friend induced me to go with him to his church. It wasn't so bad until they passed the collection plates. Then, searching my pockets, I discovered, to my horror, that I had the choice of two offerings—one was a penny; the other was a ten-dollar

bill! Now, I was deathly afraid that if I should try to put that penny on the plate someone would see me and snicker. And I couldn't bear to let them catch me empty-handed—with all those strangers looking on and calling me a miserly tight-wad. So it was good-by ten-dollar bill.

After the services my friend thought it was a great joke. But I couldn't see it that way. I've been kicking myself ever since. . . . By the way, what would you have done?

The other day I tried for at least the hundredth time to dictate a letter to a stenographer. It was no use. I was sure the girl was laughing at me. It's always that way. So I write my letters out and have a stenographer copy them.

I get myself into all kinds of hot water by putting people off with "maybe" answers when I don't mean maybe at all. At least half a dozen times in the last year I have accepted invitations against my wish because I was afraid of offending people. And when I have declined it usually has been with some lame and flimsy excuse that has made me feel foolish. Often I refrain from inviting people to my house for fear they may not want to come.

How any man or woman can dare to go on a stage and appear under a spotlight before an audience passes my belief. Once I looked out on an audience through a hole in the curtain and it made me as dizzy as if I were looking down from the forty-third floor of a sky-

scraper. The two or three times I have been called on to talk in public places I have been in a panic of fright. The minute I get on my feet to speak, my mind goes blank. At the first tee of a golf course, if other players are watching, my knees knock together so violently that usually I flub the ball—if I hit it at all.

But if you would know what a timid soul can really be like, let me tell you of a thing that happened last fall when my family and I returned to our home in a New York suburb after a summer in the country. A neighbor had rented our garage for the summer months and, though his time was up, his car was still there when we drove up to the house.

"You'll have to ask So-and-So to run his car out," said my wife.

I said, "I guess I'll have to." But did I do it? I couldn't. Instead, I walked about the place killing time, wondering how mad my neighbor would be at having to move out on such short notice, trying to think of something soothing to say to him.

At last, when it grew dark, I decided just to go over and pay him a friendly home-coming call. We sat on his porch steps and talked over the gossip of the neighborhood—talked about everything but that car in the garage. Finally I arose to depart. And then (happy day!) my neighbor came to the rescue. He said:

"You'll want to put your car in, won't you?"

"Well, if it's all the same to you—" I replied. "I hate to trouble you; it's a shame to put you out like this; but, you see, our car is an open roadster, and it looks like rain, and I wouldn't like to let it stand out all night. . . . So, if you really wouldn't mind . . ."

"Not at all," he said.

So the dreadful thing was done.

SOMETHING like that happens with me almost every day. In the end, matters seem to turn out all right. But it's hard on the nerves. . . . All that hemming and hawing and back-firing to get anything done. How I envy the slambang bird who says what he thinks, does what he wants, and worries not about what other folks may think of him! What a glorious life is his! And what wouldn't I give to be the happy-go-lucky chap who would have gone to that neighbor of mine and said in all good humor:

"Hey, you big palooka, what do you think I'm running—a public parking place? Drag that piece of scrap iron out of my way before I call a wrecking car!"

But I guess it's not for me. I guess I'll have to be satisfied with trying to loosen up just a little more tomorrow. And speaking of (Continued on page 106)



## How Shy Are You?

To test yourself, answer the following questions prepared by William Moulton Marston, distinguished psychologist, educator, and author. Each question may be answered in three different ways. If your answer is an unqualified "No," score yourself 10 for that question. If it is "Yes," score 0. If it is "Sometimes," score 5. Where several examples of the same type of shyness are included in one question, you may score yourself separately on each example, then average these part-scores together to get your complete score for the question. To arrive at your total score for the test, simply add the ten question scores. Then turn to page 107 for your rating.

If you want to know what impression you make on other people, get your friends to score you.

1. Do you dread meeting people for the first time, attending parties or other social functions, or making calls on comparative strangers?

2. Do you hate to ask favors of people, to ask for a job or a raise in pay, or to ask strangers to direct you when traveling?

3. Do you look enviously at a group of people who are laughing and talking together, and without making any effort to join them, and do you feel awkward and tongue-tied when you are a member of such a group?

4. Do you hesitate to return articles you have bought which are not just right, and does it make you feel "small" to insist upon the salesperson's giving you exactly what you want?

5. Are you afraid of policemen,

lawyers' letters, prominent people, or your superiors in business?

6. Are you afraid of what barbers, manicurists, or waiters may be thinking about you?

7. When you express an opinion or idea and someone says authoritatively that you are wrong, do you thereupon believe your own ideas worthless?

8. Do you make misplays in golf, bridge, or any favorite game when you know people are watching you?


9. Do you agree politely with opinions contrary to your own in order to avoid an argument?

10. Do you let acquaintances or business associates impose upon you rather than take them to task and insist upon your rights?

I had the choice of two offerings—a penny and a ten-dollar bill






 "Infatuation," says SCATTERGOOD, "is a name folks give love affairs they don't approve of."

# A DOG'S Hind Legs



## ● BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND



SCATTERGOOD BAINES sat in his specially reinforced chair on the piazza of his hardware store and looked back through the years. Forty of them had passed since he trudged into Coldriver, shoes in hand, kicking up the dust of the summer road between his toes. He was young then and all but penniless. He knew not a soul in the county. The four decades had been good to him, for his shrewdness had carried him to prosperity and influence. Not only was he the owner of practically all the valuable timber in the township, but he was the proprietor of the bank and the sole owner of the little railroad that plied up and down the

valley. In politics his was the dominant voice in the state, and, far from being unacquainted with any individual in Coldriver, he knew everybody in the commonwealth and a great many important people outside it.

His first venture in Coldriver had been this very hardware store before which he sat. It was his pride and his first concern. Small as it was, tiny as were its returns when compared to the income from his various other properties, he regarded it as the major concern of his life. He was contented.

Not only was he contented, but he found his days full of interest. It was a major achievement when he sold Deacon

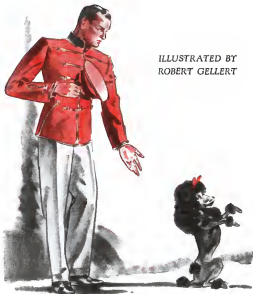
Pettibone a new kitchen range. It was of vital importance when Sheriff Fox became a grandfather. It seemed as if everything were important, because Scattergood had come to feel possessive about Coldriver and its inhabitants. They were not merely people who lived in a town; they were his. Their affairs were his affairs, and his interest was proprietary.

SO TIME never lay heavily upon his big hands; there was too much to see, too much to think about, too much to meddle with. It was seldom he found an hour to think about himself and his past as he was doing now.

*Scattergood turned his head suddenly as the sound of a trumpet blared up the street. . . . "I swan if suthin' hain't a-comin'," he said*







ILLUSTRATED BY  
ROBERT GELLERT

Deacon Pettibone came dotting down the street on his peg-leg, and Scattergood watched him lazily. The deacon was ancient, and also he was what the countryside called a mite "near." If he was a wealthy old gentleman it was not because of enterprise or speculation; it was the result of economy. Money, once coming into the deacon's possession, disappeared forever from the marts of trade.

"Mornin', Deacon. Mornin'," said Scattergood affably.

"How be ye?" rasped the deacon in a voice like a file being drawn across tin.

"I hear tell Sarah's got all done gittin' eddicated," Scattergood said.

"Stuff and nonsense," rasped the deacon. "Throwin' money away. What good's eddication to a woman, I want to know? Her and her grandma pestered me into it."

"'Twon't do much harm, seems as though."

"Harm! Harm! Fillin' her head up with hifalutin' notions hain't harm, I s'pose. Who's she a-goin' to marry—tell me that, Scattergood Baines."

"I hain't eligible," Scattergood said, "if you're hintin' anythin'."

"Boys around here are farmers and workers. They hain't able to set in the parlor and go on fer hours about this here p-psychology. They'd git scairt if he brung it up. They'll shy off'm her like she was pizen."

"I been a-settin' here fer a number of years," said Scattergood, "and one of the facts I've diskivered is that rules of grammar don't make no difference with fallin' in love."

The deacon snorted. "You watch," he grumbled. "She's a-goin' to feel herself above all the boys around here. Jest watch."

"The's other boys and other places," said Scattergood.

He sat up and turned his head suddenly as the sound of a trumpet blared up the street and a van drawn by two white horses with jangling bells on their harness came clattering into view. "I swan if suthin' hain't a-comin'," he said with quick interest.

THE van approached. It was gilded and glittering like a circus wagon, and a large and ornately mustached man who wore a tall silk hat blew industriously upon the bugle. Beside him sat a younger man, with the reins in his hands and a red coat with gold frogs upon his body. Between them sat a black dog of moderate size, whose woolly hair was trimmed in a most immoderate manner, so that the animal appeared to be wearing an Elizabethan ruff, and collars and cuffs.

"Huh!" The deacon snorted. "What's it say? 'Doctor Pembroke, proprietor of the famous Umatilla Indian Remedies.' Huh! One of them dratted medicine shows."

A tall, cadaverous man and a slender, pale woman, grandly caparisoned, occupied a seat on top of the van and appeared not to be enjoying themselves. The only really happy people in the troupe were the big man with the bugle and the young man who drove the horses.

The young man grinned down at Scattergood and winked boyishly at the deacon. The dog was in a lugubrious frame of mind. The equipage passed along, made a parade of the village, and returned to the hotel, where its passengers disembarked.

"Calc'late I better go 'n' git acquainted," said Scattergood.

He heaved himself up from his chair

and ambled down the sidewalk to the hotel, where the little troupe of medicine players were grouped before the desk attending to the formalities of registration.

"How be ye, Doc?" asked Scattergood of the principal personage. "How be ye?"

"Sir," said Dr. Pembroke, "I am in perfect health. My family is in perfect health. My troupe, who have displayed their talents before the crowned heads of Europe, are in good health."

"Goin' to make a speech tonight, eh? Goin' to orate some, Doc?"

"I shall address the people of this village."

"Then I'll fetch Mandy. She does dote on eloquent fellows. Soothes her down, seems as though."

THE black dog with ruff and cuffs had been surveying Scattergood intently. Now, without warning, he rose upon his rear legs and minced up to the old hardware man, resting his forepaws on his stomach and looking up into his face. "Woof!" he said tentatively.

Dr. Pembroke's face purpled suddenly; he kicked the dog; the dog yelped. The young man with the grin who drove the horses promptly straddled Dr. Pembroke on the point of the jaw; the doctor sat down violently.

"That," said the young man, "makes three times. One, two, three—and out! Dr. Pembroke's medicine show is bust up."

"Where's the police? Where's the sheriff?" bellowed the doctor.

"Your dawg?" asked Scattergood of the young man.

"He's mine, or I'm his, one or the other."

Scattergood clucked. "Um. . . Now, Doc, if I was you I wouldn't do any arrestin'. I wouldn't do much complainin'. Or mebbey the dawg'll have ye arrested for assault and battery."

"I think," said the young man thoughtfully, "I ought to wait around till he gets up. Another scow would set my mind at rest."

"Mebby," said Scattergood, "one wa'n't plenty, but ye better let it suffice."

The young man peered down longingly at Dr. Pembroke, and then, whistling through his teeth, walked out of the confusion onto the front piazza of the hotel, followed by his dog.

"It's a heap safer," said Scattergood, "to kick a man than to kick his dawg."

LEAVING this to be reflected upon, he went after the young man, and found him sitting on the railing of the piazza.

"Don't call to mind ever seein' a dawg jest like that," he said tentatively.

"Florentine poodle. Name, Lorenzo the Magnificent. Age, two years. Lorenzo, meet Mr.—"

"Baines—Scattergood Baines."

"You are at liberty to call me a liar," said the young man, "but my name is Treasure Hunt. An aunt of mine thought it up when Mother was too weak to pro-

test and when Father was in Peru."  
"Be ye quittin' the medicine show?  
Eh?"

"Lorenzo walked out, and that includes me."

"Um. . . What kind of talent have ye got?"

"Lorenzo has trained me to play the banjo and sing."

"And he's a trick dawg?"

"An actor, sir. In comedy or tragedy he has known no equal since Booth or Sol Smith Russell."

"Dew tell! Huh. What was your pa a-doin' in Peru?"

"Hunting treasure," said Mr. Hunt.

"Playin' a banjo an' showin' off a dawg in a medicine show hain't sich an ambitious job fer a young man," said Scattergood.

"You cover territory," said Mr. Hunt.

"Now what d'ye aim to do?" asked Scattergood.

"Do I have to make up my mind instantly?" the young man asked plaintively.

He looked around him at the clement valley and at the sweep of forested mountain slopes glowing green in the morning sunlight. Restful cloud shadows moved lazily over the vast surfaces. The river pulsed drowsily over its stones, and a distant locust lifted up its voice.

"I never," said Mr. Hunt, "saw a more suitable place to do nothing in. I think I shall do nothing."

"They don't pay fer it in Coldriver," said Scattergood.

"Must I make money?"

"Folks gen'ally wants to," said Scattergood. "I got to git back to the store. Mebby you'd like to come along and start doin' nothin' there."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Hunt.

THEY walked down the steps, with Lorenzo alert beside them. As they turned to the right on the sidewalk, they encountered a young lady who walked abstractedly and who, apparently, was startled at Lorenzo's eccentric appearance. At any rate, she dropped her hand bag and uttered a little cry.

"Lorenzo," said Mr. Hunt, "where are your manners? Pick up the lady's bag. And apologize."

Lorenzo lifted the bag in his teeth, rose to his rear legs, walked daintily to the lady, and tendered her her property. Then he placed his forepaws together in an attitude of supplication. The young lady commenced to crinkle about the eyes as she watched the dog; the young man wasted no time looking at Lorenzo, but did, openly and unabashed, stare at the young lady with obvious approval.

"What," he asked of Scattergood, "is the local custom? Do you introduce people or will it be necessary to call in a broker?"

"This here's Sairy Pettibone," said Scattergood, "and this feller with the dawg says his name is Hunt."

"Charmed," said Mr. Hunt. "Miss

"Charmed," said Mr. Hunt.  
"Miss Pettibone—Lorenzo  
the Magnificent"



Pettibone—Lorenzo the Magnificent."

Lorenzo extended an enthusiastic paw, which Sarah shook in the friendliest possible way—which encouraged Mr. Hunt.

"I'd rather walk here and there," he said, "than loaf in front of a store. Net, Mr. Baines, that I don't find you fascinating. I admire you and I revere you. But even you will admit you are not Miss Pettibone."

"We hain't never been mistook for one another," said Scattergood dryly.

"And so," said Mr. Hunt, "if Miss Pettibone has a set of assorted destinations, I am offering her Lorenzo's escort to all of them. But there's a drawback."

"Which is?" asked Sarah.

"Lorenzo insists upon a chaperon."

"So'll the deacon," said Scattergood.

That warning was sufficient. Perhaps Scattergood guessed it might be. Immediately Sarah became contrary, as is the inalienable right of young and lovely ladies, and a hint of opposition aroused determination.

"At the moment," she said, "I'm a trifle fed up with the deacon. Besides, anybody sanctioned by an introduction from Mr. Baines must be above reproach. I will walk with Lorenzo, Mr. Hunt, and if the deacon has a tantrum I'll blame it on Mr. Baines."

"I better go back and start a fortifyn' the store ag'in' hostile attack," said Scattergood, and he walked back to his piazza, where he resumed his occupation of watching the world and of pondering upon its gyrations.

Presently Alvin May approached him—a youngish man of no particular occupation, but a general and diversified dickerer. Alvin made an excellent living by dealing in goods, wares, merchandise, lands, hereditaments, and even going

concerns which other people found unprofitable. On Monday this young man would turn up as the proprietor of a moribund meat market; on Wednesday he would have swapped it for a cider mill; on Friday the cider mill would be converted into a broken-down truck, three flivvers, and a yard full of farm machinery. And on each turn-over something would stick to Alvin's hands.

"HOW be ye, Scattergood?" he asked.

"Improv'n'. How be you?"

"The deacon's up and called the mortgage on the Summers place."

"Dew tell!"

"I got to borrow four thousand some'er's," said Alvin.

"Got any security?"

"You know what I got better'n I do," Alvin said.

"Calc'late we kin arrange it," Scattergood said.

"Who's that a-walkin' with Sarah Pettibone?"

"Feller off'm the medicine wagon."

"I never see sich a tarnation contrary gal. Allus shootin' off at angles."

"Why don't ye marry her and settle her down?" asked Scattergood.

"I kind of figgered on it," Alvin said, "but she's got all her sense edicated out of her, seems as though."

"When d'ye want your money?"

"Mortgage falls due a week from today."

"G'-by," said Scattergood.

Alvin accepted his dismissal, but before he turned toward the post office he cast a lowering glance over his shoulder toward the distant figures of Sarah Pettibone and young Mr. Hunt.


It was almost (Continued on page 74)



MAP BY EUGENE CLEGG

## OZARKADIA

By CHARLES  
MORROW WILSON

 SMOOTH, timbered mountains painted green-golden by the magic of sunlight. Hillsides and green valleys, lost ravines and forest lanes. Clear rivers, fast-running and gay. Farm roads that smile in good fellowship. Fence rows, open fields, and a comforting, life-giving earth. And over all an unconquerable spirit of easy-going contentment.

Here I am, home again in the Ozark highlands—my America. Home again on my twenty-acre farm after a few months of heating plants, ventilated apartments, mechanically cleaned pavements, and dirty air of the big city. Here I find beauty and peace and good-fellowship, and the magnificent companionship of producing earth. As my neighbor, Bill Coldiron, says:

"Life is good hereabouts because a man don't keep eternally in a sweat about things."

According to strict geography, the Ozark plateau takes in an area approximately that of New York State and includes southern Missouri, northern Arkansas, and the southeastern corner of Oklahoma. The uplift is a hold-over from an ancient mountain range which geologists believe once stood 12,000 feet high and which has been worn down during slow ages of erosion.

The uplift is surrounded by far-stretching foothills and countryside which, so far as environment and atmosphere are concerned, might well be included in the classification of Ozarks. And so I shall stretch textbook boundaries to include western Tennessee and eastern Oklahoma along with major portions of Arkansas and Missouri, and apply to the whole the blanket title of OZARKADIA.



This country is a lasting haven of neighborliness. The back hills are given to welcoming neighbor people in the you-all-come-over-to-our-place spirit. It is a country which shows a strange blending of age and youth. On a first hurried visit the outsider is likely to gain blurred impressions of water-sleds vs. airports, of squirrel-skin banjos vs. rampant jazz orchestras, of tailored cigarettes vs. home-grown leaf, of white-milk vs. bottled soda, of mountain trails which wander from handsomely fashioned highways.

This languorous hill country has been set aside as haven for a world that is today and yesterday and probably tomorrow, all in one. Here is primarily

an all-American and invincible frontier.

It is a magnificent frontier, a country of land-owning, small-acreage farmers, who treat life well and who are treated well by life. Ozarkadia stays rural. Better than four fifths of its people make livings directly from the soil, just as they have been doing since the first coming of white pioneers, and just as they likely will be doing when our grandchildren are tottering old men.

True, it is a frontier which possesses such realities as numbered highways, ventilated schoolhouses, automobiles, wayside markets, and lighted streets. The country is not new to settlement. Its farm lands have given nurture and fair lives to four or five easy-going generations of yeomen. Some of its cross-road villages have been replaced with modern towns.

But if I were marking the one primary reason why my America is unique and outstanding, I would say that Ozarkadia is that because it has kept the frontier temperament.

TO ME "frontier" involves a double assumption: first, plentiful and readily available farm land; secondly, a widespread craving to occupy such land, plus a willingness to till and cherish the land when it is taken. My America holds an abundance of productive land that is still unoccupied. There are fair-sized stretches of federal domain still open for

homestead. There are far more extensive holdings of state lands awaiting private purchase, and still greater areas of valley lands that can be bought outright for astonishingly little.

These untenanted lands are absorbing considerable overflow of neighboring industrial and city population. In the Arkansas Ozarks alone, more than 9,000 more farms are being worked in 1933 than were under hoe and plow during 1930. The Missouri Ozarks and the neighboring highlands of Tennessee and Oklahoma show similar inflows. The vast majority of these pioneers of 1933 are taking small holdings, which they are working with the underlying notion of self-sufficiency.

MY FRIEND, Tom Puddister, who used to be a railroad conductor in New Jersey, decided one day to take a fling at fronting in this Ozarkadia. His first stop brought him to the unconquerable wilds of Taney County, Mo., where he traveled for the best part of a day without sighting a human being, not even a tourist. So he settled. But before his first year was out workmen came into the hills and started building a railroad.

Tom Puddister sighed and started packing again. His next stop was in Newton County, Ark., at a lost world called Hemmed-In-Hollow, where there weren't any passable roads, and probably never will be. Here was untouched frontier, and that was what Tom Puddister wanted. So he homesteaded a quarter section and raised another cabin.

That was better than ten years ago. Tom is still about, hale and healthy, monarch of a magnificent realm and bothered by no misgivings. His views and living ways are those of an own son of the back hills. His accepted philosophy is one of sane appreciation of soil and growth, an adoration of being,

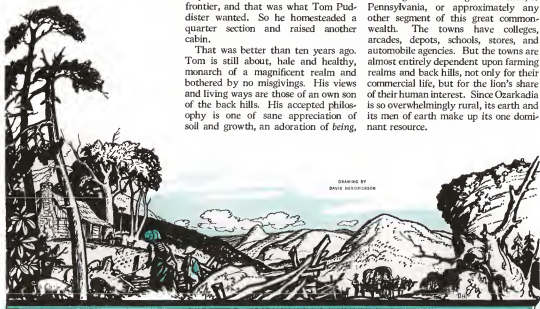
without the worries and strivings of becoming.

But, like a true hillman, he isn't particularly given to talking about it. He gains vastly more pleasure, for example, from seeing a winter's sunset, or a hayfield in moonlight, or a pasture land in late April, than he does from verbal or written discourses upon their beauty.

But Tom Puddister is today as thorough an Ozarkadian as I know. And I contend that any section of country with a personality forceful enough to change a New Jersey conductor, born and raised in New York, and occupied for half a lifetime with an intercity run, change him to a relevant part of a back-hill frontier, all in a decade's time, certainly proves a forceful environment; proves that such a country is a frontier which will survive for a long time to come.

THERE are thousands of Tom Puddister's sort in Ozarkadia. The country has been taking them in and making them part of itself for the past century and a quarter. It is a masterly melting pot. It has an easy-going way of making room for newcomers, of blotting out a previous *status quo*.

There are plenty of towns and a few cities in the section, most of them pleasant and old and generally likable, but not materially different from towns in New England or Michigan or Kansas, or Pennsylvania, or approximately any other segment of this great commonwealth. The towns have colleges, arcades, depots, schools, stores, and automobile agencies. But the towns are almost entirely dependent upon farming realms and back hills, not only for their commercial life, but for the lion's share of their human interest. Since Ozarkadia is so overwhelmingly rural, its earth and its men of earth make up its one dominant resource.



DRAWING BY  
DAVE HESTER



"This is my America. Here in the Ozark highlands I find beauty and peace and good-fellowship, and the magnificent companionship of

producing earth. As my neighbor, Bill Coldiron, says: 'Life is good hereabouts because a man don't keep eternally in a sweat about things.'"

Most of the people are British-American. Less than one-half of one per cent of them are foreign-born. Their heritage is agricultural. The first waves of settlers arrived during the era between the Revolution and the War of 1812, pioneers who represented a high caliber of American agrarian, a good and peace-abiding people. This precedence has held.

The prevailing speech gives good testimony as to origins. The names are principally English and Scotch. The everyday language is one of sound survivals, a speech that is accurate and graceful, and little bothered with slang or slipshod impertinence.

THE common man of the back hills is likely to say "fur" for "far," as Sir Philip Sidney did, or "allow" for "suppose," as Hakluyt wrote. Like Chaucer, he is fond of forming plurals by adding "es," as in "postes" and "nestes." He usually forms comparatives or superlatives by adding "er" or "est" regardless of the word's length—"fast-runnin'er," "preachin'est," "hawg-killin'est." On the same principle that "wealth" is a collection of "weal," so some of the old-timers use "stealth" to mean that which is stolen, and "blowth" for a mass of blooms.

Extra r's frequently invade such common words as "warter," "warsh," and "Orsborne." Like Piers, the Plowman, the hillman is apt to refer to "heaps of people" and to rhyme "yet" with "wit."

The speech shows a good share of fine old cavalier words, such as "grabble," "denote," "dilatory," and "cavil," forms which predate the Battle of Hastings in Old England. And, with all its charm, the speech is one of careful weighing and consideration.

Asked whether he grew his own corn, an old-timer answered:

"No, the corn grew itself. I planted it."

"But you plowed the field, I suppose?"

"No. My mule Tim done that. I plowed Tim."

On being asked whether a new arrival was a boy, a little girl of the back brush answered:

"Yes, he was a boy, and I reckon he is yet."

In place of a staid abstraction such as "drought," the rural Ozarkian is apt to say "dry spell," which reminds me of an episode concerning Pap Kantz of near Eagle Rock. Pap was reading his newspaper aloud to an audience of store-porch loafers:

"Says here the corn is liable to bring a good price on account of the drought."

"What's a drought, Pap?"

The interpreter ruminated.

"Well, son, if I ain't mightily mistakened, it's a coon that's got crossed up with a wildcat. Anyway, it's hell on the corn crop."

Ozarkadia has had little of strife and turmoil. The decade following the Civil War opened the only notable inroad for

lawlessness and romantic rascals. Then the roadless back hills were chosen havens for criminals. Nowadays the cities offer more tempting inducements to the nation's bad boys. On the whole, Ozarkadians are a peace-abiding people.

Mavericks stay, of course. Moonshiners, for example, still ply their age-old and solvent trade. A minor share of back-hill homesteaders are moonshiners, and it is my notion that some will be when Gabriel sounds retreat.

Not long ago I was talking with an eminent moonshiner out in Madison County, Ark. Uncle Dick Cato, we'll call him, has been making corn whisky all his life. His technic is one of thorough and unvarying accuracy. When the run is good, he sells it; when bad, he spills it on the ground. He lives comfortably, gives help and fellowship to his neighbors, worships at his countryside church, gives well to the school, has a minimum of enemies, and deals justly with neighbors and townsmen. Here is his professional testimony:

"I'm a liquor maker and I'm proud of it. I've given most of my life to the trade. I've never sold a bad dram yet, and I don't intend to. I've lived by what I reckon to be the Ten Commandments. I am violating one law, but that one is man-made, and a law that most folks don't appear to want any more. As long as I turn out good produce at fair prices, I can't see that I'm in the wrong."

To me this represents the real ethics of Ozarkadia—to attend to one's own job, to do it well, to live by it, and to be proud of it quietly.

THERE are other picturesque trades in my America. They are honey hunters and wolf trappers, treasure searchers and treasure finders, pearl hunters, unpublished poets, herb doctors, midwives, philosophers, hound collectors, berry pickers, nut gatherers, rural sociologists—queer people, perhaps, but all real and relatively sane.

Uncle Silas Bucklew, down in Newton County, Ark., has spent the best part of his eighty-seven years at trailing down wild bees and appropriating their honey stores. Not long ago he located his hundredth honey tree, which yielded at least three washtubs full of first-rate sweetening. Uncle Silas has been at the hobby since he was knee-high to a hound dog. He has discerned that wild bees have the habit of following an established aerial course to and from their hives. Locating the air trail takes keen eyes and plenty of patience and chewing tobacco. But when the trying preliminaries are done, Uncle Silas finds it easy to correct the little bees of excessive greediness.

The berry pickers are usually the followers of open roads and unfenced destinies. The first flowering of forget-me-nots finds them headed for the green hills, there to follow the varying bounties of the strawberry crop. When first pick-

ing is done, some of them wait about for harvest times for apples and grapes and blackberries and tomatoes, and when these are attended to, strike southward for the autumnal cotton.

In various far-back countryside, treasure hunting lives on. Resident *conquistadores*, in patched overalls and faded work shirts, still roam into lost valleys and far necks of back hills, supremely confident that some day they will blunder upon a metal chest too heavy for one lone man to lift out. Searchings have been waged for the past century. Fortunes have been spent and replenished, years have been wasted and occasionally rewarded.

Sometimes the sought-for is found. Not very long ago, out in Madison County, Ark., a young blade lifted out a hearth-rock and found about \$11,000 in good gold coin. Wealth privately hoarded in prebanking eras represents the most promising basis of search. But far-back hills hold strange and romantic stories of Spanish gold, caches derived and planted back in the days of Spanish fur trade.

BUT, passing from rainbow chasing to highly practical reality, let's notice a very distinctive character of Ozarkadia—the country miller. Riverside grain mills stay on in the majority of back-hill countryside. Countrymen still ride to mill, grain bags propped before them, shirts open, bodies away to the leisurely, plodding gaits of their mounts. The toll system, whereby grinding charges are paid in grain, is fast returning, and the country miller once more yields his "toddy," and packs bins with fine grain.

Will Oxford, don of the James River in the south Missouri hills, to me typifies the fine old trade. His mill and its white-oak dam have stood for almost a century. Will represents the third generation of Oxfords who have kept the place. He testifies that he is getting old, that he's "not much good" any longer. Be that as it may, he can still tote three bushels of shelled corn at an easy lift.

His baskets and measuring scoops are old and stretched to a point of extravagant generosity. His grinding tolls stay fixed, which means that when prices are good he prospers modestly; that when corn and wheat are dirt cheap, as they are now, he simply figures to get along. He reckons that no man can expect to prosper more than a fourth part of his natural span.

Will Oxford knows his countryside with tremendous intimacy. His mill stays open every week day in the year, a haven for swapping and market prophecy, for friendly gathering and for friendly talk.

While on the subject of human resources of my America, let me tell you about Sammy Blankhall, who impresses me as typifying the straight-grained moral timber of Ozarkadia. Sammy is a dwarf. Folks (Continued on page 112)

# HIS JOB is untangling the RAILS



REVSTONE

✱ Joseph B. Eastman, who is trying to solve the nation's transportation problem, has one of the toughest jobs in Washington. He decides what will happen to \$26,000,000,000 of our money. Yet nobody makes a fuss about him. Here's the reason.

## By JOHN JANNEY

✱ DURING all the New Deal excitements—Blue Eagles for industry, AAA payments for farmers, huge sums for public works—a quiet and unspectacular fellow has been working along almost unnoticed in his office on the tenth floor of the Interstate Commerce Commission Building in Washington.

His name is Joseph B. Eastman, and he is trying to figure out a little problem involving \$26,000,000,000.

That is the sum invested in the nation's railroads. Eastman, as the new Federal Coordinator of Transportation, has greater powers over the railroads than any man has ever had in peace-

time. His decisions will affect all of us, because almost everybody, whether he knows it or not, has a stake in the railroads. Even if you don't work on the railroads, or ride on them, or ship goods on them, or hold their securities, or have a close relative who does, you probably have a bank deposit or an insurance policy which depends for its value partly on railway stocks and bonds.

The railroads have been in a bad way these last few years. The depression took away part of their traffic. The competition of trucks, busses, and waterways took away still more. Their efforts to fight back were hampered by a combination of inelastic public regulation and ruinous competition among themselves. Consequently they were

compelled to reduce purchases and lay off men, thus adding to the general business depression.

Eastman was appointed to find a way out. His is a job which ranks in importance with that of General Johnson in industry, Wallace and Peek in agriculture, and Ickes in public works.


Prior to his appointment as coordinator, Eastman had served for fourteen years as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He was known as "the great dissenter." He opposed turning the railroads back to private control after the war. He fought for lower valuations, lower rates, lower executive salaries, more economical management. He demanded authority for the government to cut through the mazes of dummy and holding corporations which are the joy of railroad manipulators.

Frequently he was in the minority. Railroad presidents called him a radical a socialist, a "government ownership man."

Now, by one of those lightning changes of 1933, the dissenter has become the boss—though that word would offend both his modesty (Continued on page 84)

# DEATH RIDES THE MESA

BY TOM GILL

 WILSON, one of the most capable agents in the United States Secret Service, had disappeared while on a man-hunt in northern Mexico. His closest friend, Craig Ringland, who had worked with him many times, was asked by the Government to take up the trail. The last message from Wilson said that he had fallen in with a man named Devon, who might be useful. After that, silence.

Under the pretense that he was interested in purchasing cattle from Arturo Vasquez, whose Mexican ranch had long been famous for its fine breeds, Craig appeared in the vicinity from which Wilson had last reported. Wounded by a hooded Night Rider near the hacienda of Cornelius Thone, noted archeologist, he was discovered by Kay Thone, ward of Cornelius, and nursed back to health.

Mr. Thone was engaged in excavating an Aztec temple, and Craig found there as assistants Frank Reed, a former college classmate of his and Thone's nephew; Mike Flaherty, a huge and boisterous Irishman; and Devon, the man for whom he had been searching. Craig planned to question the last-named at the first available opportunity, but on the night following his arrival Devon was found murdered—pierced through the throat by a poisoned dart. The dart was one of several that had been found in the temple, together with a blowgun and an ancient metal bottle filled with Aztec poison. There was sufficient evidence to involve every member of the household, even the two guests, Arturo Vasquez and his sister Carlotta. Craig believed, though, that the murder and the strange doings of the Night Rider were connected.

The Night Rider was terrorizing the countryside, and every morning Craig,



Will the secret of the Aztec tomb remain buried? Craig Ringland scents danger heading towards him—for the killer's pattern is not yet complete.

well again, rode forth in the hope of meeting the hooded horseman. On some of these excursions, Craig met a Mexican secret service agent and compared notes. Craig also searched the Aztec temple, and in the Pool of the Virgins found Wilson's knife, gun, and spurs. Wilson had apparently learned too much and had been done away with.

Kay Thone led an unhappy existence. In a canyon hacienda, helping Cornelius Thone with Aztec inscriptions, she was far separated from the life she wanted. Thone did not realize her unhappiness. He had always hoped she would marry Frank Reed, and was visibly disturbed when he found that Craig loved her. Craig, recognizing Kay's plight, resolved to take her away from the canyon's sinister shadows as soon as he possibly could.

Carlotta Vasquez was attracted by Craig and later openly showed her infatuation for him. Craig, just as openly, ignored her advances. Carlotta had never before been treated so indifferently by a man and she swore vengeance.

Arturo and Carlotta arranged a *fiesta*, which was held in the Aztec temple. At the height of the festivities the lights were suddenly extinguished, and in mortal anguish Reed's voice cried out from the darkness. In the light of an electric torch in Craig's hand, Reed was seen leaning weakly against a table. From Kay's lips burst a shriek of agony and despair, for deeply imbedded in the man's shirt gleamed the white shaft of a plumbed dart.

Now go on with the story. . . .

*But the first vaquero had already gained the top and, with a shout to the other, sprang forward*







VAULTING across the table, Craig caught Reed's limp figure in his arms. The head had fallen forward, the eyes were still open, but they were vacantly staring, as

if transfixed with fear.

Thrusting his flashlight into Kay's hand, Craig picked up a knife and split Reed's shirt just below the dart. As he pulled back the fabric a glad cry of relief burst from Kay—the dart, barely grazing the shoulder without penetrating, emerged just below the neckband. At no point had its poisoned tip pierced the skin.

"Steady, old man," Craig warned, feeling a tremor run through Reed's body. "Steady—you're not even touched. But don't move."

With a single slit of the sharp blade he cut loose the dart and dropped it on the

table; then, taking the flashlight, he played it about him until its beam came to rest on what he sought—the electric wires used for illuminating the temple.

Craig stepped forward. "Let no one move until I trace these," he said shortly.

Like long shadows beneath the flashlight two heavily insulated wires led upward to the switch, and for a moment Craig paused there, but the switch itself had not been touched. Along the floor the wires stretched to the base of the altar, then around it toward the table. Here they separated—one wire continuing to the farther end of the room, the other, as if pulled out of place, leading directly to the table itself. Bending down, Craig beckoned Reed to his side—beneath the table the metallic strand had been severed, its two ends lying side by side.

"You see what that means?" Craig

asked, and Reed nodded, his face still pale.

"The wire has been cut and loosely joined, so that a slight pull would throw the place in darkness." Reed's trembling voice had not yet regained its composure. "But I'll swear it wasn't cut this morning."

"You're sure of that?"

"Absolutely sure. The Mayas brought me two new coils from the power house and I laid the wire myself."

"Why did you lay it beneath the table?"

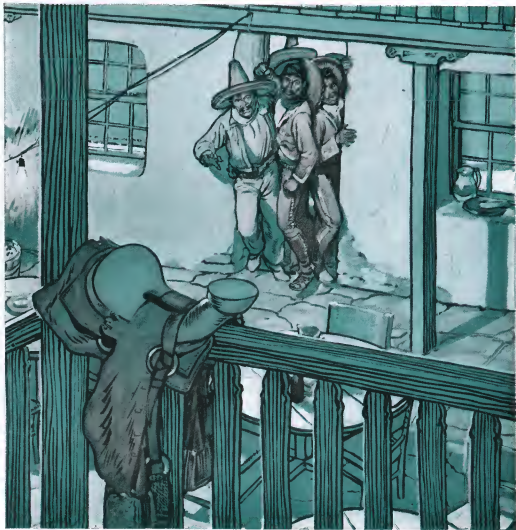
"I didn't—it's been moved here."

"Who was around here later?"

"All of us—except you."

CRAIG'S face was somber. "Frank, whoever cut this wire was the same one who sent that dart through your shirt, and the one who killed Devon."

As he spoke, Craig twisted both ends





*He crouched low beside the girl, his arm still across her shoulders. . . . His lips formed the words, "The Night Rider"*

of the wires quickly together. Again the idol room was flooded with the many-colored lights of fiesta.

THONE'S voice spoke next: "Could it have been the Night Rider?"

He turned toward Ringland for answer, and throughout a silent moment the two men held each other's eyes, then Craig replied, "Whoever did this knew about the plans for the fiesta tonight, and also had access to these wires after they were laid."

"Then?"

"Then," Craig's voice echoed with a sharp, staccato insistence, "the murderer of Devon and the one who held the dart tonight sat with us at this table, is with us now, here in this very room."

A gasp of terrified dismay broke from Carlotta's lips, and, calling in Spanish to Pedro, she beckoned him to her side.

But Craig shook his head. "There is no more danger now. That is over."

"Do you think that dart was meant for me?" Reed asked.

Craig shrugged. "It struck you just

after the lights went out—perhaps a half-minute after the lights went out. Enough time for the killer to make any needed change in his position. But it would not allow very certain aim, even when you lighted that match. I doubt that any blowgun was used. How did it feel when it hit you?"

"I can't say. There was darkness—" For a moment Reed hesitated, then went rapidly on: "I felt a slight tug at my shirt and noticed the smell of that poison."

FOR the first time Arturo spoke: "It comes to me, señor, that if the dart was fired from a blowgun in the direction of the idol, Señor Reed might not have been the target intended. For, between the idol and him, you, yourself, sat."

Reed looked up. "That's true."

But Craig shook his head. "I don't believe the poisoned dart was meant for me."

He turned to Kay. "The Maya was standing by the entrance. Ask him if he heard anyone pass in the darkness."

Quickly Kay questioned the servant, but the fellow shook his head vigorously in negation, and Kay answered, "No one passed."

Then, for the first time, the full realization burst in all its ghastly significance upon her, the girl's cheeks paled, and instinctively she stepped closer to Craig. Whoever had plunged the dart so close to Reed's shoulder was among them—standing in that very room. With a little moan Kay moved toward the entrance.

"Let us leave this accursed place," she whispered; "let us leave and never return."

Solemnly they all filed back to the hacienda, and, too moved to talk, soon went to their rooms.

CRAIG had already undressed and was lying on the bed, arms behind his head, staring up at the ceiling, when the door opened, and Reed, still fully clothed, entered the room.

Drearily he threw himself into a chair, and when he spoke his voice was pitched in a high key of nervous excitation.

"I saw a light under your door—I had to talk to someone," he began; then in sudden panic he burst out, "This thing's getting me, Craig. I'm afraid of my own thoughts—I don't even dare to reason out this dastardly attempt against all of us connected with the excavation. We who have most to do with it are being singled out for the poisoned dart. First Devon, now myself."

"You forget that the one who has most of all to do with the excavations is your uncle."

"That's why I'm afraid to think. It means either that he is marked next for murder, or—Craig, you were doubtful that the dart was shot from a blowgun, weren't you?"

"It seemed unlikely. The cotton about the end was pressed together as if grasped in the hand, not flattened as it should have been if shot from a blowgun."

"I'm sure you are right."

Craig looked up. "Why?"

"Because—" Reed's voice had sunk lower. "I didn't tell you this before—at the moment the dart struck me, I felt the light touch of a hand on my shoulder." He stopped, as if fighting with himself to say more, then, with a violent effort, whispered, "Craig, I think that hand was a woman's."

The words died away—their grisly import remained. Neither man spoke for a while, neither willing to give voice to his thoughts.



ILLUSTRATED BY  
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

At last Reed asked, "Are both bottles of poison in the safe?"

Craig nodded.

"Wouldn't it be best to destroy the stuff?"

"Your uncle would never consent. Besides, the killer has all he needs."

Reed started quickly forward. "You mean there is another bottle?"

"No, but the bottle that lay on your uncle's desk the first night had been half emptied when I opened it next morning. The killer is well supplied for a dozen deaths, Frank—if he needs them."

"If he needs them." Reed repeated the words thoughtfully. "You mean—you expect more of this?"

Craig's somber eyes were fixed on the darkness outside. "Frank, our killer is pursuing a logical and absolutely ruthless plan. Nothing is left to chance. It may require another death, or ten deaths, to accomplish his purpose." Walking across the room, Craig put his hand on the other's shoulder. "My best advice to you would be that you leave the country for a while. It would even be better if you didn't spend another night in this house."

With quick, nervous steps Reed paced the length of the floor, and at last he shook his head. "You know something that I don't know, Craig. You're afraid for my sake. Maybe you see danger coming toward me, but, whatever it is, I'm going to stick it out. I couldn't leave Uncle at a time like this, and I can't leave Kay. Besides—" He tried to smile. "You may need me. I'm still trying to believe that the Night Rider did the thing and that it's not one of us. But if it should be—" His hands opened and closed. "To think that here, under this very roof, within a few feet of us, is the man—the person who killed Devon and tonight tried to kill me." He grasped Craig's arm as if in a very ecstasy of bewilderment. "Do you believe that's so, Craig?"

But Craig had laid down his cigarette. "Let's not believe anything tonight. What we all need is rest. Let's not think any more about it."

"If you can do that, you're a better man than I am."

"Try it and see what tomorrow brings."

**B**UT tomorrow was to bring many things—all unforeseen by Craig and Reed, alike.

Craig had dressed early and entered the temple even before the servants were stirring in the patio. Everything had been left untouched, the wine still standing in the glasses, food uneaten on the plates.

For nearly an hour, flashlight in hand, he searched the smaller alcoves and dark recesses of the main room. At length he approached the idol and, jumping upon the sacrificial stone, swept the light about the broad base of the altar. Something glinted on the farther side,

and, leaning over, Craig lifted a broken piece of glass tube. He raised it to his nostrils, and faintly that well-remembered odor reached him. Satisfied at last, Craig climbed down. It was easy to reconstruct the action. A small tube with the poisoned dart inside—a cork or tight plug of cotton. No difficult task for anyone to conceal this, and when the lights went out to draw it forth and fling the glass container away.

After breakfast Craig joined Reed beside the swimming pool, and for a time they both sat silent and preoccupied, until Reed saw Craig's eyes fixed speculatively on the large ape which sat lazily scratching himself in the first patch of morning sunlight.

Feeling Reed's gaze on him, Craig half smiled. "It's probably the idliest sort of speculation, but I've been wondering whether an ape might be trained to use a blowgun."

The other's face darkened with the thought, and Craig added, "Go inside and bring one out. We'll try an experiment on Mono."

Walking over to the creature, he let it nuzzle his palm for a moment with its cold, soft nose. Once its hand closed on Craig's arm and he felt the strong grasp of those black, flexible fingers, while its vague eyes searched the man's face and the lips curled back in a grimace of recognition.

**R**EED came hurrying from out the hacienda with a blowgun, and, making a gesture for silence, Craig laid it before the ape. For a time Mono looked at it curiously, his loose lips twitching; then he raised the long tube uncertainly in his left paw and beat it slowly up and down, as a small boy might beat a stick. Quietly Craig took it from him and handed it back, this time in the position one would assume when using it as a weapon. Obediently the animal held the gun in both hairy paws for a moment, his eyes fixed on Craig, then dully he dropped it upon the ground and fell to scratching his back.

With a laugh Reed shook his head. "I thought you had something for a moment, but Mono doesn't act as if he'd ever seen such a thing as a blowgun."

Craig's eyes were still speculative. "It certainly doesn't prove

much—at least, it doesn't prove anything in the affirmative." And, kneeling down, he was again attempting to interest the animal in the weapon when Cornelius Thone stepped from out the hacienda. Seeing one of his beloved blowguns in the hands of the ape, he rushed angrily over.

**Q**UICKLY Reed intervened. "We were trying an experiment," he began, but at the look of suppressed fury in his uncle's eyes he drew back in surprise.

"What nonsense! What childish nonsense!" Thone's voice shook. "Do you suppose for a moment—?"

"We weren't supposing anything, Mr. Thone," Craig cut in. "A possibility occurred to me and I was following it out."

Thone faced him, eyes still flashing. "I, myself, might give you one or two more promising things to experiment with than Mono here," he answered shortly, and, calling to his pet and taking the blowgun, the old man returned to the hacienda.

Reed's face wore the look of a small boy who has been roundly scolded, but at length he laughed. "Now, by George, what do you make of that?"

Craig was still watching the retreating figure of Cornelius Thone. "Well, it may be he objects to our experimenting on his beloved ape, or it may be he felt that his blowgun wasn't safe in our hands. It might have been either of these things," Craig added, "or neither."

But for a long time after Craig had gone into the hacienda, Reed continued to stand by the pool, his own eyes a little puzzled, hands thrust deep within his pockets in an attitude of thought; then



*The cloaked horseman was scanning the horizon, searching not only the skyline above, but every arroyo that led from where he sat*

at last he walked to the corral and gave the horses their morning load of sugar.

So electric was the atmosphere of the hacienda, so filled with unspoken things, that after lunch Craig asked Kay and Reed to ride with him over to the Vasquez ranch, and their eagerness to go told him the measure of their own disquietude. Of his own reason for going he said nothing—his wish to see how Carlotta would act since that scene in the alcove. But just before he went out to saddle his horse, Craig heard Thone's voice calling from the library and, entering, found the old man seated behind his desk.

"Mr. Ringland," he began, his voice again quiet and friendly, as if all memory of the morning's irritation had disappeared, "did you learn anything from what happened last night?"

"Something—yes. I think we all learned something—if only that the killer has not accomplished his purpose with Devon's death."

"You mean these days of terror are not yet over?"

"Is it likely? The murderer did not accomplish his purpose last night—unless you conceive his purpose was merely to frighten us, to make us leave the canyon."

"Do you believe that is his purpose?"

"No."

"Then you look for something beyond—?"

Craig's tall form leaned a little forward. "I can only tell you this: The pattern is not yet complete—something more is needed."

"And that is—"

"Another death."

With a sharp intake of breath Thone sank back in his chair, and, turning, Craig left the room.

KAY and Reed were already waiting outside, and at an easy walk they rode up the steep canyon trail. By tacit agreement no word was spoken of the past night's happenings, but once, when Frank was far ahead, Kay turned to Craig and said, "I've wanted to ask you something all the morning. Answer me truthfully. Do you believe Frank is in further danger—I mean, should he go away?"

"I advised him to go away last night. But he has decided to stick it out. Yes, I think he is in danger, but not immediate danger. As a matter of fact, I suspect someone else is in more real danger now than Frank."

"Who?"

"I can't tell you. I'm not sure. Let's hope it can be prevented."

But they were too close to Reed for her to ask more, and she rode on, her head a little bowed, her mind a prey to formless and melancholy thoughts.

Once upon the edge of the mesa, they urged their horses to a faster gait, riding three abreast through the bright mid-afternoon. At a brisk canter they had

covered half the distance between the canyon and the Vasquez ranch when Craig pointed to two riders loping out of the south, beating their animals at a frantic gallop. They drew rapidly nearer, and Frank at last reined in his horse.

"They're Mexicans from Merced—ranchers. Let's see what all the row's about."

And soon in voluble Spanish the two riders were explaining the cause of their wild haste. Only two hours before they had run across fresh tracks of the Night Rider and given chase.

"ARE you sure it was the Night Rider?" Reed asked.

"Cómo no, señor," answered the stouter one, his black mustache still bristling with excitement. "Were not his tracks there, plain to be seen—the broken arrowhead in the horse's shoe? And once, once very far away, we see him, cloaked, watching us, and we ride after him, but he waves his hand at us in derision and gallops back into the broken country where it is impossible to follow."

"Impossible?" Reed mocked. "Or were you afraid your skins wouldn't be safe back there?" And again Reed laughed as their deprecatory shrugs gave assent.

Eager to break the morsel of news in Merced, the two men raised their sombreros and rode off, still belaboring their horses. Yet on the whole it was a strange circumstance, Reed pointed out, for never before had the Night Rider been seen at that time of day. Always it was between dusk and dawn that men saw him.

But Craig was leading them at a faster pace, as if some new thought urged him forward, and within half an

hour they reached the hacienda of the Vasquezes.

Pedro, the old peon, greeted them, his face wrinkled in welcome. Would the señorita and the señores be seated? He would bring wine. Doña Carlotta was in her room—a headache, *muy malo*. She could not be seen, but Don Arturo had only just returned from riding among the herds and was changing his clothes. He would be down shortly—*un momentito*. Meanwhile, let them be seated and rest.

But Ringland had suddenly developed a desire to again see the Vasquez horses, and, leaving the others, he walked rapidly down the long path and entered the nearer of those immaculately kept stables.

There, still warm from hard riding, stood the great black saddle-stallion which Vasquez prized above all his possessions. Eagerly Craig stepped to the animal's side, but as he stooped forward he heard a slight sound from the door, and Reed hurried in. Startled for an instant, the two men looked at each other; then both smiled in understanding of the other's purpose.

"Two amateur sleuths fired with the same idea," Reed laughed. "Well, let's see how good it was." And, leaning over, he raised the forefoot of Arturo's horse. But the shoe, worn bright with sand, was void of any mark, and after a quick glance he dropped the hoof and looked at Craig.

"No arrowhead there. After all, we couldn't have expected that, could we?"

Craig shook his head. "It was a slim chance. Not even a lunatic would ride a horse bearing the mark of the arrow into his own corral, and the Night Rider is no madman. Whoever owns the Night Rider's horse, whether it is Arturo Vasquez or anyone else, would keep him safely picketed out and make use of another animal in riding to and fro. Let's get back before our host comes down."

ARTURO, suave as ever, received them on the porch, "desolate," he explained to them, because Carlotta could not join them, but the least light brought added pain to her head. "She is petulant," he added, "and weary of ranch life. She longs for Madrid." He shrugged. "Women find it hard to understand that pesos do not grow on cactus."

And, remembering that night within the temple and the blazing hate in Carlotta's eyes, Craig knew that she was choosing this manner of refusing to see him.

So for a time they stayed, sipping their wine, watching the changing shadows of the desert, avoiding with careful scrupulousness any reference to the night before, and at the end of an hour the little party returned to the canyon.

To Craig's relief, Kay had lost her look of strained anxiety. That ride over the sunlit mesa had at least relieved the tension. A few (Continued on page 113)

## Next Month

Barry Gilbert had a sense of humor. That, and the disposition to "take a chance." But when he impersonated John Clarke Ridder, Jr., he overlooked the fact that the man might be in trouble. He was! He was wanted for murder.

## CHANNING POLLOCK

author and playwright, whose STAR MAGIC scored such a hit in the pages of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, begins in next month's issue a new mystery-romance—

## SYNTHETIC GENTLEMAN

# IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

TO BE A FOOTBALL REFEREE

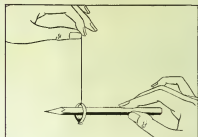


(Above) IF YOU WANT TO SEE nerve strain, look at "Mike" Thompson's job—refereeing tons of football brawn, seeing every detail but never getting in the players' way!



## How are YOUR nerves?

TRY THIS TEST



Fasten one end of a short string to a fingerring. Have a second person hold string at arm's length above shoulder. The test is for you to make a full-arm swing downward and up...and try to put a pencil, held 3 inches from the point, through the ring. Good performance is being successful once in the first 3 tries.

George Santelli (Camels smoker), champion fencer, did it on the first try.

## Steady Smokers turn to Camels

M. J. ("Mike") Thompson, football's most famous referee, is a steady smoker who has to keep healthy nerves. He says:

"Because nothing can be allowed to interfere with healthy nerves I smoke Camels. I have tried them all—given every popular brand a chance to show what it can offer. Camels don't upset my nerves even when I smoke constantly. And the long-

er I smoke them the more I come to appreciate their mildness and rich flavor."

\* \* \*

Many smokers have changed to Camels and found that they are no longer nervous...irritable... "jumpy." Switch to Camels yourself. Smoke them steadily. You will find that Camels do not jangle your nerves—or tire your taste.

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# CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS



## IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

—THEY NEVER GET  
ON YOUR NERVES

*Real old-fashioned vegetable soup  
... the kind everybody likes!*



EAT SOUP AND KEEP WELL



In every family the times keep coming around when an extra hearty and substantial soup is mighty handy to have in the house. People have a way of wanting food—real, delicious food—with regularity. So if you have Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup right there on the shelf, you are always ready for a hungry husband, for ravenous children and for your own lunch-time.

This is real old-fashioned vegetable soup with invigorating beef broth, purée of savory tomatoes, diced potatoes and carrots, peas, onion, selected barley and a liberal supply of tempting pieces of meat. A splendid and convenient meal-in-itself!



On Campbell's Soup  
I daily dine  
And solve each riddle  
In my line!

21 kinds to  
choose from . .

Asparagus  
Bean  
Beef  
Bouillon  
Celery  
Chicken  
Chicken-Gumbo  
Clam Chowder  
Consommé  
Julienne  
Mock Turtle  
Mulligatawny  
Mutton  
Ox Tail  
Pea  
Pepper Pot  
Prizefighter  
Tomato  
Tomato-Okra  
Vegetable-Beef

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

**Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup**

## PATTERPICS



THOUSANDS of people all over the country have enjoyed playing PATERPICS. The six on this page have been selected from the final entries. You'll find the titles and the names of the authors on page 107. NO MORE PATERPICS WILL BE CONSIDERED AND NONE WILL BE RETURNED. We have had a lot of fun with this game, and we gather from the thousands of amusing and ingenious PATERPICS submitted that you did, too.



SEGGLINS



smart

Custom

Turn to page 107, where the Patterpickers' names and the titles are given.

## The Farmer's on Your Payroll

(Continued from page 31)

Some people saw this threatened ruin years ago, but the public generally was unconvinced. There were two ways out of it:

One was to let things take their course, and this course was followed. It resulted in wholesale foreclosures of farm mortgages; in a further crashing of mercantile houses, banks, and trust companies, threatening even insurance companies; in farm families being turned off their land to join the unemployed and the bread lines; and in widespread rioting and rebellion in the farm country. If it had been continued to its ultimate conclusion, this would have been the way of bloodshed and misery.

The other way was inaugurated last May with the passage of the Agricultural Adjustment Act. It seeks to find a solution through intelligence, ingenuity, co-operation, and good will. Under the leadership of President Roosevelt, with the support of Congress, and with the backing of farm leaders of both parties, that is the way we have chosen. This law set up within the Agricultural Department the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, or AAA, of which I was appointed administrator.

Although the AAA is a highly complicated organization, it began work with a very simple idea. So long as foreign markets are closed to us, we must cut down on our supply.

This idea is that by reducing the supply of wheat, corn, cotton, and tobacco there will be less of these products to find a market abroad; and, because there will be less of them, the price will be higher in the United States. Higher prices will mean more income for farmers, and more farm income will increase the market for city products.

As a first step we are reducing the 55,000,000 acres normally grown to wheat

by 7,500,000 acres; the 107,000,000 acres normally grown to corn by 20,000,000 acres; the 40,000,000 acres usually grown to cotton by 15,000,000 acres; the 1,425,000 acres usually grown to tobacco by 500,000 acres.

Altogether we are taking from cultivation a total of 43,000,000 acres, an area larger than that of all New England. If and when world markets are again open to us, we can expand agriculture again.

NOW, we can't take this huge area from cultivation simply by forbidding the farmers to plant it. This would probably be unconstitutional, and certainly unenforceable. Therefore the law provides more subtle means. We pay the farmer to cut his acreage. We make it to the individual's interest to do what is for the whole people's welfare. We place a tax, payable at the mill or factory, on the wheat and corn which is grown, on the tobacco made ready for smoking, on the cotton woven into cloth. From this tax we pay the farmer for reducing his acreage.

The benefits to the farmers are direct and easy to understand. More than \$100,000,000 is going to the wheat farmers, more than \$100,000,000 to the cotton farmers. Nearly \$350,000,000 will go out to the hog and corn farmers during 1934 and early 1935.

To see what this means in the individual case, look at John Smith, who ordinarily raises 100 acres of corn at 40 bushels to the acre, and feeds out 100 hogs a year. Next year, under his contract, Smith will plant only 80 acres of corn, and will raise only 75 hogs. For making these reductions he will receive benefits of \$240 for corn acreage and \$375 for hog reduction, or a total of \$615, in addition to the increases in the market price brought about by the reduction in supply.

As the checks go out to the John Smiths in the cotton belt, in the wheat country, in the corn belt, and in the tobacco section, we see immediate increases in purchasing power. The business of the mail order houses picks up, the banks report increasing activity, debts are paid, and, as one observer recently reported, "Every dollar seems to do the work of ten dollars in restoring normal business conditions."

There is no dodging the fact that this raises prices to the consumer. Where is the justice in this?

Let's look back again to that pleasant prewar period of 1909-1914. It is generally agreed that those years showed a fair distribution of income as between farm and city. The new law specifically provides that the AAA shall not give the farmers any higher purchasing power than they had during those years. That seems just.

If, then, the consumer finds himself paying relatively more for food and clothing than he paid in 1909-1914, it is a sign that an unfair proportion of his money is going to manufacturers, transportation, or distribution.

That is why the AAA is given power to inform the public of the pyramiding of the tax on processing and distribution, and to work out with the distributors more efficient and economical methods.

An important section of the AAA, under the direction of Dr. Frederic C. Howe, Consumers' Counsel, is directly charged with seeing that you are not cheated on the price of your bread, or cloth, or cigarettes. (If you have evidence of such practices, write to Dr. Howe.) If you are so overcharged, it is his business, as well as mine and that of the distributing concerns, to find out why. From the progress already made I confidently believe that we shall work out in this country a more efficient and economical distribution





## It Takes All Kinds

**F**OR thirty years, Miss ANNIE COOKE, of Austin, Texas, has been lobbying for a sum of money she says the state owes her because the University of Texas forced out of business a correspondence school she operated. ~~~~~ When EDWARD L. SELLON, an artist and draftsman of San Francisco, holds an ordinary light bulb by its brass neck with his left hand and strokes the bulb with his right hand, it glows. He can't explain it. ~~~~~ MARJORIE and MARTHA HINES, identical twins of Philadelphia, Pa., have been getting the same illness at the same time for the entire 23 years of their lives. When one gets sick, the other always does. ~~~~~ HARRY WOODING, a Confederate veteran, has been mayor of Danville, Va., for 41 years. ~~~~~ In an unbroken line, members of the family of WILLIAM WOOD, 68, of Salt Lake City, Utah, have been butchers more than 200 years. His two sons are butchers and there are five grandsons ready to carry on. ~~~~~ SPIDREWICK KELLY, the famous flagpole sitter, now rides around the skies on a 15-foot pole secured to the top wing of an airplane. ~~~~~ IVAN JONES, of Allerton, Ill., divorced his wife, May, and then hired her as cook and housekeeper on a written contract guaranteeing her a weekly salary. ~~~~~ CHARLES W. BEALL, New York banker, maintains a private zoo at Massapequa, Long Island. ~~~~~ Gov. JAMES ROLPH, Jr., of California, and 64 years old, wore his first pair of grown-up shoes on Oct. 4, 1933. He'd worn boots ever since he was a boy. ~~~~~ Dr. EDWARD MORGAN LEWIS, president of the University of New Hampshire, has been, successively, instructor in public speaking, star pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, divinity school student, Harvard baseball coach, and president of two colleges. ~~~~~ When ARTHUR S. COLBORNE, painter and picture-frame repairman of New York, was 33 years old he formed the Anti-Profanity League, whose purpose was to circulate pink tickets bearing the message,

"Please do not swear nor use obscene or profane language." He's now past 60 and they're being distributed at the rate of 50,000 a year. ~~~~~ ABE TINKER, of the Susanville, Calif., Civilian Conservation Corps Camp, rents his suit of Sunday clothes to his comrades at \$1 a day. The suit has made 18 trips to San Francisco, 12 to Los Angeles, and around 50 to Susanville. ~~~~~ Mrs. NELL WHEELLOCK, of Concrete, Wash., has been earning her living for the past twenty years by climbing telephone poles and directing a telephone company. ~~~~~ Near Cadiz, Ohio, lives HENRY OSBORNE, a farmer with a genius for invention who has never tried to market his ideas. Practically everything on his farm is equipped with labor-saving devices, and recently he manufactured a set of upper teeth for himself from an old aluminum kettle and spoon. ~~~~~ RAYMOND MILLER, a forge and steel worker of Erie, Pa., suffered no ill effects when his dentist pulled out a tooth that had grown through his jaw and protruded from his ear. ~~~~~ CHARLES L. ARCHBOLD, of Cleveland, Ohio, makes a living by selling "wise-cracks." He has written and sold over 30,000 epigrams. ~~~~~ GEORGE PARKER, of Redgranite, Wis., needed \$400 to renew his studies at college this year. John Erickson, a farmer of near-by Wau-paca, was worried about early frosts hitting his potatoes. The potatoes were growing on reclaimed swamp land. So Parker contracted to keep the frost away. From midnight to 5 A. M. on cold nights he flew his airplane back and forth over the potato field, at no time more than 100 feet above the ground. The propeller churned the air and kept the frost from reaching the potato vines. Parker went back to school. A. B.

Do you know an unusual fact that will fit into this column? Send it in, but keep it short. The American Magazine will pay \$1 for each acceptable item for this department. Address your letter to IT TAKES ALL KINDS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries returned.



than we have ever known—one from which both farmer and consumer will benefit.

Here, cut down to its simplest form, you see the general plan we are working on. The theory seems sound. How about the practice? Are we going to succeed in redressing the balance between the cities and the farms, and thus promote the health of both?

I must admit frankly that it is too soon to say. Let me tell you of some of the difficulties, the encouragements, the setbacks, and the achievements.

When the law was passed, last May, we were suddenly called upon to administer, without organization or personnel, the most elaborate agricultural undertaking in history. There were no precise precedents or parallels.

**A**T THE outset we were fortunate enough to obtain the smartest, hardest-working crew of men I ever saw in either private business or public service, except possibly during the war.

And never were such men and such workers more critically needed. In theory the cutting of acreage by rewarding the farmer and thus boosting prices is a clear and orderly procedure. In practice it is a maze of conflicting interests, of quarreling groups, of unforeseen difficulties. Let me mention just a few of these:

We offer to pay certain sums to all wheat farmers who agree to withdraw between 13 and 14 per cent of their usual wheat lands from production. But how do we know that these farmers, who claim the benefit payments, have carried out their agreement? No police force on earth would be large enough, or incorruptible enough, justly to supervise such an operation.

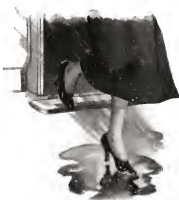
But the records of the Department of Agriculture and of its county agents show pretty definitely how much wheat each county has been producing in the last five years. Therefore, we can allot each county a quota, which must be reduced a little over 13 1/2 per cent. The farmers of the county form their own organization. Then if any farmer tries to cheat by reducing less than the agreed percentage, he is defrauding not only the government, but his own neighbors. The resulting neighborhood opinion does the work. The law, in other words, is self-policing.

Then we are up against the fact that whenever you restore a balance in one field or commodity, you are likely to upset it in another. For example:


The wheat farmers withdraw 7,500,000 acres from wheat. What are they going to do with these acres? Suppose they turn them to corn. That increases the corn surplus.

To meet this we have had to develop a contract that farmers taking part of their land out of cultivation must agree that the land will not be used to produce any nationally grown product for sale. They can plant it to soil-improving or erosion-preventing crops, or it can be used to grow food crops for consumption on the farm.

Again, when we buy and slaughter 6,000,000 small hogs to save the future market for big hogs, we thereby diminish the future consumption of corn, and create a greater surplus. Consequently, we must work out a special agreement which includes both corn and hogs, because the destiny of these two products is inextricably intertwined. Also, when we slaughter



wet feet?  
cold hands?  
fatigued?



## Gargle with Listerine to ward off colds and sore throat

Safe antiseptic reduces number of germs  
as much as 99%

Draughts, wet feet, fatigue, cold hands, are predisposing causes of colds. They lower resistance and thus make it easy for germs in the mouth to get the upper hand and cause disease.

After such exposures you need the Listerine gargle most. By all means use it. It strikes at the germs, including those of cold and sore throat, instantly.

Often the prompt use of Listerine will ward off a serious cold or a painful sore throat. For Listerine's germicidal effect is not only immediate but *lasting*.

The moment this safe antiseptic enters the oral cavity it begins its thorough work of germ destruction.

Reductions of as high as 99% in the number of bacteria have been shown by tests. And even four hours after the gargle, reductions of as high as 64%

have been noted.

More helpful than the emergency use of Listerine, however, is its regular use—every morning and every night. There the lasting germicidal effect of Listerine again proves its value.

Actual tests have shown that those who gargled with Listerine twice daily contracted fewer colds than those who did not gargle with it. Moreover, when colds did develop, they were trifling—over in a day or two.

Get into the habit of using Listerine twice a day. It not only protects you against infection but leaves the mouth feeling delightfully fresh and clean, and free from disagreeable odors. Now at all drug counters at drastically reduced prices. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC  
**LISTERINE**

With the LASTING effect

NEW LOW PRICES





**OVERWEIGHT and UNDERWEIGHT**  
How to Treat Them

**THE CAUSES OF OVERWEIGHT**  
Why do you...

**THE NON-FATTENING DIET**  
Is based on a list of the foods...

**HOW MUCH SHOULD YOU WEIGH**  
The weight of a man...

**A FEW FOOD FACTS**  
When eating these foods...

**The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet called "Overweight and Underweight" which tells you what to do to overcome either condition. It shows a chart of average weights, according to age and height, and tells you how to reduce safely and safely. It contains food tables, menus and exercises to be used in reducing. You will find this booklet a valuable help. It will be mailed without cost at your request.**

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
One Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Dept. 1347A.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet, "Overweight and Underweight."

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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## Overweight is Dangerous

IT is sometimes extremely difficult to persuade a jolly person who weighs many pounds too much—and who honestly says "I never felt better in my life"—that excess pounds are as dangerous as some of the diseases to which he would give immediate attention, if afflicted.

Consider these figures, especially if you are more than 35: People past 45 who weigh 20% more than the average have a death-rate greater by one half than the average for their age. If they have a persistent 40% overweight, the rate is almost double that of the average.

As a simple cold may lead to pneumonia or to serious bronchial trouble, so excess weight may be a forerunner of high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes, kidney trouble, hardening of the arteries, or apoplexy. It makes recovery from surgical operations and acute diseases more difficult.

In rare instances, overweight is caused by

disease of the glands of internal secretion, but in nearly every case it is brought on by eating too much food and exercising too little.

You will not be uncomfortably hungry if you gradually change to foods which are bulkier and less fattening than the foods which have brought the dangerous extra pounds. With a corrected diet and proper exercise, it is usually possible to reduce excess weight, comfortably, about a pound a week, until a reasonable reduction has been attained.

Do not attempt abrupt or too extensive reduction of weight. Beware of "reducing" medicines. Some of them would wreck a normal person's constitution, to say nothing of a fat person's. Before taking any drug in an attempt to reduce your weight, consult your own physician.

If you weigh too much you should treat your overweight as you would a menacing disease. Give it immediate attention. Fill out and mail above coupon.



**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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ments for them to sell at a fair price. Then the price to the consumer jumps. Then we study the methods of the milk companies. We find that one company could easily handle a milk route now served by three companies. But, if it did so, fifty more milk-drivers would be added to the ranks of the unemployed. Therefore, in this as in similar problems, we must mark time for the moment.

AND then, as if in climax to all our other troubles, comes the fact that other government and private agencies raise prices and wages in industry, resulting in raising the price of what the farmer must buy, and thus to some extent temporarily neutralizing the hard-won gains we have made in the farmer's income.

But we in the AAA are in all sympathy with the NRA. Agriculture stands to gain when industrial workers have more money to spend. For example, prices of meat and dairy products always rise in sympathy with increased consuming power. But, try as it can, the AAA, dealing with millions of farmers, has not kept pace with the NRA, dealing with centralized industry. It takes time to synchronize the parts of the vast program of recovery and reconstruction. We did not get into the depression in a few months, and we shall not get out overnight. However, we plow ahead with our own work, confident of the ultimate goal.

And even while there are setbacks at one part of the line, there are victories at another. One of the greatest of these was the decision of the President to distribute to the 15,000,000 people now on the relief lists, the surplus farm products of milk,

eggs, meat, butter, vegetables, and fruit—without profit in either manufacture or distribution. In this connection it is gratifying that the large industries of the country have pledged their cooperation.

This not only cuts down the most damaging surpluses in these products; it gives the unemployed more wholesome foods than they would ever receive in bread lines. It stills forever, I think, the unanswerable reproach: "People starving in the midst of plenty."

I have—it seems incredible—heard men say that this distribution of surpluses is "un-American." The President has pointed out how the depression has made America into one great neighborhood. This is the spirit of the old-time American pioneer community. I should like to know what would have happened in those pioneer days to a man who said it was "un-American" to help a neighbor who was down on his luck.

There are other things cheering to us as we go along. We see possibilities of recovering some of our old farm export markets, by reciprocal tariff agreements by which we would exchange our crops for commodities not generally found in this country, such as rubber, coffee, tea, furs, and manganese.

We see plans developing to create subsistence homesteads where men can find security even in adversity. We see in the far future—and it need not be so very far—a time when we shall look back on these first approaches to a national land policy as the beginnings of a happier country. Then we shall farm only the land best fitted to its particular purpose.

Meanwhile, amid the clamor of objec-

tors who say that the AAA is trying to "repeal the law of supply and demand" (while, as a matter of fact, we are recognizing that law and trying so to adjust the supply that the law will operate justly), we may console ourselves by noting that from last February to date of writing the price of wheat has risen from 32 cents a bushel to 74 cents; corn from 19 to 48 cents; oats from 13 to 32 cents; cotton from 5 cents to 10 cents a pound; and the farmers as a whole have received in 1933 about \$400 for every \$300 they received in 1932.

This does not mean that we are satisfied with the rise. The prices of some crops and commodities have lagged behind; some sections and groups are still in deep distress. With a problem of such complexity, it is impossible to move forward evenly on all fronts at once. But move forward we will, and the backward parts of the line will be brought up as fast as possible. . . .

IN THIS article I have tried to take you into the heat and dust of the fray; to tell you candidly all the difficulties we are up against; and to let you see this problem as we see it. If you have read carefully you will realize that we may fail; that I deeply believe we shall win; that if we do fail, others will profit by our mistakes and go forward.

That is why the check-writing machines are clicking so busily; why farmers everywhere are changing their time-honored ways of thought; why processors and distributors of farm products are conferring to improve their methods of distribution; and why America has embarked upon an agricultural experiment which is being watched by the entire world.

## A Dog's Hind Legs

(Continued from page 57)

nightfall when Pliny Pickett, conductor of Scattergood's passenger train, right-hand man, and news-gatherer of extraordinary efficiency, made his second call of the day.

"The's talk," he commenced abruptly. "Ye s'prise me most to death, Pliny. Talk goin' around in Coldriver!"

"About this here rowdy that got kicked out of the medicine show."

"That's how it's bein' told, eh?"

"Kind of a fugitive from justice and all," Pliny said impressively. "Feller that come of a good family, but got kicked out and went from bad to worse, kind of. Them that tell it says the' hain't no skulduggery he wouldn't stoop to, and mebbe he's been in the calaboose more'n once."

"Gittin' hit on the chin," said Scattergood cryptically, "does jar a lot of statements loose from some folks."

"Folks is sayin' he ought to be took up and run out of town 'fore he kin do any depredations."

"Sich a course," said Scattergood, "might turn him desprit. If I was folks I'd set back and wait for developments, if any."

So Coldriver waited with anticipations pleasurable or otherwise, and though it feared and distrusted young Mr. Hunt—who elected to remain a resident of its hotel—it was entertained by him. For he was of the troubadour breed. With his banjo he would sit on the hotel piazza and

sing for hours, for his own pleasure, seemingly, and indifferent to the crowd that gathered around to listen to his songs. These were mostly gay, sometimes very funny, and sometimes haunting and beautiful little airs in foreign tongues. When Coldriver overcame his fear that he might pass the hat his audiences increased.

But he did not sing always in public, nor did Lorenzo the Magnificent present his choicest capers to the gapping eye of the vicinage. Mr. Hunt sang songs to Sarah Pettibone which the vulgar ear never heard, and Lorenzo performed antics in shaded spots that marked him as a very superior and gifted dog, indeed. For that first walk with Sarah was not the last.

THE way the deacon's granddaughter carried on with this cut-off from medicine show quite scandalized the village. It infuriated the deacon.

"Don't lemme ketch you with that young spriggin' ag'in," he commanded furiously.

"He's good company," said Sarah meekly.

"He's a tough and a crim'nal, and he don't mean you nor nobody no good."

"I'm quite amply able to take care of myself," said Sarah, "and, besides, I don't believe he's a tough or a criminal. He always behaves nicely, and Scattergood Baines wouldn't have introduced him to me if he hadn't been all right."

"You keep away from him," stormed the deacon.

"Certainly not," said Sarah. "He amuses me."

"I'll shet you up," threatened her grandfather.

"Try it," said Sarah.

Whereupon the deacon, armed in righteous fury, peg-legged with all possible dispatch to the hardware store and shook a fist in Scattergood's face.

"You started it," he quavered, "and you got to put a stop to it."

"What to?" asked Scattergood. "Eh? What I got to put a stop to?"

"Sairy's gallivantin' with that there scawlawg."

"Hain't seen him do no scawlawggin' yit," said Scattergood.

"He aims to bring shame onto me," said the deacon.

"Kind of a handsome couple," said Scattergood. "I seen 'em together this mornin'. Um. . . Kind of complainin' she didn't take a shine to nobody, wa'n't ye? Kind of despairin' around that she'd be an old maid onto her hands."

"Better an old maid 'n what she's like to be."

"Folks," said Scattergood, "has got a talent fer allus thinkin' the wust of other folks. If ye go around a-thinkin' the wust of somebody, it'll mebbe put ideas into their head they wouldn't never of had otherwise. You better go 'n set in the

# "It cleared her Complexion surprisingly quickly"



Dr. Hufnagel is Chief of the Dept. of Skin Diseases of the Hospital of the Rothschild Foundation in Paris.

says the noted  
**DR. LEON HUFNAGEL,**  
Paris Dermatologist

One of the best known skin specialists in France, Dr. Hufnagel, co-author of the famous "Traité de Dermatologie," describes this typical case:—

"Mlle. D—typist. Persistent furunculosis (boils) and pimples on face and neck. Complexion muddy. Complained of headaches.

"Patient had been subject for years to constipation. X-rays showed intestines weakened by laxatives. I prescribed yeast.

"In 3 weeks her evacuations became normal. Her skin eruptions dried up and no others appeared. Her headaches disappeared and her digestion greatly improved."



"A POOR COMPLEXION," states Dr. Hufnagel, "is usually a sign of poisons in the system. External treatment, therefore, is not enough.

"I advise people suffering from constipation and skin affections to add yeast to their diet. It is the surest corrective for skin eruptions that I know."

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast actually strengthens the intestines—softens the clogging food residues—promotes the daily evacuation of bodily waste that is so essential to a clear skin and abundant energy.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast (rich in vitamins B, G and D) at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Try it—now!

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● "I am a teacher," writes Miss O'Brien. "I'd become run-down—had indigestion. Felt miserable..."

● "Then my face began to break out in eruptions. I was horrified. I worried about it terribly..."



● "So I went to my doctor. He advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it faithfully."



● "Very soon my health improved. Indigestion left and my skin cleared up. It was wonderful!"



shade, Deacon, and git calm. Fust chance't I git I'll make a fist at talkin' to Sairy. G'-by, Deacon. G'-by."

"Alvin May says he seen—"

"G'-by, Deacon," said Scattergood, and he closed his eyes and sagged back in his chair in that attitude which informed the world that further conversation at the moment was one of the impossibilities.

IT WAS an hour later that Sarah Pettibone, on her way to the post office, passed Scattergood's store. She paused, and nodded with an impish smile in her eyes. "Your grandpa's het up, seems as though," said Scattergood.

"He mentioned it," Sarah replied.

"Be ye a-doin' jest right, Sairy? Eh?"

"I don't know, Mr. Baines—and it depends on which side of the fence you're on. In the first place, I don't believe Mr. Hunt is a criminal or a tough. In the second place, he's good company. In the third place, I like him. And, in the fourth place, I can't see what harm can come from it. Personally, I think he is a gentleman, if that means anything."

"It did once," said Scattergood. "What's his intentions?"

"Do people ask that any more? Or have them? It would't disappoint me if his intentions turned out to be serious."

"Would ye marry him, Sairy?"

"When and if he asks me I'll answer that."

Scattergood nodded. "Neither your grandpa nor me kin do anythin' about it," he said. "Every gal is entitled to contrive her own happiness. Old folks hain't got no more brains 'n what young ones have—jest more experience. All I got to say is, I wouldn't drive too fast till I got acquainted with the boss."

"Do you like him, Mr. Baines?"

"Tain't no fair question. I've liked a sight of folks that 'ud be condemned by the Session of the Presbyterian Church, and I've disliked some that give off considerable odor of sanctity."

"I like him," she said, "and I don't believe a word they're saying about him."

"What's he say about it?"

"He jest laughs," said Sarah. "He said anybody that took him at all would have to take him on trust. He won't say a word about himself or where he came from. He said he was just himself as I saw him, without any credentials, and that if any girl wanted him that way he would know she really wanted him—and not because his father owned a railroad or lived next door to Mrs. Astor." She paused, and now she was not smiling but was grave and a little wistful. "His dog speaks highly of him," she said.

"That's been wuss recommendations," said Scattergood. "Wa-al, Sairy, g'-by."

"G'-by, Mr. Baines," she mimicked.

In spite of gossip and protest, or perhaps because of it, Sarah and young Mr. Hunt strolled together and sat together and went to the movies together. He sang to her under the sun and under the stars, and Coldriver watched with bated breath to see just the moment when the deacon's wrath would shake him to pieces like the one-hoss shay. This engrossing state of affairs engaged the attention of the village for a week.

On Friday afternoon, just before closing hour, Alvin May came breathlessly into the bank.

"I got tied up on a dicker over to Higgins Bridge," he said, "and couldn't git here no sooner. I got to have that money for the deacon. If I run a day over he'll squeeze suthin' out of me."

Just at that moment young Mr. Hunt, accompanied by Lorenzo the Magnificent, came through the door and stepped up to the teller's window to transact some small business. Alvin scowled at him and Scattergood nodded.

"Four thousand dollars, wa'n't it?" he asked of May.

"Yes, 'n' I want it cash, so's the' won't be no question about the tender bein' legal."

"Deacon won't thank ye fer makin' him keep that much money in the house overnight," Scattergood said.

"That's his funeral, not mine," Alvin said, and presently left the bank with the packet of bills which were to fulfill his obligation to the deacon. Scattergood turned to Lorenzo the Magnificent.

"How long ye calc'late to stay in Coldriver?" he asked.

Lorenzo promptly stood on his forepaws, elevating his hind legs in the air, and walked about in a circle.

"Interestin'," said Scattergood, "but not what ye could call informative."

"He means," said Hunt, "that he hasn't made up his mind."

"Um. . . . So your pa went off huntin' treasure in Peru, eh? Name of Hunt. Um. . . . Him sky-hootin' off to Peru 'n' you ridin' on a medicine wagon. Wanderin' runs in the blood, eh?"

"We settle down," said the young man, with a grin.

"G'-by," said Scattergood.

"Good-by, Mr. Baines."

IN THE morning Coldriver awoke to sensation. Almost at crack of dawn Deacon Pettibone, accompanied by Deputy Pilkinton, hammered on Scattergood's door.

"What's wanted?" Mandy Baines asked from a bedroom window.

"Git Scattergood up. I been robbed. Four thousand dollars. Right out of my house it was took las' night."

"Tain't 's if ye couldn't afford it," said Mandy tartly. "A-jamboree!" after folks 'fore they git their breakfast!" She turned her head. "Scattergood! You, Scattergood Baines! The deacon's been robbed. Git up and soothe him."

With which chilly comfort the deacon was compelled to wait until Scattergood appeared, shoeless and in his suspenders.

"Jest a minnit," he said. "Set and keep cool, Deacon. So ye been burgled, eh?"

The trio went to the Pettibone house, through the gate in the white picket fence, up the walk which traversed a garden of bleeding hearts and begonias and bachelor's-buttons, to the door and into the dining-room.

"Where was it took from?" Scattergood asked.

"Alvin he come here with it along five o'clock, and when he was gone I put it in my tin box that's allus in a drawer of my desk yonder. This here thief he took box and all."

"How'd he contrive to git in?"

"Took a pane out of the window, and reached in 'n' turned the ketch."

"Who knowed ye had this here money?"

"Nobuddy but Libby, unless Alvin May spread it around."

"Libby didn't tell nobuddy?"

"She wa'n't out of the house, and no-buddy come in it exceptin' Sairy when she come home from gaddin'." The deacon stopped and straightened, as one does who sees a great light. "It was him," he said positively.

"What him?"

"That banjo-playin' medicine feller."

"I kind of figured we'd git around to mention him eventual," said Scattergood. "Um. . . . Fore we kin fasten it onto him we got to figger some way he could 'a' found out you had the money. Whoever took it wa'n't jest specklatin'. He didn't bust in jest to see what he could git. He knowed what he was after."

THEN Scattergood frowned, for he remembered suddenly that young Hunt had been in the bank at the moment Alvin May drew the cash and, undoubtedly, overheard the conversation regarding the transaction. Also, Alvin May would remember it—and tell of it. It furnished a solid ground for suspicion. He was one of five people who knew the money was in the deacon's house, the five being the deacon, his wife, Alvin May, Scattergood, and Hunt. True, there might be others with the knowledge, but they were unknown.

"What time did ye go to bed?" Scattergood asked.

"Jest after the clock struck nine."

"When did Sairy come in?"

"Later'n any gal ought to be traipsin' around. Night to half past ten."

"Um. . . . Now, lemme see." Scattergood's face was set and stern. "If I was a burglar leavin' clues," he said, "where'd I contrive to leave 'em? Huh. Was this here tin box locked?"

"Hasp 'n' a padlock," said the deacon.

Scattergood studied the room with keen old eyes; he scrutinized the floor and the desk and walked to the window through which entrance had been effected. Nothing informed him. He raised the window and looked out, but there were no footprints to be shown by the grass plot below.

"He could 'a' made things easier," he complained. "Mebbe we better look around the yard."

So they went out in the yard.

"The's been a dawg here," said Deputy Pilkinton. "He don't never move 'thout that animal of his."

"Tain't definite and p'inted enough," said Scattergood.

"It all bears out," said the deacon.

"But this here's a kind of a funny dawg," said the deputy. "Along here in this patch of soft dirt he didn't have no front feet."

"Eh? What say?"

"Jest look," said Mr. Pilkinton proudly. It was true. For a space of ten feet beside a path a dog had walked, but he had walked on only two legs.

"It's that there performin' beast," said the deacon. "Look; he come in the back way past the barn. Tracks comes from there."

"Deacon," said Scattergood, "I've knowed ye a sight of years. Ye been mean and pinchin' sometimes, but ye been honest. A body could depend on your word once it was give. I'm a-tryin' to make up my mind now if a man's vindictiveness could upset his honesty."

"What ye gittin' at?" demanded the deacon acidly.



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"Jest a-thinkin'," said Scattergood. "Wa-al, I calculate we seen all the 'is to see. Looks like we got to wait for other p'int to turn up."

"Goin' to arrest him?" asked the deacon. "Ye be vindictive," said Scattergood. "G'-by, Deacon."

THEY walked back to the center of town, where, in the post office, the citizens waiting for the mail to be distributed were buzzing with the news of the deacon's loss. Scattergood paused only a moment and then, with Pilkinton, proceeded on to the hotel, with the intention of interviewing young Mr. Hunt. But, as they advanced up the walk toward the piazza, old Newt Praddy, man of all work about the place, came around the corner excitedly.

"Hey, Scattergood," he quavered; "I found it. Whilst I was mowin' the grass and trimmin' around the flower beds I found it where it was throwed."

"Found what?" asked Scattergood. "That there tin box of the deacon's. Lays in there just like it fell, amongst the bushes."

Scattergood grunted. "Show me," he said; and they went around the river side of the building until Newt pointed into the shrubbery along the foundation. There was a box of tin. Scattergood reached in and secured it. It was an ancient document box from which the haps had been twisted, so that the cover could be opened, and inside were papers—various deeds and insurance policies bearing the deacon's name. But no money.

"Mark the spot," said Scattergood, looking up. "Got the appearance of bein' throwed down out of a window. Now, whose room's right above?"

"Dunno," said Newt.

"It'll turn out to be Hunt's," said Scattergood. "Bound to. Couldn't work out no other way."

It was true. Investigation showed that Hunt occupied a room on the second floor directly above the spot where the box was found.

"Guess I better arrest him, eh?" suggested the deputy.

"Seems as though," said Scattergood. "G'-by, Pilk."

"Hain't ye a-goin' to ask him no questions?"

"The law kin do that," said Scattergood.

He turned abruptly and ambled across the grass to the piazza of his store. Here he sat for a few moments before he got up and telephoned a message to the telegraph office. The message read: "If you got a son with a dog named Lorenzo you better get here quick."

In twenty minutes Deputy Pilkinton appeared, accompanied by Treasure Hunt and Lorenzo. The young man seemed more angry than apprehensive. He stopped as he came abreast of Scattergood.

"I'm arrested," he said.

"Seems as though," said Scattergood.

"What about Lorenzo?" asked Hunt.

"He hain't arrested," Scattergood said. "Mebby ought to be. One of these here accessories an' accomplices. Pilk 'll let ye keep him in jail, or ye kin leave him with me."

"I'll take him," said Hunt shortly.

"I'll fetch him for a walk a couple of times a day," said Scattergood.

"Look here, Mr. Baines, do you think I did this thing?"

"Somebuddy did. Want a lawyer?"

"I want to think," said the young man.

"It's a good trick if ye kin do it," Scattergood said. "G'-by."

Pilk tugged at the young man's arm, and with no further word he went along at the deputy's side—diagonally across the square to the jail in the basement of the post office.

Scattergood's next visitor an hour later was Sarah Pettibone. She walked rapidly down the hill, cheeks flushed, eyes flashing, and confronted the old hardware merchant.

"Is it true? Have they arrested him?" she demanded.

"Pilk he seen his duty and done it like a man," said Scattergood.

"You know he didn't do it. You know it."

"Do you? Eh? Kin ye prove it?"

She eyed him scornfully. "Do you think I need proof?"

"Jury will," said Scattergood. "What makes ye think he didn't do it?"

"Because," said Sarah, "he wouldn't do anything sneaking or mean or underhanded. I've talked with him and talked with him, and watched him—and he's got a clean, lovely mind, Scattergood Baines. He's the most decent boy I ever knew—just a happy, sweet boy who loves the world and is having a beautiful time in it."

"Um. . . . Set consid'able store by him, don't ye, Sairy?"

"So much," she said, "that I'd trust my life to him. So much I will trust my life to him. I'm going to him now and tell him that no matter what happens I'll be waiting for him at the end of it."

"Wa-al, wa-al. It come to pass like that, did it? Ye don't know him, nor where he come from. He jest comes in vagabondin' on a medicine wagon. Ye don't know his pa or who he is or if he kin earn a livin' and support a wife. Tain't like no kin of the deacon's to take a body on, trust like that there."

"I don't care who he is or anything else. All I want is what he is. It's enough for me."

"Mebby ye've made a bad ch'ice," said Scattergood. "Mebby this here's what ye call infatuation. It's a name folks gives to other folks' love when they don't approve of it. Um. . . . Tell Pilk I said ye was to see him. G'-by."

THROUGHOUT the day Scattergood sat and drowsed and watched the movement of the village. He noted who bought in the various stores, who went to the post office with mail to send, and who came out of it with letters and packages. Once he went into his own store and rummaged about until he found two dust-covered tin boxes which were twins to the deacon's, and these he brushed off and stowed under the counter. Otherwise he did nothing.

It was five o'clock when a large black car, dust-covered with travel, rounded the corner of the road from the south, hesitated at the hotel, and then rolled slowly to a stop before Scattergood's store. A tall man with broad shoulders and slender hips alighted—a graying man who might have been in his late fifties.

"Are you Scattergood Baines?" asked the man.

"So his dawg's name was Lorenzo," said Scattergood. "I kind of figgered mebby it was you when he mentioned Peru. He's in jail. Yeah. Robbin' an' burglin'."

"What's the story?"

"You'll git it as it goes along," Scattergood said, and got to his feet.

The pair walked across the square to the office of the justice of the peace, who was the local examining magistrate.

"Jedge," said Scattergood, "calc'late we better kind of peer into the deacon's burglary, eh? Kin ye kind of collect the witnesses and all fer a mite of a talk together? Got to git in the deacon 'n Alvin May 'n whoever else Pilk's found that kin add to the unfoldin'. Then we'll all take a stroll up to the deacon's house."

IN TWENTY minutes the justice's office was filled with persons interested in the proceeding.

"Fore they tell their tales," said Scattergood, "we'll kind of stroll up the hill to the deacon's. Pilk, will ye fetch along the young feller's dawg?"

As they walked Scattergood talked, half to himself, half to those near him.

"If ye got to figger how smart a feller is," he said, "it's a good idee to set him down 's bein' twice as smart as ye calc'late he is. Havin' done that, ye kin set back and study him and kind of feel around fer places where he got too smart fer his briches, because he most allus will. Kind of put yourself in his place and study out what you'd do if you was the kind of a feller he is. Yeah. Enlightenin'."

They passed through the deacon's gate and around to the flower bed which had disclosed the presence of a dog walking on his hind legs.

"Lorenzo," said Scattergood, "git up and dance. Over yonder."

The poodle studied Scattergood briefly, wagged his tail, and, guessing perhaps from the old man's gestures rather than his words, uprose on his rear legs and walked along the plot. The marks of his paws paralleled the marks left by the canine companion of the burglar.

"Enlightenin'," said Scattergood. "I kind of noticed what mincin' steps Lorenzo took when he was a walkin' like that. Little mites of prancin', balancin' steps like he done jest now. C'm here, Lorenzo."

On an adjacent patch Scattergood planted the dog on all four feet. Then, keeping his own tread upon the grass, lifted Lorenzo by his forepaws and led him thus along the edge.

"Kind of a scuffle," he commented. "Tain't the same kind of walkin' a-tall. Kin ye see the difference?"

They studied the tracks. Quite evidently these made when Scattergood held Lorenzo erect and led him corresponded in character with those left by the burglar's canine companion.

"Notice anythin' else?" Scattergood asked.

"Nothin' special," said Pilk.

"Here's a clear mark. Plain and distinct as all git out. Like it was molded. Jest study that off hind foot. One of them pad's been nigh chewed off in a fight 'r suthin'. Now, Lorenzo's pads, as ye kin see, is without spot or blemish. So what's a body to conclude?"

"This here dawg couldn't 'a' made them marks," said Pilk.

"And," said Scattergood, "the dawg that made 'em couldn't walk onto his hind legs alone. He had to be held so and drag along."

"Seems as though," said Pilk.

"Somebuddy wanted to imitate the

walkin' of Lorenzo. Don't seem like young Hunt 'ud go imitatin' the walk of his own dawg. Kind of makes a body b'lieve Lorenzo wa'n't here a-tall. Um. . . Guess we kin go back to the office."

They paraded back to the justice's courtroom.

"Pilk," said Scattergood, "step across to the store and fetch a couple tin boxes you'll find under the counter."

In a brief time the deputy returned with the boxes, and Scattergood placed one on the desk.

"Burglar pried the deacon's box open. Shoved a screw driver or suthin' through the eye and twisted her so's the padlock 'ud slip off. Judge, kin ye twist her?"

"Got the rheumatiz in my arm, Scattergood."

"Um. . . You give her a try, Alvin. You're stronger'n us old fellers."

ALVIN MAY placed a hand on top of the box to steady it, thrust a screw driver which Scattergood handed him through the eye, and heaved.

"There," Scattergood said, "taint no hard 's I figgered. Pilk, fetch up the prisoner."

Pilk came back with young Hunt and with Sarah Pettibone. "Ye said she could see him," he said. "Stayed all day, 'most."

"Young feller," said Scattergood, ignoring the astounded look on the young man's face as he saw the old man's companion, "kin ye twist the hasp off'n that box? Take this here screw driver 'n' try."

Hunt, holding the second box steady, inserted the screw driver and, with comparatively little effort, twisted the eye from its soldering.

"Um. . ." Scattergood grunted. "Judge, where's the deacon's box?"

"Here she be."

"Now, let's kind of compare. Ye watched the twistin'. It's natural to put one hand on top and hold whilst ye twist with the other. Now, young Hunt here, he stiddied with his left hand whilst he put in the screw driver from the right side and twisted towards the left. Natural fer him that way or fer any right-handed feller. But when ye look at the deacon's box ye see the screw driver was put in from the left and twisted t'wards the right. Plain to see, hain't it?"

"Hain't a doubt of it," said the justice. Scattergood stood looking at the three boxes. "Now, that's kind of funny," he said. "Two of them boxes was opened jest the same. Yeah. Alvin here done it left-handed. Wa-al, wa-al."

"What of it?" demanded May.

"Nothin' special. Kind of a coincidence. Got a dawg, Alvin?"

"Ye know I have."

"Fetch him, Pilk. Mostly Alvin keeps him tied up in the yard."

Five minutes elapsed, and Pilk returned dragging a black shepherd dog.

"H'ist up his off hind paw," said Scattergood. "Um. . . Pad's three quarters missin'. Got another coincidence, hain't we? How come your dawg to be walkin' on his hind laigs in the deacon's garden?"

"He runs around nights. How in tunket do I know where he goes?" replied Alvin.

"To be sure. Post office open, Pilk?"

"Yeah."

"Once, mebbey a year back, I heard the boys arguin' over to the livery barn about the best way of hidin' suthin'. Now, Alvin

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was amongst 'em, an' he contended the post office was the best place. He argued a feller could mail a thing to himself and jest leave it in his box, an' nobuddy ever'd think of lookin' there. Wa-al, I been a-settin' on the piazza of my store pretty continuous, watchin' who went in and who went out. I see Alvin go in this mornin' with a parcel 't might 'a' been a seed catalogue. Yeah, Um. . . . Plik, take Alvin along 'n' help him git his mail."

"I won't go. Ye can't make me. No-buddy dass tamper with the United States mail," Alvin cried.

"You'll go or be drug," said Scattergood, "and if ye don't I calc'late we kin risk it. If it turns out to be a seed catalogue the 'hain't no harm done."

Alvin got to his feet, his face working. "Tain't no use. You got me, ye of—"

"Your ma raised ye not to call names," said Scattergood. "Plik, I calc'late Alvin authorizes ye to git his mail. Scamper."

Plik came back with a tightly wrapped package, which Scattergood sliced open.

"Tain't no catalogue," he said. "Descon, I calc'late here's your four thousand

dollars. And by the look of ye you're sorry. Disapp'inted. Hopin' this young feller'd turn out to be a crim'nal, wa'n't ye? Hain't what I call Christian doin's."

"I hain't sorry a mite. When a body can't control a headstrong gal and she's carryin' on with a young vagabone—"

"**B**E YE a vagabone, young feller?" asked Scattergood.

"I guess I am, sort of."

"Um. . . . Sairy tell ye anythin'?"

"She did. I—it's pretty wonderful, Mr. Baines. She—she likes me just as I am. She was going to stick to me, whatever happened." His face lighted. "There just can't be any doubt of it, it's me she wants, and not money or position or anything. Just me. A banjo player out of a medicine show. Do you hear that, Dad?"

"You win," said the elderly man. "Now, are you willing to come home and go to work?"

"First," said the young man, "there'll be a wedding trip around the world."

"But you'll settle down then? And work?"

"As much as you ever have, Dad."

"Deacon," said Scattergood, "I calc'late ye better meet Mr. Hunt, the boy's pa. He owns about a billion dollars' wuth of copper mines in Peru, and a passel of steamships and railroads and what-not. From all I hear tell he's one of the richest fellers in New York. Yeah. So, take it all in all, Sairy hain't done so bad fer herself."

"I don't care," Sarah said, "I don't care for those things."

"Ye'll think different when ye git calm," said Scattergood. "Guess ye better shed Alvin up, Plik. And, Deacon, it's better to jedge a feller by what he looks like and how he talks than by the occupation he seems to have picked out. Kind of notice his eyes and dip into his mind, 'n' see what kind of a feller he is instead of jest a lookin' to what he does. Um. . . . Looks like you got a new daughter, Mr. Hunt."

"Yes," said the elderly man, "and if they don't name the first son Scattergood—"

"May I give you a kiss?" Sarah asked.

"Mandy hain't lookin'," Scattergood said. "Go's fur as ye like."

## Paris Adventure

(Continued from page 35)

too much to the viewpoint of his bereaved victims.

"The questions may come later," he said. "We burglars aren't easily startled." "I'm going to talk to you, Stranger," she said quietly. "A girl likes to talk; and nothing about this evening is real. We never met before, and we shan't meet again. This is an interlude that doesn't count, except for remembrance."

"Is there a dragon in it?" "There's a robber baron. Have you ever heard of Lord Northwade?"

Simon had. His knowledge of unlovable characters, in or out of the peerage, was very nearly unique—they were the raw material of his craft, the galleons of his privateering raids, the unwilling donors of superb omelets and all other good things. The Saint collected them.

He knew Northwade for one of the most unpleasant products of the last war, a man who had successfully conceived the notion of selling inferior penny boot-laces to the British army for sixpence a pair, and had gained for himself much wealth and a seat in the House of Lords for that patriotic service. The Northwade business, subsequently built up to almost monopolistic proportions by sweated labor and sharp bargains, was still welding together the uppers of half the world; but Northwade himself had retired two years ago to a mansion on the outskirts of Paris, leaving the female part of his family to pursue its strenuous climb through the social gradings of Mayfair.

"**Y**ES, I've heard of Northwade. One of these monuments of other people's industry, isn't he?"

"He's also my uncle," said the girl. "I'm Judith Molloy."

"You have our sympathy," Simon said coolly.

"My father's a professor of engineering at Oxford," said the girl. "You've probably never heard of him. You couldn't have two brothers who were more different.

They've always been like that. Northwade only wanted to make money. My father never wanted it. They both started at the bottom, and they both got what they wanted. Northwade made the money; my father worked his way through school, went on to Oxford as a Ruskin scholar, and got to where he is now. The thing that came between them was my mother. Northwade wanted her, too, but she just happened to prefer Dad."

The Saint nodded.

"It wasn't Dad's fault," she said, "but Northwade never forgave him. Oh, he didn't say anything outright. He's always been friendly—too friendly—but Dad, who wouldn't suspect a cannibal who was weighing him, never thought anything of it. I could see it. I tried to tell him, but he wouldn't believe me. He even helped Northwade to make more money—he's a clever inventor, too, and during the war he designed a machine that would put the tags on the laces twice as quickly as the old way, or something like that. I think Northwade gave him fifty pounds for it." She smiled a little. "It's beginning to sound like a detective story, isn't it?"

"It has begun," said the Saint. "But I like those stories."

"It's going to sound more like that; but it's just one of those stories that are happening every day. . . . For the last eighteen months or so Dad's been working on a new motorcar engine with an infinitely variable gear. Do you know what that means? It means that you'll just drive your car on the accelerator and the brake; and, whatever it's doing, up hills or down, or in traffic or anywhere, the engine'll always be working at its maximum efficiency—that sounds rather technical, but I'm so used to hearing Dad talk that I've got that way myself. Anyway, it's far in advance of anything that's been done in that line so far. There's a fortune in it already; but it wasn't good enough for Dad. He wanted his engine to be the best that had ever been made, and that meant the

perfect carburetor as well. He's been working on that, too. Three months ago he'd spent every penny he'd saved on his experiments. Then he went to Northwade for help."

**T**HE Saint's mind moved in certain channels with the speed and precision of infinite experience.

"Northwade helped him, of course," he said.

"Northwade lent him a thousand pounds. On a nominal security—purely nominal. And with a few legal documents—just a matter of form. . . . I expect you can guess what that means."

"I could try."

"The plans of the engine are in Northwade's safe, over at Fontainebleau—all the results of Dad's work up till now. And there's a deed with them which says that all rights in them belong to Lord Northwade—with no time limit specified. It was supposed to be until the loan was repaid, but the deed doesn't say so. Dad hasn't any mind for legal trickeries, and he signed the papers while I was away."

"One gathers," said the Saint, "that this is the house you propose to burgle."

She gazed at him without flinching, gray eyes frank and resolute.

"Listen, Stranger," she said softly. "This is still the game of Let's Pretend, isn't it? Pretending that this evening is right outside the world. Because that's the only reason why I'm telling you all this. . . . I'm going to burgle Northwade's house, if I can. I'm going to get those papers, including the deed Dad signed. Dad hasn't perfected this carburetor yet, and he's no hope of paying back that thousand pounds. And Northwade knows it. He practically completed arrangements to sell the engine to a French manufacturer—I've had private detectives watching him for a month. There's no legal way of stopping him, but if we had that deed back, as well as the plans, Northwade would never have the face to go

into a court and publish the terms of it, which he'd have to do if he wanted to make any claim. . . . Do you think I'm quite mad, Stranger?"

"Only a little."

She looked at him quietly.

"Maybe I am. But have you ever heard of the Saint?"

"The Robin Hood of modern crime?" murmured Simon with only the faintest lift of an eyebrow for expression.

"I think it's the sort of thing he'd do," she said. "It's justice, even if it's against the law. I wish I could meet him. He'd understand. I think he'd say it was worth taking a chance on. . . . You're very understanding too, Stranger. You've listened to me awfully patiently, and it's helped a lot. And now you shall talk about anything else you like, and we'll go up to your cafe with the beautiful name and have coffee; and will you please forget it all?"

Simon Templar smiled.

He had long since ceased to wonder why life was so prodigal of adventures; there was a destiny about it, a joyous fulfillment of the creed that he had carved out of his own faith, and wherever he went it would be the same.

"I don't propose to forget, Judith," he said. "I am the Saint; and the safe hasn't been made that I can't open. Nor has anything else been thought of that I can't do. We'll go to Fontainebleau together!" . . .

"This is the place," said the girl.

SIMON switched off the engine and let the car coast to a stop under the lee of the hedge. It was her car—she had been prepared for that. She had telephoned from the Closerie des Lilas, and it had been fueled and waiting for them outside the garage near the Madeleine.

Lord Northwade's home, an unwieldy mansion in the Napoleonic style, stood on a slight rise of ground some distance back from the road, in the center of its extensive and pleasant grounds. Rising to sit on the door of the car, with one foot on the seat, the Saint could see the solid rectangle of its upper part painted in dull black on a smudged gray-blue sky. He felt that he knew every corner of it as if he had lived there for years, from the descriptions the girl had given him and the rough plans she had drawn on a piece of paper. It was a night without moon or stars, and yet not utterly dark; perfect for the purpose. . . . Judith saw the clean-cut lines of his face, recklessly etched out in the burst of light as he kindled a cigarette.

"I still don't know why you should do this for me," she said.

"Because it's a game after my own heart," he answered. "Northwade is a bird I've had ideas of my own about for some time. And as for our present object—well, no one could have thought of a story that would have been more likely to fetch me a thousand miles to see it through."

"I ought to be coming with you."

"This is a highly civilized country, and they send criminals to Devil's Island and other humanitarian institutions. But this sort of thing is my job, and I've had more practice than you."

"But suppose Northwade wakes up?"

"I shall immediately hypnotize him so that he falls into a deep sleep again."

"Or suppose the servants catch you?"

"I shall tie them up in bundles of three

and send them to the police in what they had

## 500 PEOPLE SHOW HOW TO END COLDS IN HALF THE TIME

Average cold lasted 5 days  
Pepsodent Antiseptic cut the  
time in half. New method  
for avoiding colds

Recently an interest

brought to light new

Scientists found that

gle and to spray water

as to how many colds

makes a difference as

These scientists too

and observed them

Here are some of the

covered.

A cold will last five

Pepsodent Antiseptic

t of a cold is cut to one

from a cold were made

Many of the groups

Antiseptic had been

The surprise was

the

# Make \$1 do the work of \$3 WHEN FIGHTING COLDS

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you much greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

IN one of the largest tests of its kind ever made Pepsodent Antiseptic proves itself impressively. This proof lies in results that everyone can understand. Read carefully for these facts are vitally important to your family's health.

### Practical yet scientific proof

Last winter 500 people were divided into groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used only Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time.

Think of that! Fewer colds—colds ended in half time. That is what modern science offers you in Pepsodent as compared with ordinary antiseptics.

### For your information

You may not know that, when mixed with an equal amount of water, many leading mouth antiseptics cannot kill germs. But Pepsodent Antiseptic does kill germs in less than 10 seconds—even when mixed with two parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic—and save money.

## PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



and heaven them into the outer darkness."

"But suppose you are caught?"

He laughed.

"It'll be a sign that the end of the world is at hand. But don't worry. Even if that happens it'll cause a certain amount of commotion, and if you hear it I shall expect you to drive rapidly away and await the end in some other province. It's not your burglary any longer—it's mine."

He swung his immaculately tailored legs over the side and dropped lightly to the road; and without another word he was gone, melting into the obscurity like a ghost.

He walked up the turf path beside the driveway with the quick confidence of a cat. No lights showed in any of the front windows as he approached, but he made a careful circle of the house for complete certainty. His eyes adjusted themselves to the gloom with the ease of long habit, and he moved without rustling a blade of grass under his feet. The ground floor was a rugged façade of raised arches and pilasters broken by tall, gaunt windows, with a pair of carved oak doors in the center that would have given way to nothing short of a battering ram; but it is an axiom of house-breaking that those buildings whose fronts look most like fortresses are most likely to defend their postern gates with a card saying "No Admittance." In this case there was an open pantry window six feet above the ground, which even to a burglar less athletic than the Saint would have been a very sound practical equivalent. Simon squeezed up through the aperture, and lowered himself gently over the shelves of viands on the inside.

He passed through into the kitchen. With the help of the tiny pocket flashlight which he never traveled without, he located the main switchboard and removed all the fuses, burying them in a sack of potatoes. If by any chance there should be an accident, the garrison of the house would be more handicapped by a lack of lights than he would. Then he made his way down the main hall and unbarred, unbolted, unchained, and unlocked the great oak portals. Simon Templar owed much of his freedom to a trained eye for emergency exits; and he carried on the good work by opening a pair of windows in the library before he gave a thought to the safe.

The girl had described its location accurately. It was built into a wall behind a small bookcase which opened away from it like a door; and Simon held his torch on it for just three seconds before he decided that it was one of those situations in which neither a bent hairpin nor a tin-opener would be adequate.

HE SLID cheerfully back into the hall and stepped soundlessly up the broad staircase. A large selection of burglarious tools was not part of his usual traveling equipment, but that shortcoming had rarely troubled him. It was another axiom of his philosophy that most safes have keys, that most keys are in the possession of the owners of the safes, and therefore that the plodding fellow who finds it necessary to pack nitroglycerin and oxyacetylene blowpipes in his sponge-bag is usually deficient in strategic genius.

Lord Northwade was sleeping soundly enough, with his mouth open and a reassuring drone issuing from the region of his adenoids; but even if he had been awake it

is doubtful whether he would have heard the opening of his bedroom door or sensed one movement of the sensitive hands that lifted a bunch of keys from his dressing table and detached an even more probable one from the chain round his neck.

Simon went down the stairs again like a ghost. It was the key from the chain which turned the lock, and the heavy steel door swung back at a touch with the smooth acquiescence that even Simon Templar could never feel without a thrill. He propped his torch up over one step so that its light filled the interior of the safe, and went to work with quick white-gloved hands. Once he heard a board creak overhead, and froze into seconds of granite immobility; but he knew that he had made no noise, and presently he went on. The draught plans were dissected into a thick roll of foolscap sheets tied with tape; the specifications were packed in a long, fat envelope with "Pegasus Variable Gear" roughly scrawled on it and a deed on glazed parchment was enclosed with them. There were also some letters from an internationally known French automobile company.

THE Saint was so absorbed in his labors for the next ten minutes that he missed certain faint sounds which might otherwise have reached his ears. His first hint of danger came just as he had finished, in the shape of a cautious scuffle of feet on the terrace outside and a hoarse whisper which was so unexpected that he raised his head almost incredulously. Then his eyes dropped half instinctively to the safe, which he had just closed. He saw something that he had not noticed before—a flat leaden tube which rose a bare inch from the floor and disappeared into the crack under the lowest hinge, an obvious conduit for alarm wires. The girl had told him that there were no alarms; but that was one which Northwade had probably preferred to keep secret.

The narrow beam of the flashlight snapped out like a silent explosion. Simon leaped through the blackness to the windows, slammed them together, and secured the catch. He was knotting a handkerchief round his face as he crossed the room again.

He opened the door with a quick jerk, and took one step into the hall. On his right, covering the retreat to the back of the house, stood an outside butler in a nightshirt. On his left, barring the way to the front door, was a wiry youth in trousers and vest. A little way up the stairs stood Lord Northwade himself, with a candle in his right hand and a young cannon of a revolver in the left. The Saint's most reckless fighting smile touched his lips under the concealing handkerchief.

"Bon soir, messieurs," he murmured politely. "It appears that you were not expecting me. I am accustomed to being received in formal dress."

He stepped back rapidly through the door, closing it after him. The butler and the wiry youth took a few seconds to recover; then they made a concerted rush for the door. They burst in together, followed by Lord Northwade with the candle. The spectacle of a completely deserted library pulled them up short with bulging eyes.

In an abruptly contrasting silence, the nightshirted butler returned to life. He tiptoed gingerly forward, and peered with a majestic air behind a large settee. The

wiry youth, inspired by his example, made a dash to the nearest window curtains and pulled them wide apart, disclosing a large area of glass with the round, goggling faces of two other servants pressed against it from the outside, like startled fish in an aquarium. Lord Northwade discreetly remained a scant yard inside the doorway, with his spluttering candle held helpfully aloft, rather like an obese Statue of Liberty in a quilted silk dressing gown.

On the top of a massive ladder of bookshelves beside the door, Simon Templar rose like a panther from his prone position and dropped downwards. He fell squarely behind Northwade, easing his fall with a hand applied to the crown of Northwade's head. The same hand pushed Northwade violently forward; and the candle, which supplied the only illumination of the scene, flickered and went out.

In the darkness the door banged. . . . "We might even get back in time to have a dance somewhere," said the Saint.

He materialized out of the gloom beside her like a wraith; and she gasped.

"Did you have to scare me?" she asked.

He chuckled. Back towards the mansion there were sounds of muffled disturbance, floating down to his ears like the music of hounds to an old fox. He slipped into the driving seat and touched the starter.

The car gathered speed into the blaze of its own headlights. Simon felt for a cigarette and lighted it with one hand.

"Did you get everything?" she asked.

"I'm the miracle man who never fails, Judith," he said reproachfully. "Hadden I explained that?"

"But that noise—"

"There seems to have been some sort of alarm that goes off when the safe is opened, which you didn't know about. Not that it mattered a lot. The ungody were fatally slow in assembling, and if you'd seen their waist measurements you wouldn't have been surprised."

She caught his arm excitedly.

"Oh, I can't quite believe it! . . . Everything's all right now. And I've actually been on a raid with the Saint himself! . . . Do you mind if I give you a bit?"

She reached across him to the button in the middle of the steering wheel. The horn blared a rhythmic peal of triumph and defiance into the night: "Ta-a ta-a, ta-a ta-a, ta-a ta-a" like a jubilant trumpet. Simon smiled. Nothing could have fitted better into the essential rightness of everything that had happened that evening. It was true that there might be gendarmes already watching the road; but they would be an interesting complication that could be dealt with in its proper turn.

THEN he coaxed the car round a sharp bend, and saw a line of red lights spring up across the road. He dropped his hand thoughtfully to the brake.

"This wasn't here when we came by first," he said, and brought the car to a standstill with its hood three yards from the red lights, which appeared to be attached to a long plank rigged squarely across his path.

Then he felt a hard, cold jab of metal on the side of his head, and turned quickly. He looked down the barrel of a gun in the hand of an overcoated man who stood beside the car.

"Take it easy," advised the man.



The Saint heard a rustle of movement beside him. The girl was getting out.  
 "This is as far as I ride, Stranger," she said.

"I see," said the Saint gently.  
 The man with the gun jabbed again.  
 "Let's have those papers," he ordered.  
 Simon took them from his breast pocket.  
 The girl received them, and turned on the dashboard light to squint down and read the inscription on the long envelope.

"Lord Northwade hasn't got a brother who's a professor at Oxford," she explained, "and I'm no relative. Apart from that, most of what I told you was true. Northwade bought this invention from a young Roumanian inventor. He was going to sell it to a French company, as I told you."

"What are you going to do with it?" inquired the Saint curiously.

"We've got an unwritten offer from Hardt's, of Stuttgart."

She went forward and swung back the plank, so that the road was clear again. Then she came back. The gray eyes were as frank and friendly as before.

"We've been planning this for a week, and we should have done the job ourselves tonight if I hadn't seen your photograph in the paper and recognized you at the Berry. The rest of it was an inspiration. There's nothing like having the greatest expert in the profession to work for you."

"Which paper do you read?" asked the Saint.

"I saw you in the *Continental Daily Mail*. Why?"

"I bought an imported London paper," said the Saint conversationally.

She laughed quietly, a friendly ripple tinged with a trace of regret.

"I'm sorry, Stranger. I liked you."

"I'm rather sorry, too—Judith," said the Saint.

She was still for an instant. Then she leaned over and kissed him quickly.

The gun jabbed again.  
 "Drive on," ordered the man.

"Won't you be wanting your car?" murmured the Saint.

A harsher chuckle came from the man.  
 "We've got our own. I knocked that one off and left it at a garage for you when I had a phone call to say you were hooked. Get moving."

Simon let in the clutch. The girl jumped down from the running board. "Good-by, Stranger!" she cried; and Simon raised one hand in salute, without looking back.

HE DROVE fast. Whoever the girl was, whatever she was, he knew that he had enjoyed meeting her far more than he could ever have enjoyed meeting the real Judith Molloy. Even allowing for the established villainy of press photographers, the aspiring debutante whose unfortunate motor accident had been featured, with portrait, on the front page of the *Express* alongside his own two columns could never have looked anything but a hag. Whereas he still thought that her impostor was very beautiful. He hated to think what she would say when she delved deeper into the envelope and found a roll of blank paper which he had substituted for the papers in Lord Northwade's library. But he still drove fast; because those sad things were a part of the game, and it was a longish way to Stuttgart.

\* \* \* \* \*

# KEEN FOR HIS JOB AGAIN



**BOB:** I don't know Ma . . . I just can't seem to do good office work any more.

**MOTHER:** Something must be wrong, Bobby. Why don't you see Doctor Rowe?



**BOB:** You say I'm constipated, Doctor—and I need bran for bulk?

**DOCTOR:** Yes . . . try Post's 40% Bran Flakes. It's delicious . . . and good for you!



**BOB:** The doctor's right, Ma! This is the best-tasting breakfast food I've ever tried!

**MOTHER:** Yes, and it's doing you good! And so delicious—I love it, too!



**BOSS:** I was worried about you for a while. But you're getting ahead fast, now!

**BOB:** Thank you, sir! (To himself: And thank Post's 40% Bran Flakes, too!)

## HERE—IN ONE DELICIOUS CEREAL

BRAN for benefits you need . . . OTHER PARTS of Wheat for flavor you'll love

POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES contains 40% bran for bulk most people need to keep food moving along the intestinal tract . . . to help ward off constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. But—it contains other parts of wheat, too.

And in this combination of bran and other parts of wheat is the secret of its marvelous flavor. And of its high nutritive value . . . its rich content of phosphorus, iron and its precious Vitamin B.

So eat Post's 40% Bran Flakes regularly. You'll love it! And it costs so little. Your grocer has it—a product of General Foods.

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## POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES



# His Job is Untangling the Rails

(Continued from page 61)

and his sense of scientific accuracy. "Czar" he dislikes even more.

"I am a catalyst," he recently told a group of mildly puzzled traffic and shipping men. "I regard myself, not at all as a director general of the railroads, but as a means of precipitating and activating the good, but often latent, ideas already present in the railroad world."

The fact remains that he is the main guy, whatever bad names he wants to call himself. The destiny of the railroads will depend largely upon the recommendations which he makes to the President and Congress in the next few months.

No one knows what those recommendations will be. He told me that he does not even know, himself. He is making no promises and no prophecies. It is generally believed that he will propose radical changes in the nation's transportation set-up, under which not only railroads, but bus lines, trucks, and waterways will be brought together into a coordinated system under flexible government regulation designed to produce maximum economy of operation and a minimum of duplication and destructive competition.

Any such plan, easy enough to state, is hideously complex to work out. It gets you into the questions of ultimate costs of transportation. Does it cost more to ship a barrel of apples by truck or by train? How much did the truck cost? The gasoline? How much the wear on the highway? What is the truck driver's salary, and is he being underpaid? Is a pension being provided for him in old age, as for railroad employees?

Eastman, aided by a hard-working staff, is making a comprehensive determination of all transportation costs for the first time in history. He has sent out 100,000 questionnaires to shippers and 25,000 to industrial traffic managers. The railroads are cooperating.

**I**F HE did not have one of the clearest minds in the country I should expect all these studies to end in confusion. Twenty years ago, in Boston, when Eastman represented workers in a strike arbitration, the men used to call him "our figure-eater." Even his present task, the toughest he has ever tackled, does not discourage him.

"My experience has been," he says, "that in such work the time comes when the issues resolve themselves and are found to be less complex than they at first seemed, if proper watch is kept for the forest instead of the trees. I believe that it will be so in this case."

Meanwhile, he is trying to effect economies for the railroads under the present set-up, through cooperative purchasing, standardization and pooling of equipment, centralized testing of new inventions, and better service to the public. In all this he is using logic and persuasion rather than the big stick. Unobtrusively and without fuss he has brought about a general voluntary reduction in executives' salaries throughout the country.

Eastman's rise in reputation and influence has been as quiet and steady as the growth of an oak tree. It has been just as

free from politics and wire-pulling. In his eighteen years of public office—as a Massachusetts Public Service Commissioner, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Coordinator of Transportation—he has been appointed three times by Republican executives and three times by Democrats. A tie score. Justice Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court, who never dispenses praise loosely, has said of him, "Joe Eastman has more interest in public service and less in his own career than any man I have ever known."

He has never made enemies of his opponents. Most of the railroads, even those which he has criticized sharply in the past, approve of his latest appointment. They may be uneasy about some of his liberal opinions, but they have no doubts about his ability, his honesty, and his grasp of their problems.

**E**ASTMAN has risen to great responsibility and power without any personal planning. He was born in Katonah, N. Y., in 1882, the son of a Congregational minister. He went to Amherst College, where he was president of his class for two years, member of the debating team, editor of a college publication, and a crack tennis player. Yet he found time to graduate with Phi Beta Kappa honors. He was known as an easy-going fellow who somehow managed to turn out a lot of work. The college year book for 1904 described him as "A good, sensible, and reliable old hoss," which is still pretty good so far as it goes. Horse-sense is one of his strong points.

After graduation he spent a year at South End House, the famous settlement house in Boston, then entered the Boston University Law School. While there he was engaged as secretary of the Public Franchise League, formed by leading Boston citizens to protect the public in franchise matters. He proved to have an extraordinary mind for assembling and clearly presenting the facts of a jumbled situation. Soon he was so absorbed in his work that he gave up his law studies.

In 1915, when he was thirty-three years old, he was appointed to the Public Service Commission of the state. Soon his decisions began to attract the attention of students of public-utility problems over the country. They were carefully reasoned, crammed with facts. And they contained some conclusions unpalatable to old-line magnates of the "public-b damned" school. When Eastman said public utilities he meant public. He refused to admit that the rights of the stockholders were any more sacred than those of employees and consumers.

President Wilson appointed him to the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1919; he has remained there ever since. His appointment as coordinator by President Roosevelt does not remove him from the I. C. C., but relieves him from duties which would interfere with his new task.

Although he has often been in the minority, Eastman's influence has been increasingly powerful. As chairman of the legislative committee of the I. C. C. he has

had to appear often as a witness at Congressional hearings. This is a tough spot for any man. Congressmen who haven't studied the subject pipe in with irrelevant questions, exasperating to an expert. Eastman listens to them with an almost Oriental patience. His good humor never breaks under the strain. The legislators, usually suspicious of experts, like and trust him. Franklin Roosevelt also likes and trusts him. Which makes it all the more likely that Congress and the President will heed his recommendations.

At hearings he puts searching questions casually and innocently. An economist is inveighing against the decline in railroad stocks. Eastman, twiddling with a pencil, and without even raising his eyes, asks, "Have the prices of any other securities given you concern since 1929?" And later, when a rate increase is being urged, "Do you think it wise for the carriers to increase rates 15 per cent when the effect would be the establishment of a rate level 72 per cent higher than in 1916, and at a time when commodity prices are substantially lower?"

Eastman's life is given over almost completely to his work. He is a bachelor, and lives in a house overlooking Rock Creek Park in Washington with his sister, Miss Elizabeth Eastman. He takes no part in the active social life of Washington.

In his work he still keeps up the tremendous pace which his friends said would break him down nearly twenty years ago. He rises early and walks two miles to his office, arriving there at nine o'clock. He works until five, and then plays handball or tennis—an appointment which only a summons from the President can break. At fifty-one there is no apparent slackening in his tennis game. He uses long forehand and backhand drives, deeply and accurately placed, with plenty of top-spin.

After dinner he goes back to the office, and works until ten-thirty at night. Most of his monumental reports and decisions are written at night, in longhand.

**I** ASKED him whether he found any time for reading outside of the mass of reading necessary in his work. He told me he reads at home before going to sleep every night. "What do you read then?" I asked. "Trash," he said. "With great enjoyment."

Once on a train trip during his college days two fellow students swiped his railroad ticket. He had spent all his money and was in despair. His friends suggested that he crouch down on the floor and let them cover him with their overcoats. When the conductor came along they gave him all three tickets. He wanted to know what the third ticket was for.

The conspirators unveiled the crouching Eastman.

"He always travels that way," they explained.

He no longer travels that way. He could use the luxurious private cars of railroad presidents if he wanted to, but hasn't the time. He often travels by airplane.

His greatest enjoyment is in summer camping trips in the Canadian wilds, fish-

ing and exploring with his friend, Fayette B. Dow, a well-known Washington lawyer who was a classmate at Amherst. But he had to forego the trip last summer because of his new job.

On these trips he takes a large steel box crammed with elaborate fishing tackle—ten times more than he can possibly use. He believes in being prepared. Friends kidd him about it. They say he goes up into the attic and broods over his box of tackle lovingly on long winter evenings.

"Joe isn't the kind of fisherman who can fish a stream all day," Mr. Dow told me. "He doesn't like to camp in one spot for a week. He wants to move on. He's a natural explorer. There's 'something hid behind the ranges,' and he wants to find it. He has the same sort of spirit in his work. In the jungle of facts which make up the transportation tangle, he has all the zest of the explorer."

Camping in the northern woods, Eastman sleeps on a bed of twigs and boughs. In the morning he likes to entertain his companions at breakfast by recounting his dreams. They say he is the only man who can tell a dream so that it is interesting.

Maybe this is a good omen. Eastman has a dream of a great national transportation system. Possibly he can make this dream good in the daylight of practical accomplishment.

He doesn't play golf, because he can get the same amount of exercise at squash or tennis in a quarter of the time. He doesn't play bridge, because he finds his work more exciting.

Although he doesn't enjoy society he is by no means unsociable. He likes people. He is amiable and easy to talk to. In manner absolutely without affectation.

He reads rapidly. Sitting down for dinner, he can read a couple of newspapers or a weekly magazine of opinion before the soup arrives. Sometimes his friends, incredulous, cross-examine him on what he has read. They've never caught him missing an important item yet.

**E**ASTMAN never worries about the future. It never occurs to him that he should make some provision for his old age. His government salary is modest, but he is an easy mark for any old acquaintance who is hard up.

He doesn't seem to be interested in money. He could have had his choice of a number of executive positions at salaries ranging above \$50,000 a year, but wasn't even tempted. He thinks the top salaries in the railroads are too high, anyway, and doesn't hesitate to tell the executives so, much to their discomfiture.

His especial scorn is reserved for the magnates who are not really railroad men at all, but who seek to make fortunes from the devious manipulation and juggling of railroad securities.

For the able and practical railroad man Eastman has a great liking and respect. And he believes in the value and future of the railroads themselves. Whatever the transportation set-up, the railroads must be the backbone. They will be greatly improved in speed and economy by new ideas and equipment, he believes, and one of his suggestions is a central bureau to test and pass on new inventions. The lack of such a bureau, he feels, may have delayed advances in railroad technique.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



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Use it in your own home*

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**DIRECTIONS**  
Use in eyes or throat after exposure or when there is irritation.  
**MOUTH WASH, GARGLE OR THROAT SPRAY.** Use full strength or dilute with one to three parts of warm water. Odorless, pleasant taste. Use twice daily.  
**NASAL SPRAY:** Dilute with three parts of warm water.  
**CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, ALL RAW SURFACES:** Apply undiluted. If injury is painful, bandage lightly, keeping bandage wet with solution.  
**DENTAL USES:** The use of Hexylresorcinol Solution S.T. 37 after each brushing of the teeth is recommended.  
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Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, Washington, D. C.  
The Pittsburgh Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Grace Hospital, Detroit  
Grace Hospital, New Haven, Conn.  
St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago

**HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S. T. 37**  
*Made by SHARP & DOHME*



# Motives of an Overlord

(Continued from page 17)

know him—spoke with perceptible wonder: "Will somebody lend me the diagram?"

"Don't be disturbed," said Nadine Curtin. "They're washing out the linen. It goes back a good many years. It's—its just another Pendleton tradition."

Bourke Rembeau studied this man, and Nadine, uncanny in her perceptions, spoke again: "You probably didn't catch on when I introduced you, Bourke. That's Harris Steele, from Portland. Harris and Elsa have not yet announced their engagement."

"She's a spitfire, Steele," said Bourke Rembeau in a purring tone. Then he looked suddenly at Elsa Ballard again, and caught her off guard; there was, behind the deep calm, a streak of uncertainty. He said instantly, "Lend me this girl for the evening, Steele?"

"You see?" murmured Elsa. "The cavalier sweeps off the prairie, all gallant and dusty, and makes his demands at the point of a gun."

"Fear," taunted Bourke Rembeau, "is something new in you."

"Lend me to the gentleman, Harris," murmured Elsa in a silken voice.

"Lent," said Harris Steele agreeably. There was an accented silence all along the table. "Harris," observed Nadine Curtin with latent pity, "remember to think of this when you return to Portland. You are among barbarians, and generosity means nothing to them. We're all going down to the station to see that pickled whale on exhibition in the tank car."

NOTHING had changed, Bourke Rembeau thought, as he waited at the doorway. After the two-year intermission they took up scorn and malice where these weapons had been laid aside; and it was tooth and claw, as always. He watched Elsa come across the room, her slender body weaving through the crowd and her shoulders square beneath the short wrap. He clapped on his broad hat, and her hand accepted his crooked elbow almost weightlessly, and for the moment there was the illusion of agreement. All the couples fell gayly behind, and they sauntered down the hill into Pendleton's main street.

He said, "What kept you two years in Portland, Irish?"

Elsa Ballard's profile had the luminous clarity and composure of an ivory medalion. "Working for my living, in an office. . . Bourke, if you don't mind, no more 'Irish.'"

"Give me a decent reason."

"Because nicknames belong to a period—and the period is past."

"So you're Judge Ballard's daughter and you've changed your hair and you must be a lady. Well—"

But he said no more. The street lights were just coming on; and in front of Kelly's card-room, directly ahead, he saw the two Cockerline boys idly speaking with a few other men. The fragrance of the night dissolved, and his momentarily recaptured irresponsibility fell away and became as strange as the pleasant talk of the people behind. It was plain enough. This girl's swift, sometimes cruelly clear mind never erred. A period was past.

"Cover the old ground," said Elsa Ballard, "if your heart is in it. Tonight is all you have. I'll not be lent again."

The Cockerline boys had seen him; they had turned his way. And now, face to face with the pair, he stopped, and his tall, flat frame overshadowed both these sleek, olive-colored men. Nadine Curtin's crowd drifted in and halted, and a wary, undistinguished silence touched them all. Elsa Ballard swiftly lifted her eyes to Bourke; they were, he thought, stirred by the old fire. But he could not be sure. Lon and Kerby Cockerline were very grave and very courteous, and his own talk was suavely changeless. "Good evening, boys."

"Hello, Bourke. Trial bring you in?"

"I suppose I'll be called on."

"Tough on Ray Fawl," suggested Kerby Cockerline.

"I regret that," said Rembeau.

"I noticed a part of your fence busted the other day by Spiller Creek," said Lon, with the same general politeness. "Thought you might want to know."

"Thanks," said Bourke, and bowed and went on.

Nadine Curtin's crowd ambled behind, silent still; but Elsa Ballard suddenly and bluntly spoke:

"The formula never varies. The master of a Box R range meets two common thieves, and the exchange of civility is exquisite. The overlord must never exhibit the weakness of anger in public. And his justice must be swift and personal, out in the sagebrush. You have perfectly absorbed the code, Bourke."

"In two years' absence how would you know about the Cockerline boys?"

"I am kept well informed."

Nadine's voice ran forward, energetically angry: "It is outrageous. The jail will never hold those two scoundrels. But at least we've caught one of the gang. Ray Fawl will go to the penitentiary."

Bourke Rembeau spoke to Elsa, in a low and ragged and tired voice: "You're a working girl in Portland. Why don't you forget Pendleton, then?"

She looked up quickly, surprise brightening her glance. After a while she said, "Why don't I?"

THE street ran across the tracks, and three great floodlights transfixed a tank car standing there with a platform built beside it. Bourke Rembeau paid for the crowd and hoisted Elsa up the steep steps; and they looked down at the dark leviathan preserved in the rankly odorous brine. It was interesting enough, but Bourke Rembeau's mind returned to the front of Kelly's card-room and anger burned in his stomach.

The stench had turned Elsa Ballard a little pale. Bourke led her silently from the platform into the station. He said to the ticket agent, "Two separate lowers to Portland," and, when he got them, he steered her out along the dark runway. They strolled through the street again, leaving Nadine Curtin's crowd behind.

"Why?" asked Elsa, quietly curious.

He was a little bitter, faintly morose. "Obscure motives of an overlord."

"You always were shrewd. I never knew you to ever do a purposeless thing. When you talked to the Cockerline boys I saw your eyes tear them apart. Very cold and cruel behind those smooth words."

"You've forgotten the range."

"Perhaps. I have not forgotten you."

He said, more to himself than to her, "The end of a period."

The Curtin porch, when they reached it, was full of soft shadow, and all the noises of the town lay muted below. Elsa Ballard turned. "Are you coming in?" But Bourke Rembeau only shook his head and remained at the foot of the steps.

"So the loan is being returned, without thanks?" she asked.

"I recall," he reflected, "that we always fought. Why did we bother to do it, Irish? Why didn't we just keep out of each other's way?"

She said, "The responsibility of your ancestral acres has improved you, Bourke. You aren't just plain laid any more. The rest is the same. You've become exactly what I knew you would—the feudal chief exacting obedience and loyalty. You protect your subjects, even against the law. The grand manner. The same now as when you came out of the desert with your lunch bucket and eighth-grade geography tied to the cante. But the manner is more plausible now—and more romantic to the unsuspecting. And more dangerous."

He said, suddenly aware, "We're too much alike, Irish. We can't stand surrender."

"Bourke!"

HE WENT quickly into the street, and in heavy reflection returned to his room, to find Simon Lent waiting there.

"Still at Kelly's," his top hand said.

Rembeau looked down at this little man, affected by the unswerving loyalty so ever-present there.

"The court can't touch 'em, can it, Simon?"

"No," said Simon Lent in a dusty voice. "It never has."

"Ray's looking ten years in the face," mused Bourke Rembeau. "But if he does get free he'll go back to the Cockerlines. What have they got on him, Simon?"

"Threats," murmured Simon Lent. "They're here to see he doesn't squeal. If he beats this charge they'll take him back to the brush. By force."

"Simon," said Bourke Rembeau, "are those front doors at the card-room built so they can be closed in a hurry?"

Simon Lent looked up at his boss; and the agate-green eyes flared behind narrowing lids. He asked no questions; he showed no surprise. He merely remained silent and pondering, and presently rose and shuffled to the door. "I'll find out."

Bourke Rembeau sat on the edge of the bed, darkly obsessed by the problem. The court had never touched the Cockerline boys, never would. The mists of the law theoretically covered yonder hills and valleys, but it was still, as in the past, a country full of white spaces. The Cockerline boys knew it, and walked the streets of Pendleton freely. The old times of the range knew it, and looked silently on, remembering the ancient remedy.

"Overlord!" Bourke said to himself dismally. "The time of personal slaughter on the range is over. But the court will never touch them. There's another medicine needed here..."

He was on the courthouse steps when a young assistant to the prosecuting attorney came out and said, "Ready for you, Mister Rembeau," and he followed the lad in. The courtroom was quite crowded. In the rows he saw Nadine Curtin and her crowd, and Elsa Ballard sat in an aisle chair and caught his eye, and made him pause. She said, an acid irony coating the barb of that phrase, "A dramatic entrance. You do it so well."

"Mr. Rembeau," called the district attorney, "take the stand."

He was sworn in. The district attorney paced slowly forward. At the farther desk young Ray Fawl's features slowly unlocked from apathy. The district attorney said:

"Bourke, for the record, what is your occupation?"

Rembeau grinned at the district attorney. It was a very old formula. "I run a ranch out in the Ukiah," he said, "which operates certain recorded cattle brands."

"Is Box R one of your brands?"

"Yes."

"Any cow, steer, or calf bearing that brand belongs to you?"

"Yes, unless vented or sold by bill of sale."

THE district attorney paused, and in this interval Bourke Rembeau studied the jury. They were nearly all Pendleton people. But there was a man in the back row dressed in the shabby clothes of a rider; a weatherworn, shackle-figured man who belonged outside this court and outside this town. The rest were indifferent, but this one solemn character looked at Rembeau very gently, and Rembeau knew he was listening, as a cattle hand would listen, for all the inflections below the registered words, for the shadow of things not spoken.

The district attorney said, suddenly, "That's all. I only wanted to establish the ownership of the two cows found in Ray Fawl's truck."

Rembeau met that one juror's eyes and spoke smoothly into the silence: "I regret they found my beef on Ray's truck, if they did. Ray used to work for me, and I always considered him a good hand."

"Your Honor," said the district attorney sharply, "I ask that this last statement be struck from the record."

"Strike it from the record," said Judge Ballard.

A murmur washed through the room, and the judge tapped his desk lightly with the gavel. It was taken from the record, Rembeau agreed, but not from the sagebrush juror's mind; the man leaned back and folded his thin hands across a flat belly, and a sudden satisfaction smoothed out the weather wrinkles of his face.

Going slowly down the aisle, Rembeau got the raking survey of the court crowd. A man ducked rapidly ahead of him, through the doorway, and Elsa Ballard's face was minutely scornful. On the courthouse steps Nadine Curtin overtook him.

"You," she said frankly, "are a deep and devious devil. What was that for?"

"Wasn't it plain?"

"You talk like my grandfather Mur-

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tree, who went through the sheep wars and ever afterwards spoke in parables. Well, we're all having lunch on top of the hill at Judith Graham's."

"Nadine, don't hope for any more fight from me. The old argument's played out."

She only winked and retreated. Bourke Rembeau strolled thoughtfully to the hotel. He tarried in the lobby a moment until little Simon Lent shuffled off the street and stood aimlessly beside him.

"I'll be at the Graham house," said Rembeau quietly. "The jury will have this case pretty soon."

HE WENT on up and scrubbed, and brushed his clothes. He laid the envelope containing the two tickets on the bureau and smoothed it gently with his fingers. He folded a hundred-dollar bill in with the tickets and sealed the envelope and punched the room bell. To the arriving boy, he said:

"Give this letter to Lily Dreck."

He quickly left the room. Some things were pretty personal and he didn't want to see Lily Dreck's eyes again. Climbing the hill to the Graham house he found Nadine Curtin's crowd, before him, eating a picnic lunch on the felled grass.

Nadine's voice was crisp and inquisitive; she was a little ruthless when puzzled: "You said so very little, Bourke. But you damned the case against Ray Fawl without lifting your voice. Why? He's a thief, and what are courts for?"

The men were dark, solid figures along the grass. But the women made vivid plaques in the sunlight, the bright patterns of their summer dresses lying careless against supple, indolent bodies. Elsa Ballard's broad hat deepened the inscrutability of a still and dreaming face.

"He never does a purposeless thing," she mused. "He has his own plans. Your entrance was splendid, Bourke. You spoke from the throne, in the grand manner, softly but very surely, and you walked out with the eyes of the crowd following."

Nadine Curtin's glance skewered Elsa Ballard—and moved on to Bourke Rembeau's unmoved countenance.

Harris Steele said, "What plan would you have which makes it necessary to defend a crook? I'm merely curious."

"Never ask the direct question," murmured Elsa Ballard. "It is tradition again. Silence for the overlord. Silence and fidelity to the code which only has to be whispered, as in court today, to make courts ridiculous and judges foolish. You see, Harris, this Ray Fawl once worked for Bourke. Noblesse oblige. The overlord takes care of his kind, even when they steal from him."

The rest of the crowd became mere shadows. It was Elsa and herself, rancorously fighting. Her body was relaxed against the lawn, but her eyes glowed; the girlhood blaze was there again.

He said, "Bitterness in you is also something new. You used to throw rocks for the pure pleasure of battle. Why the added venom?"

"Perhaps I nourished a faint hope."

"Of what?" he asked bluntly.

Nadine Curtin broke the brittle pause: "Harris, I told you last night generosity was no good. You will live to regret it."

"No," said Elsa Ballard. "Never, Nadine. It isn't romantic. It never was."

There was something here, but Bourke

Rembeau didn't get it. The crowd had gone silent; there was, actually, nothing more to say. Little Simon Lent was climbing the street steps, and he stopped a little way off and stood diffidently there, plainly bearing important news. Bourke Rembeau rose and put on his hat.

"We seem to grow up," he said. "Metamorphosis of one of the gang into a sagebrush tyrant. I suppose that is very true. My house has twelve bedrooms and three fireplaces and a creek to swim in. Come down some time and I'll set up the venison haunches for all of you; and maybe even find a court minstrel."

He turned, but he lingered a moment more looking down at Elsa Ballard. He said, "When you're back in Portland, Irish, think no more about it. Memories are hard to live with. Really, Steele, I congratulate you. This woman has her faults, but she's alive. If you can make her angry, she'll love you."

He went on then, joining Simon Lent. Simon said confidentially, "Jury disagreed and the judge turned Ray loose. The Cockerline boys are still at Kelly's."

They went down the slope. At the foot of the hill they swung into the main street. Kelly's was ahead, and Lon Cockerline came across the intersection, arm in arm with young Ray Fawl, who seemed heavily troubled. They disappeared inside Kelly's, and Simon Lent merely whispered, "It's a little brazen. Force, sure. The kid knows he can't back 'em."

KELLY'S had two sections, the cigar stand in front and the pool-room behind. Swinging through, Bourke Rembeau paused by the sliding doors separating the two sections. It was effective enough, this entrance. Both Cockerline looked at him as the row of pool tables, and half a dozen men stopped playing and laid down their cues. Ray Fawl suddenly showed outrage and struck away Cockerline's detaining hand and stood straight on his legs; gone grave, gone pale.

"Outside, if you please, gentlemen," said Bourke to the extra people there "You, too, Ray."

The Cockerlines remained very still while all this shifting went on. Men stood attentively in the cigar store, beyond the doors. Bourke Rembeau said, over his shoulders to little Simon Lent:

"Did you find out if those doors closed quickly?"

"What is it?" challenged Lon Cockerline, and watched Simon Lent draw the doors together.

"Either of you boys carry guns?" murmured Bourke Rembeau.

Lon Cockerline was grinning. "Would we be that kind of fools in Pendleton?"

Bourke said, "You're a clever pair and the courts won't hold you, and you figured this was the wrong year for gunplay out in the brush. That's quite right. But there's one more way left. This is strictly personal, boys."

Lon Cockerline said, in a breathing voice, "Very good, Bourke."

"When we're through here," murmured Bourke Rembeau, "your days in this particular country are done."

The pool-room doors squealed from the applied pressure of men beyond them. Lon Cockerline drew his heavy shoulders together. Kerby Cockerline seized a billiard cue, broke it across the edge of a table, and

grabbed the heavy end in his fist, without expression or comment. Bourke Rembeau sucked in a long breath and laughed at them, and swung forward. . . .

It was close to dusk, with the light at the hotel windows growing more and more smoky. Bourke Rembeau stood in the middle of the room. There was one raw welt across his cheek where Kerby Cockerline's pool butt had landed, the knuckles of his fists were scarred red. Little Simon Lent remained very still and looked at Bourke Rembeau with an expression purely beatific.

"Kerby," he said gently, "fainted on the hospital steps, and Lon's there waiting. They ain't very pretty."

"They forgot something. You can't be a first-rate bad man after you've been used to scrub up a pool-room floor. A reputation for toughness depends on bein' lucky. They weren't lucky today. They're through, Simon."

"Think they'll go?"

"A bad man can't stand bein' laughed at. They'll go."

Simon Lent's tone was like dry leaves rustling: "I been afraid some time you wouldn't call that pair, Bourke."

Bourke Rembeau's smile was thin; not bitter, but not cheerful. "Survival, of course. Everybody on the range understands it. But there'll be a lot of people in Pendleton who won't. They will say another cattleman came to town and got arrogant, and kicked a couple of men out of his way just for fun." He hauled his body around, his back to Lent. "She's very sharp—always was. And she's right. It is the end of a period. But it ended a long time ago. I should have known it. Simon, memories are hard things to live with."

"What?" said Simon Lent.

"Bring the car around. We're going back home."

Simon Lent departed. Bourke Rembeau filled a pipe, and smoke smoldered furiously out of the bowl. "Gallant cavalier comes off the prairie, and goes back again with nothing for his ride but the dust." There was a knock at his door.

"What are you so darned polite for, Simon? Come in."

ELSA BALLARD came in and closed the door behind her and put her back to it; and looked across to him. Bourke Rembeau concealed an utter astonishment behind motionless features. He said, faintly ironical, "The judge's daughter steps out of her part and visits a man's room, Irish, haven't you had enough of this?"

"I ought to have remembered you never did a purposeless thing, Bourke. I should have remembered it at the trial. Lily Dreck and Ray Fawl left an hour ago for Portland, on your two tickets, to be married. You wanted to protect them. It was the Cockerline boys you wanted to destroy—and did."

"How would you know?"

She was instantly impatient.

"Do you suppose I could let it stand, as it stood this noon at the Grahams', without a better answer? You know I hate mystery. I've got to have reasons. So I went out this afternoon and found them."

He came on until he might have touched her small, erect shoulders. The fragrance of perfume rose from her dark head.

"I can't keep this up, Irish. I've lost my taste for fighting."

She said, "Do I detect a break in the overlord's unconquerable manner?"

"Give me credit for growing up, Elsa. I know when I lose."

"What have you lost, Bourke?"

"Why did you come here?" he said.

"I could tell you now why we always fought. It was because I could never find any satisfactory place in your self-sufficient life. What else could I do but quarrel? Perhaps I've also had a bad two years."

"What of it?" he said angrily.

Her talk remained on a low, lucid tone: "Does it seem entirely accidental I should visit Pendleton the exact time a trial brought you to town? Perhaps I should like to be the overlord's wife."

"Supposing I don't want that?"

There was a little pause. He could not see the stirring shift of emotion in her eyes.

She said then, coolly, "You lie. You never could deceive me. We both know better, Bourke. We know better—now."

"Elsa," he said, rash and headlong, "this has been hell!"

"Well, Bourke"—and that phrase went upward, gay and quick—"why am I here?" . . .

Little Simon Lent, opening the door, found that something stopped its free swing. He put his head through, and he saw them there in the heavier shadows, desperately holding to each other. It was very still; it was very odd. Little Simon withdrew his head and closed the door with a labored noiselessness that was unnecessary. And he squatted on his heels in the hall and built himself a smoke—agate eyes profoundly pleased.

## The Private Who Didn't Salute

(Continued from page 43)

suddenly screamed. "Go cut your pretty little throat!"

A SOUND stage again. This time I was to take a star of silent pictures through her first talking-picture test, to discover whether her voice would register effectively on the sound track. She had learned a few lines from an old play. I was to read from the manuscript the speeches of the other characters in the play. She was then to answer with the lines she had memorized, so that her voice might be recorded for posterity.

"I understand, Miss Bradford," I read, "that you are a member of one of the old Boston families."

"Yeah," she replied sweetly. "I yam."

A STORY conference. A score of those employed by the studio had gathered in a large room to consider a story submitted for production. It was my job to read the manuscript to the assembled multitude of story experts.

"I tell you," one of the characters in the story declared, "the man is a buffoon."

A fist crashed on a huge desk and the executive in charge of production interrupted the reading.

"Justa minute, justa minute," he growled. "What's a wind storm gotta do with this pitcher?"

He was told that a buffoon is not an element that worries shipmasters at sea.

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"A clown, huh?" he inquired skeptically. "I never heard the word."

He was further informed that whether or not he had ever heard the word was unimportant, that it was nevertheless a perfectly good word, and that it could be found in the dictionary. He reached for a desk phone.

"Hello, Helen," he shouted at the operator. "Do you know what a buffoon is? . . . I thought you didn't."

He turned again to the assembled artists and regarded them scornfully.

"It's out!" he declared. "Call the guy a clown."

O. K., America!

**B**ACKWARD again through the diary. The war. An American army training camp.

Sunday afternoon. Joe Doakes, newly enlisted as a private in the ranks, proudly strolled the main company street with his best girl hooked on a protective arm.

A staff car approached. General Leonard Wood, commanding officer of the camp, was the bulky occupant of the car. Doakes looked at the ground and failed to salute his commanding officer. The brakes whined as the car skidded to a sudden stop.

"Bring that man here!" General Wood ordered his chauffeur. "He didn't salute."

Doakes stood at rigid attention before the stern figure of his superior officer.

"You failed to salute," General Wood barked. "Why?"

Doakes managed to bring forth the oldest alibi known to army records.

"Sorry, sir," he said earnestly. "I didn't see you, sir."

"That isn't so, Doakes," General Wood insisted. "I'll tell you why you didn't salute. You were with your best girl. You didn't want her to feel that you had to salute anybody. Come now, wasn't that the way it was?"

"Yessir," Doakes confessed sheepishly. A deep chuckle rumbled from the barrel-like chest of the old general.

"Here's a tip from an old soldier, Doakes," he said. "The next time you're walking through camp with your girl and you see me coming, I'll tell you what to do. You turn to your girl and you say to her, 'Watch me make the old fathead return my salute.'"

**A**N ANCIENT chateau in the lovely valley of the Loire. Exquisite tapestries hung from the high old walls. Stunning mirrors held the reflections of alien uniforms as the men of my outfit tramped across the shining wood floors.

I was ashamed that day to be an American. My fellow soldiers, it seemed to me, were utterly lacking in any proper appreciation of the beauty and tradition which surrounded us. Our guide paused for a moment to explain the particular wonders of a rare old inlaid table, and suddenly a pair of dice clattered impudently across its shining surface.

I was disgusted as we left the old chateau at twilight and I turned for a last look at the gray old pile. The soldier who had been walking beside me was the uncouth lad who had thought the lovely old inlaid table a swell layout for a crap game. He, too, paused and turned his vandal eyes back to the chateau. We were silent for a moment, and then suddenly my peevish

annoyance vanished with the sound of my companion's voice.

"Man, oh, man," he whispered reverently. "What a place to commit a romance!"

**T**he night of September 26, 1918. The road to Verdun.

Later a dugout shoveled deep into the side of a steep bank sloping sharply upwards from the road skirting the Meuse. Ten hours that shook the world. The guns were close now.

We huddled together in the dim light of the dugout. We had read about it since 1914. Well, here it was. We were silent.

My eyes met the steady gaze of the man slumped against my shoulder. We both managed crooked grins.

"Well," he said, fighting to control a break in his voice, "there's one thing. If we go out tonight, at least we know we went out in the biggest thing the world ever saw."

**L**ATER, in a patch of the Argonne woods, an "elephant back"—a corrugated-iron shelter which looked like one half of an Eskimo's igloo. The front line was only a few hundred yards away. The 77's were patrolling the woods.

There was a road a few feet in front of the elephant back. Suddenly three racing figures appeared on the road. They left their feet in a flying tackle and crashed against me as they landed head-on in the comparative security of the shelter. Faces flat against the ground, they gasped desperately for breath. Then the member of the trio farthest from me spoke.

"Eddie!" he called. "Hey, Eddie, I'm cold."

A pause.

"You're cold," Eddie commented judiciously after momentary consideration of this problem. "Listen, kid. When we clumb outta them trenches up there, you couldn't climb, and we hadda pull ya out. When them shells was ridin' our necks through the woods, ya run outta breath. Now you're cold!"

Again a pause, this time followed by Eddie's final disposition of the problem.

"Listen, kid," he said. "This is a war. You gotta be able to stand somethin'."

**T**he war over. Park Row in New York. An early lesson in the art of newspaper reporting. Damon Runyon, just about the best reporter in this currently gossip world, was the professor. Also Frank Ward O'Malley, a true genius of news, reporter for the old New York Sun.

The hour was late in the city room of the Sun. O'Malley was on his way out of the office, when the city editor called him back and asked him to take a story over the telephone from an outside reporter named Gallagher. The Sun's star reporter was annoyed with this late and unexpected assignment.

"The story doesn't amount to anything," the city editor assured O'Malley. "You can tell it in two paragraphs. You can do it in five minutes."

O'Malley entered a telephone booth. Half an hour later he emerged with notes which covered half a dozen sheets of copy paper. He hammered his typewriter for an hour, until finally the story "which didn't amount to anything" was hilariously told in words which would take up, not two

paragraphs, but two full columns of newspaper space. A routine news item, touched with the magic of O'Malley's wit, had become a great feature story. I have never forgotten the first paragraph of that yarn.

"At ten o'clock yesterday morning," the tale began, "an Englishman named Caswell Titherington got into a taxicab driven by Tim Murphy. They drove to a number of places and Caswell had several drinks. He then got into a fight with Murphy. Murphy called a patrolman named Shamus O'Brien, who took Caswell to the lockup. He was booked by a police sergeant named Patrick Flanagan. A turnkey named Aloysius Mulcahey locked him in his cell. He will be arraigned tomorrow morning before Judge Francis X. Mulvaney. This story was telephoned in to the Sun office by a reporter named Gallagher. It is written by a reporter named O'Malley. Anyone reading this story knows what a fat chance this Englishman has got."

**W**ALTER HAGEN. This thick-bodied Dutchman with sleek black hair and the clouded, masked eyes of a great gambler had the greatest fighting heart of all the athletic champions it was my privilege to know as a sports writer for the *New York World*.

The first tee of a strange course in Texas, with a gallery of 2,000 gathered to watch Hagen shoot for a state championship. The score keeper raised his hand for silence.

"Mr. Hagen," he informed the crowd, "has an announcement to make."

Hagen, bold in action, was diffident in speech.

"I have just received a wire from some business associates of mine in New York," he hesitantly explained. "They have asked me to wire them \$2,000 immediately. This puts me in an embarrassing position as I've only got a thousand spare cash with me. I thought perhaps I might bet this thousand on my game this afternoon and get the extra money I need. Would any of you gentlemen care to make a bet?"

A voice from the gallery asked Hagen how he wanted to bet.

"I'll bet a thousand," said Hagen, "that I equal the course record."

Two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of that bet was taken.

"That still leaves me \$750 shy," Hagen complained. "I'll bet the \$750 I break the course record."

A number of local gamblers rushed to grab this easy money.

"Now," said Hagen happily, "will someone tell me this: What is the course record?"

The figure, he was derisively informed, was 68. Hagen pondered the information.

"I'm going to ask a favor," he finally declared. "I've never played the course before. I'd really like to get a look at it before I try to break the record. Will you let the bet to equal the record go on the morning round and the bet to break it on the afternoon round?"

This concession was confidently granted, and on the morning round Walter collected \$250 of the \$1,000 he required, with a score of 68. In the afternoon he stood on the home green with a thirty-foot putt left for a 67 and \$750.

After his usual deliberation he settled over the ball to make the stroke. The gallery, breathless and tense, waited for



the swing of the putter. Suddenly Hagen straightened and grinned pleasantly at the ring of anxious faces around the green.

"Does anyone here," he inquired blandly, "think that I can possibly miss this putt for \$750?"

Hysterical laughter broke from the throats of the watching gallery. Again Hagen set himself over the ball and, with a smooth, unhurried stroke, sent it spinning across the green to rattle into the dead center of the waiting cup. Fifty to one was the proper odds against the shot.

**BOB JONES.** I was with him when I believe he got his greatest thrill from golf.

It was after the American Open at Inwood, Long Island, in 1923. Bob had won his first national title after a seven-year search for victory. His name was added to the small and select list of those engraved on the championship cup and he was given permanent possession of a medal.

"How does it feel," I asked him, "to be a champion?"

He looked at the cup. Rockefeller's name was not there and neither could all of Morgan's wealth have got his name cut into the dull silver of the championship trophy. Bob fingered the medal.

"You know something?" he said earnestly in reply to my question. "It's hard as hell to get one of these things."

**A** GAMBLING room in a smart casino. A tubby little man with a friendly grin hovered over the roulette table and eagerly watched the roaming ball. He was Terry McGovern. In other years he had been the great gambler of the prize ring. He had won thousands there. He had lost the thousands or had given them away in careless living, and tonight he was old and fat and broke, watching while others experienced the thrill of the gambles he loved so well to take.

Hype Igoe, boxing writer and old-time pal of McGovern's, entered the room. McGovern whispered a plea in Igoe's ear.

"I'll stake you to a dollar, Terry," Igoe answered. "No more. You know you can't beat this game, but here's a buck for your fun. Lose that and then we'll go home."

One hour later McGovern sat at the roulette table with \$5,000 in chips in front of him, the pyramided profit on an extraordinary run of luck. Igoe begged the old champion to cash in.

"Get your dough, Terry," Igoe pleaded. "You haven't had \$5,000 in years. You can be comfortable on that for a couple of years. It's a break. Grab it."

McGovern chuckled.

"Go 'way, Hype," he said. "I ain't had so much fun in years. I'm going to stick and break the bank."

Igoe didn't have the heart to stay for the finish. He left the gambling room and returned to his hotel. An hour later, as he nervously prowled the hotel veranda, a familiar jaunty whistle floated up to his ears from the street below. The whistler was Terry McGovern.

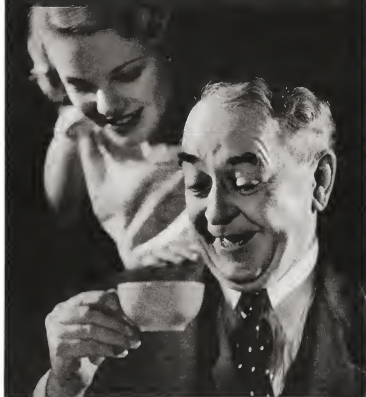
"The whistle," Igoe decided, "sounds encouraging."

He leaned over the veranda railing and called to McGovern:

"Terry, how did you wind up?"

"Not bad, Hype," the reply came, "and not good."

## "Grand coffee, Jean ... so mellow!" ★



### ★ Surprising result, as new process removes bitter caffeine



Welcome the latest discovery about coffee. Kellogg chemists perfected a way to take caffeine *out*, while leaving all the delicate flavor oils *in*. Result: a coffee actually smoother, mellow. *Miracle?* No! Just the natural effect of removing the *bitter* caffeine. Try the new Kaffee-Hag Coffee. Not only for health! But also as fine coffee. Blend of best Brazilian and Colombian coffees. Ground or in bean.



(Pronounced  
Kaffee-HAIG)

The  
DELICIOUS  
Coffee  
... that's  
97% Caffeine-free

Igoe persisted. "Come on now, Champ," he said. "Give me the low-down. How did you finish on the night?"

A chuckle, gay, mocking, defiant, drifted up through the darkness.

"O. K., mugg, if you gotta be nosey," said Terry McGovern. "I lose a buck."

A MISTY morning in June, with the early light faintly beginning to reveal the outline of scattered chimney pots on the

New York roof-tops. A nurse enters the room.

"The baby is a grand little girl," she says. "Would you like to see her?"

From the depths of a basket thick with blankets a wizened, wrinkled, red, utterly miserable little face peers up at me and screams for life. My daughter.

The room again where the nurse has delivered her message.

"That daughter of mine," a vagrant

thought assures me, "is five minutes old. That's an odd age. I never knew anyone before who was five minutes old."

Another cigarette. Then a sudden sense of panic.

"She isn't five minutes old any more," another thought brutally informs me. "Good heavens! She's thirty minutes old!"

Time roars through the quiet room at frightening speed.

Perhaps it's time to quit rolling.

## 1934's Challenge to the New Deal

(Continued from page 19)

of production and leave something over.

The fifth difficulty, disorder in national currencies, can be cured only by bringing about such a state of reasonable equilibrium in international trade and finance as will keep the various exchange rates reasonably stable with respect to each other under normal control of the traditional factors, such as interest rates and consequent movements of floating capital between centers.

If we suppose that the unemployment emergency is the most serious and the most pressing of all our difficulties, we meet at once the "conflict of diets." To restore men to work it is absolutely necessary to induce private capital to flow into permanent investment. Now, one of the principal fears which have driven capital "to the woods" is fear of the very thing, which seems to be indicated as the quickest and surest remedy for the debt-burden difficulty—that of monetary inflation. Nor is this all, for, in addition to the fear of tampering with the dollar, there is uncertainty as to the thing for which capital is invested—profits.

In the past, when recovery from depressions began it appeared first in the form of profit. As soon as this appeared, industrialists began in a cautious way to extend their operations, and employment increased correspondingly. Last of all came increase in wages of men employed.

We desire this time to increase the total volume of consumption as rapidly as possible by starting with increased employment and increased wages, and letting profit bring up the rear of the procession.

Capital today does not see it in this way, and will not venture. Moreover, even if this hurdle were surmounted there would still loom up the uncertainty on capital's part as to how it would share in the redistribution of the national income.

THUS neither the inflationary diet nor the diet of reduced rations for capital will help to cure the unemployment ailment, and the diet which will cure the unemployment ailment will not suit the debt ailment nor quickly increase the volume of consumption.

So far as the disorder and instability which characterize the international exchange rates is concerned, its removal cannot be achieved by any single action possible now to take, even were all the nations willing to take it, and no single nation can by any series of actions on its own account do very much to bring it about. Stabilization of the exchanges can

come only from a stabilization of the highly complicated relations between countries, arising from their respective domestic price and wage levels, costs of production, and from the reestablishment of more or less automatic "governors" which will tend to keep them in reasonable equilibrium. At present those relations are very much in flux. This particular ailment cannot be cured by any particular medicine. It needs (metaphorically) rest, quiet, freedom from worry—and time. There is no short cut to its cure.

Fortunately, it is not one of the really acute and pressing complications of the moment, as is unemployment. But it is a complication, and particularly because it aggravates the fears of capital—which is, next to credit, the most timorous thing in the world.

NOW, the President's plan of campaign in meeting these difficulties has for its immediate object the cure of unemployment and an increase in the volume of consumption by the people as a whole. This is the heart of NRA—work for those now idle and more wages for those now employed, so that more goods may be produced and consumed all around, with profit to come in due time. To encourage capital, he has opened (by the new codes) a way for industry and business to substitute coöperation for the former and now thoroughly discredited cutthroat competition so long actually fostered by the anti-trust laws. These codes are in this respect a most important step forward on the right road.

But, as I have suggested, the requirements of these codes in the matter of increased costs of production, coupled with the effort of NRA to prevent the cost of living from outstripping the increased consuming power of the people, seem to impinge directly upon the producer, who can see no profit for himself as a result of his operations. Thus, what NRA seems to give to capital with the right hand it seems to take away with the left—or so, at least, capital thinks.

Furthermore, dread of inflation in any form tends to accumulate capital's timidity. As there is no way in which capital which will not volunteer can be drafted either directly or indirectly for the necessary work, it would seem that removal of these two deterrent doubts is the only way to make a quick inroad upon the still existing unemployment.

But if we suppose this to be done, there remains the debt-burden problem. That can be solved only in one of two ways:

either by writing down the face value of all debts in proportion to the decline in commodity prices or by advancing commodity prices to such a level as will restore the weight of the debtor's burden to a tolerable level—that is, by money inflation. Thus far we have not considered the first way practicable; the second way conflicts with the remedy for unemployment.

Next comes the farmer's difficulty. The only way in which his special burden can be remedied quickly is to place it upon the shoulders of the entire community, as is being done, by processing taxation, giving him the necessary time to revise and restrict his production in order to relieve the markets of products which they cannot absorb. Increased taxation, however, acts as increased friction in the economic machinery and tends to slow it down.

Thus each of these three main problems by its nature tends to impede the solution of the others, so that simultaneous solution of all three is a matter of enormous difficulty. Yet it is a more or less simultaneous solution which we have seemingly attempted, and in that attempt it is to be found the explanation of the seeming halt, in the autumn of 1933, in the "recovery" which made so brilliant a start last spring.

THESE seem to me to be the "bare bones" of the matter as it stands while I write. The reader will, perhaps, regard this rough outline-map as a somewhat discouraging picture. There is, however, one great fact behind it which must be kept steadily in mind when one is tempted to doubt the ultimate success of President Roosevelt's gallant attack on the problem. That is the fact—one of the few facts, indeed, upon which economists seem to be generally agreed—that the world as a whole and the United States in particular had reached the bottom of the trough of industrial and commercial depression before we started on the New Deal.

The tremendous importance of this fact gives us a base for confidence in the future and our march to better times. Moreover, none of these difficulties is in itself insurmountable; it is the simultaneity of their presence and the conflict of their respective remedies which is the main trouble.

I will not dogmatize concerning the strategy that should be employed in fighting them, but will venture the reminder that Napoleon's successes in war were often the result of taking his enemies one at a time and defeating them separately, rather than engaging them en masse. Perhaps this might be good strategy in our war with the depression.

## Of the People . . .

(Continued from page 25)

munching their "ham-and" in full view of anybody who cares to drift along.

Likewise, the personal comfort and health of the senators are more jealously guarded than are those of their confreres in the House. I had a glance, for example, at the barber shop where senators may demand anything from a manicure to a series of treatments for falling locks, and all at the expense of the Republic.

Somebody showed me a list of articles purchased by the Senate of the Seventy-second Congress from a beauty and barber supply company. I am told that there has been considerable retrenchment in such purchases by the present Congress, but the list I saw included such items as hair driers, assorted hair tonics, vibrator equipment, razor strops, and 14 dozen boxes of shoe polish. Yes, and even six barber coats.

Another list of supplies purchased at public expense for distribution in the Senate office building, indicated that the great men did not lack ample defense against the pangs of thirst, nor simple home remedies against the fatigues of law-making. For, besides 314 cases of assorted choice drinking waters, at a total cost of \$3,092.50, the list included 1,300 headache tablets, ten gallons of witch hazel, nine pints of medicated alcohol, three pounds of soda mint tablets, four pounds of bicarbonate of soda, a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia, and five bottles of liquid antiseptic.

To keep the noble assortment of drinking waters at proper temperature, the senators used about 80,000 pounds of ice a month while they were in session.

Christmas cards? Certainly. Engraved ones for the senators. Public cost, \$250.

**B**UT perhaps the most interesting item in all the long list of comforts and conveniences for senators was this:

Fountain pens. . . . \$2,386.50.

Even as I put this entry down, I am in receipt of a communication from the Internal Revenue Service. They tell me, alas, that I neglected a sum in the computation of my income tax for last year, and that I still owe the government \$28.81. After a bit of figuring, I conclude that this is just about the amount of money required by one senator for his supply of fountain pens, and I think that the least they can do for me, when they receive my check, is to turn it over to the Gentleman from Virginia, my native state, with my best wishes for the fine writing quality and the free flow of ink in his pens this year.

Representatives, unhappily, are not allowed to buy so many useful and pleasant things out of the public funds. As far as I could learn, they even have to purchase their own headache tablets—each man for himself. Nor in their private rooms, hard by in the House office building, are they given senatorial privileges. Among the furnishings of each Senate office is a soft and inviting couch, where the occupant may relax his body and restore his soul. This boon is denied to the representative.

In basic organization the Senate and House are alike. Each has a permanent chairman, a majority leader and a minor-



## FOUR QUESTIONS TO ASK before you treat a cold

It's dangerous to *experiment* with colds. A cold, improperly treated, may lead to flu, grippé, pneumonia. Take no chances! Before you use any cold remedy, ask yourself these questions:

**1** Is it *dependable*? Vicks VapoRub has been *proved* dependable by millions. It relieves more colds yearly than any other remedy made.

**2** Is it *safe*? Vicks VapoRub is absolutely safe. It is used *externally*. There's nothing to swallow—no risks of constant

dosing which so often upsets delicate digestions.

**3** Is it *effective*? You can count on Vicks VapoRub for relief because its *direct* poultice-vapor action fights colds—where colds fight you.

**4** Is it *prompt*? Just rubbed on at bedtime, VapoRub goes right to work to relieve the cold . . . brings medication *direct* to the seat of trouble. Usually by morning, the worst of the cold is over.

**Vicks  
VapoRub**  
Original amber  
or new STAINLESS white

VapoRub's famous poultice-vapor action works all night long. Through the skin it "draws out" tightness and soreness. At the same time, its soothing medicated vapors are inhaled *direct* to irritated air-passages, bringing soothing comfort and relief! . . . Your druggist has Vicks VapoRub—in the original amber or new stainless white.

## Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL OF COLDS

Have fewer colds in your home this winter. Get rid of colds more quickly. Vicks Plan will help you do it, as it is helping millions. In medically supervised clinics, tests show that Vicks Plan materially reduced the

number and duration of colds. It cut school absences due to colds 75%. Full details of Vicks Plan, and its simple rules of health, in each package of Vicks VapoRub and Vicks Nose & Throat Drops.



To prevent many colds—to ease nasal distress—use Vicks Nose Drops



To relieve a cold—to cut its duration and severity—use Vicks VapoRub

ity leader, a majority whip and a minority whip, and each has a long list of committees. The actual accomplishment of legislation really depends upon the committees, which specialize—each according to its duties—upon a single aspect of the government problem: finance, or military defense, or agriculture, or waterways—there are many committees working away in each of the two bodies.

The only difference in the actual working out of this plan of organization is the contrast between the respective powers of the House chairman, who is the Speaker, and the Senate chairman, who is the Vice President of the United States.

The Speaker is a very important fellow, generally conceded to have an authority in government affairs second only to the President. Contrariwise, the President of the Senate (as the Vice President is called when he sits with that body) has little weight in senatorial conflicts, aside from deciding the votes, and is forced to languish in a backwash of government business.

The Speaker is a working, elected member of the body over which he rules. He is a congressman from some state, with constituents back home, and he is Speaker only because the majority of the other congressmen have chosen him for the job. Which means that whenever the notion strikes him he may come down from the rostrum to the floor and give his weight to whatever measure might interest him. The President of the Senate, however, cannot do that, because he is not a member, he is not a senator.

THE difference between Speaker and President of the Senate is purely a matter of tradition. It is not legally necessary for the Speaker to be a member of the House. Merely a custom. He could be elected by the House from the public at large, just as the Clerk, the Sergeant at Arms, and the Doorkeeper are chosen. And this opens an interesting field of speculation:

Why don't we elect our Speaker from the great party leaders? Now, for example, Al Smith could be Speaker, or Newton D. Baker, or John W. Davis. Any number of men come to mind for a job that is so important. It would be an excellent place for ex-presidents—and if it were argued that Mr. Hoover was rejected, along with his party, in the Roosevelt victory, we might remember that it is the practice in England for the leader of the minority party to sit as chairman of the House of Commons.

It seemed such a good idea that I had the temerity to mention it to a number of congressmen, but even those who were aware of the possibility (and a number were not) didn't think much of it. Only Vice President Garner agreed. He used to be Speaker himself, and now he is President of the Senate. He said he was convinced it was a fine plan, and he would try to do something about it.

A great deal of the power devolving upon the Speaker comes from the fact that all revenue bills—whether for taxation to raise money or appropriations to spend it—must originate in the House rather than in the Senate. Also, he is the most influential man when it comes to making up the committees.

Very frequently they perform a rite in the House which is likely to be mystifying

to the spectator. They change the whole session from an official national body to "The Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union." The Speaker gets down to the floor, gives his gavel to another member, and takes charge of the bills under consideration. I asked why.

"Much of the business of the House is transacted this way," a newspaperman told me. "The advantage lies in the fact that they can make their rules of procedure as they go along, being simply a committee, and hurry things up. They can limit debate, or cut it off entirely by simple majority vote. It works."

IN BOTH houses, the party leader has an extremely tough and important job. The majority leader of the Senate has about the same duties as the Speaker of the House. He is responsible for the program of events, saying what is to be taken up next in the order of business. If the two majority leaders in the two houses are of the same political party as the President, they are looked upon as the spokesmen in Congress for the White House, and consequently spend much of their time in conference with the President. In the Senate always, and usually in the House, the majority leader is the member who moves for adjournment or recess.

Naturally, the minority leaders have less responsibility for the conduct of affairs. Their rôle is that of opponent—checking the majority's steam roller until, theoretically at least, the public has had a chance to understand whatever new legislation is afoot.

The party whips have even a harder job than the leaders, though they get less credit for their labors. The title is supposed to have come down from the days of the Roman Empire, when sturdy fellows swung the lash on slaves. But it comes to us more directly from England, where the party whip has always been an important figure.

Woodrow Wilson revived the job in our Congress, after it had been allowed to sink into triviality.

The whip's chief task is to see that the members of his party are in their seats and ready to vote when an important measure comes to the issue. This is a more difficult job than it sounds. Representatives and senators, at any time of day, are scattered all over Capitol Hill, depending upon the whip to summon them at any crucial moment. They generally leave word with him where they are to be found, and when a vote is called the pages scurry, the clerks labor over telephones, the whip tears his hair.

Big delegations, like the Tammany group from New York, help the whip by having their own private whip, their own special pages. They keep these people closely informed of their movements, and as a result it is a rare thing indeed for Tammany to appear at any balloting of especial importance without a full front.

The whip has another big job. When a close vote is in prospect, he canvasses the entire membership of his party and reports to his leader just how these members may be expected to vote. Furthermore, when the time comes to ballot, he is expected to produce the votes as reported. Also, he is instrumental in working out that odd business of legislative procedure, the pairs. When one of his party is forced

to be absent on some important occasion, he hunts up the list of opponents who also must be absent. He then makes agreements with the opposing whip for a balancing of the absentee votes.

Visitors are always astounded at the zeal and activity of the Democratic whip in the Senate, J. Hamilton Lewis of Illinois. He isn't young. But he is a whip in more than a figurative sense. He actually lashes his members into their seats. He is never still. He is by all odds the busiest man on the Senate floor.

Two other interesting figures on the floor are the chaplains of the two houses. The Rev. Dr. Ze Barney T. Phillips is chaplain of the Senate and the Rev. Dr. James Shera Montgomery is chaplain of the House. Both have big churches in the city. The salary for each for his official duties is \$1,680 a year. Their duties are identical in theory—to open each legislative day with an invocation to Heaven for its blessing—but it turns out that Dr. Montgomery prays in the House much oftener than Dr. Phillips prays in the Senate.

The House goes into a new legislative day at noon of each day it is in session, and, therefore, Dr. Montgomery prays every day. On the other hand, the Senate has an arrangement by which it frequently "recesses" at the end of a day, instead of adjourning, and so the following day is not a new legislative day at all, merely an extension of yesterday. When this happens, Dr. Phillips is duly notified, and does not appear. It often happens that a legislative day in the Senate lasts for a week or more.

I found out that I probably would never see the President on Capitol Hill. Rarely—as when Wilson demanded our entry into the World War and when he delivered his annual messages to Congress—does a President come from the White House to make a speech in person. When he does, he goes first to the President's Room, just off the Senate Chamber. It is perhaps the most beautiful room in the whole Capitol building. Ordinarily it is used as a meeting place for senators and newspapermen.

Washington, Adams, and Wilson were the only presidents to deliver their messages in person at the outset of a new Congress. Jefferson sent his by messenger, to be read, and that practice has been the usual custom ever since. It pleases the Congressmen. As a rule they do not want the President in their domain, and they have not the least hesitancy in saying so.

AFTER the President's Room, the finest chamber in the building is the Senate cloakroom where, the tales tell, so many grave issues have been settled over cigars. I couldn't go there during session. Nobody is allowed to do that. And so I can't report on either the cigars or the settlement of issues. But it is an easy, hospitable place. Ample size. Thick carpets. Soft lights. Dark wood paneling on the walls, and deep sofas, deep cushioned chairs, all covered with fine red leather.

The House members have no such retreat. Their cloakroom is chiefly a cloakroom, i. e., a place to hang up coats and hats. But I was reassured as to their need for more easy quarters. Because of their large membership and the much closer bonds of party control in the House, representatives do little bargaining among themselves as individuals. The bargaining

is done by committee heads, by party leaders, and the ordinary representative is inclined to abide by the outcome.

Socially, representatives hardly exist in Washington. Few of them have the money for much gallivanting. Most of them have to be extremely economical, since they have to maintain homes in their own states, and in all those dingy little hotels that surround the Capitol the lobbies are crowded with provincial statesmen.

Senators, on the contrary, are more than likely to have private means. They get about. And since they alone, representatives never, have dealings regarding treaties and foreign policies, they are invited to diplomatic parties, to the embassies and the legations. Only a few of the real leaders in either house are invited to the official functions of the President or to the little chats over breakfast in the White House.

So much, then, for my visit to the scenes of government. Another time I shall go back again. I want to look at the 5,000 chief clerks who go on with their papers, administration after administration, unperturbed by shifting political fortunes. I want to go into the Department of State, and see what they do there—the Department of the Treasury and the Bureau of Engraving. Even so, I am past the primary grade. And it is all extraordinary enough to make me want to go on into Grade 2.

## Glamour

(Continued from page 38)

about. You're not so—so damn' young as most of 'em."

Nancy suppressed a giggle with a great effort. This was fun!

"No," her voice was scarcely more than a whisper; "no, I'm—not so young."

"I didn't mean that." Roger Allen sounded slightly uncomfortable. "I meant—well, most girls are such nuts. I mean they rush around and act about three years old or something. Now, I like a girl with some sense, some dignity, some—well, I like a girl that acts sort of older—" His voice trailed off uncertainly.

Nancy said intensely, "But youth is so—so fleeting, somehow. They should enjoy it. In such a little while everything is changed."

"But you're not old," he insisted. "Why, you couldn't make me believe that!"

"Don't believe it," said Nancy in a little pleading tone. "I'm not old-to-night. I am young—I am care-free." . . .

"Let's," said Roger Allen solemnly—"let's never go in. Let's pretend this is the end of everything."

"This is the end," said Nancy thrillingly. "Just tonight and then—nothing. We will never see each other. We will be just two voices that spoke in the darkness. But—I won't forget—"

"Forget?" Roger Allen sounded aghast. "Forget? Why, I couldn't. This is the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me—ever! Only—you must be more than just a voice."

"No," said Nancy wistfully, but positively, too. "This way is better. Just—two voices. You will never know whether I'm young or old, beautiful or—ugly—"

"But I do know," said Roger Allen

# Why You Have ACID INDIGESTION

And a Great New  
Advance in  
Relieving Fussy Stomachs

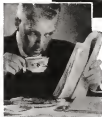
THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.



## Quick, Safe Relief

A splendid way to relieve the distressing symptoms of acid indigestion is to munch 3 or 4 of the new antacid mints, called TUMS, after meals. TUMS have a distinct advantage over older methods. They contain an antacid which is neither acid nor alkali except in the presence of acid. This element acts as what scientists call a *buffer*—it neutralizes excess acid but never over-alkalizes the stomach. When the acid conditions are corrected, if there is any excess of TUMS it passes on undissolved and inert, and without having to go through the blood and kidneys. Unlike raw, caustic alkalies, TUMS soothe the stomach, instead of irritating it.

When mistakes in eating, drinking, excess smoking, cause your stomach to



Hurried meals, nervous strain, wrong eating habits are frequent causes of acid indigestion.

pour out too much acid, try TUMS. You will find them very pleasing, just like eating a dainty candy. They work so quickly to relieve the annoying heartburn, sour stomach, gas, bloating, and are harmless.

## Eat Favorite Foods

You'll find you can eat many favorite foods without bad after-effects. Or when you're not feeling just right, try eating 2 or 3 TUMS. You may be surprised at the difference they make. TUMS come in small rolls convenient for pocket or purse, so you can always have them handy for quick relief. You will find them in any drug store—only 10 cents. (TUMS contain no soda.)

Free

Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of TUMS—Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. ACC-17, St. Louis, Mo.



# TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE  
ANTACID  
NOT A LAXATIVE



firmly. "You are beautiful. Why, you've got the nicest voice I've ever heard." Suddenly he broke off as though struck by some horrible thought. When he spoke again his voice was almost pleading. "You're—not married?"

"Don't," said Nancy huskily. "What does anything matter tonight?"

"Then—you are married," said Roger Allen. "But—you're not happy?" For a moment there was silence. "I'm—sorry I said anything. Forget it, won't you, please?"

"I have forgotten it," said Nancy softly, understandingly.

For a moment she felt aching, chokingly sorry for herself, as though she were married, as though she were really unhappy. Maybe, she reflected with a little thrill of pity, Elaine felt like this. Why, this might almost have been Elaine, sitting here talking. Poor Elaine . . . but no, Pete was too good an egg to make anyone as unhappy as she felt at that particular second, thought Nancy sensibly.

"YOU'RE wonderful," said Roger Allen softly. His hand found hers in the friendly dark, pressed it. "And—I must see you—really know you. Let's go in—"

"No—" there was the tiniest note of panic in Nancy's voice. That wouldn't do at all! Why, she'd be perfectly ridiculous. "No, you mustn't ever see me. Promise me that you won't try to follow me—" "But"—Roger Allen sounded aggrieved—"but I want to know you. I want more to remember than just—a voice. Why, I don't even know your name."

Nancy considered. After all, if a name would keep him from following her in—she thought hard for a minute. It would have to be an awfully romantic name. Nancy had always thought that "Elaine" was the most romantic name imaginable. It was just the sort of name a mysterious lady of the darkness should have. And there'd be no way he could find out. . . .

"If I tell you my name, my first name, will you let me go?" Nancy's voice was breathless, pleading. "Because you mustn't ever know anything more about me than that. You—you don't want to make me—any unhappier, do you?"

"No. No, of course not," Roger said contritely. "I wouldn't make you unhappy for anything. Tell me your name."

"And—you'll wait till I've gone?"

"As long as you say," he told her. "What is your name?"

"Elaine," breathed Nancy. It sounded quite perfect. It was exactly fitting.

"Elaine," repeated Roger Allen wonderingly, as though he, too, was impressed with the utter perfection of that name. "It's—it's a lovely name."

"Thank you," said Nancy, getting up. "And—you'll wait quite a long while? I'll—always remember this. Good-by."

She sped along the path to the clubhouse, still oppressed by that curious sense of unhappiness. She felt actually sorry she wasn't all that she'd led Roger Allen to suppose. It would have been so infinitely more romantic than being Nancy Cole, and seventeen, and disgustingly contented with life.

All the rest of the evening was anticlimax. Even when she was introduced to Roger Allen later on, Nancy was strangely quiet, not at all her usual glib self. And during both the dances when he cut in on

her, she hadn't a word to say—it seemed safer, somehow.

Nancy slept late the following morning. When she wandered down to breakfast she found Elaine, in vivid scarlet pajamas and a black coolie coat, drinking coffee and eating paper-thin toast and looking a little brighter.

"Cheerio," Nancy saluted her carelessly and dropped into a chair.

She had finished her orange juice and had poured herself some coffee and put some bread in the toaster, when Elaine looked over with a little Mona Lisa-ish smile and said, "Observe the ovation?"

Nancy said, "Huh?" and looked around. On the side table was a vase filled with long-stemmed, dewy-fresh yellow roses. She raised her eyebrows inquiringly. "Yours? Is Pete saying it with flowers?"

"My dear"—Elaine sounded reproachful—"nothing so ordinary as a husband sent those. It's a mysterious, unknown admirer."

Nancy choked slightly over her coffee. There was something vaguely familiar about those words . . . mysterious . . . unknown. . . .

She set her cup down carefully. "Are you kidding? Who sent 'em?"

Elaine shrugged. Her eyes were fixed broodingly on the pale yellow flowers. "How should I know? It's my fatal lure. They came this morning. No message. No card. Nothing. Weird, isn't it?"

Nancy felt very funny indeed. She swallowed with difficulty. It was even more weird than Elaine imagined. How could he possibly have discovered who Elaine was? It was uncanny—and annoying, too. Why, those roses were hers; they had been meant for her—but she couldn't very well claim them. Not without a very detailed explanation; and Nancy just couldn't imagine making that explanation to Elaine.

"Your toast!" Elaine's voice broke in upon her thoughts rudely. "It's burned to a crisp. Why don't you watch what you're doing?"

She sniffed distastefully at the acrid odor. Finishing her coffee hastily, she rose and picked up the vase of flowers and went up to her room with them.

Nancy removed the burned toast absently and finished her own coffee. She wasn't hungry any more. It wasn't fair . . . her very own roses. Unknown admirer, indeed. The conceit of that Elaine! Nancy sniffed delicately. Still, perhaps, this was no more than she deserved, fooling Roger Allen like that. She sat for quite a long time, lost in thought. Well, it seemed a shame, but the only way out that she could see was to make him forget that glamorous enchantress promptly! It was queer, in a way, being your own rival. . . .

ELAINE grew more irritable as the days went on. Nancy suspected shrewdly that she had counted on Pete's coming for her long before this. She had been at home over a week now. Nancy sighed, more or less resignedly. She, too, wished that Pete would hurry up and weaken. Even the frequent floral offerings from the mysterious admirer weren't enough to keep Elaine cheerful any more.

As for Roger Allen, Nancy sighed again at the mere thought. She'd had three dates with him. Once they had gone to a movie, once to a dance, and once just for a long, thrilling ride by moonlight. He was

so sweet—and so exasperating. At the movies he had been silent and serious, and at the dance he had disappeared every now and then, and Nancy knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that he had gone out to the little hidden bench to see whether or not a mysterious, glamorous figure might be there again. Of course, he came back from these excursions almost immediately and treated Nancy with polite attention—but it was decidedly far from satisfactory.

And then, when he asked her to go riding, Nancy had felt that surely, surely he was going to start liking her a little better at last. She had even dared to hope that that dim, enthralling memory was beginning to fade a little—and what had he done? He had talked the whole time about how utterly fascinating he thought Older Women were, women who had lived and suffered. Nancy had been tempted to tell him then—but it would be too simply awful if he hated her for it; and he might. Men were so funny about things like that. And then the ghastly, the abominable thought had occurred to her that perhaps he was merely dating her in the hope of catching a glimpse of her sister! Up until then she had cherished the hope that he did like her a little bit—but with the realization of the true state of affairs, even that forlorn hope departed.

THE next two times he called she had given Mother say she wasn't home. Better to give him up at once, sever things at one clean stroke than to go on being a stop-gap, a second-best . . . she couldn't bear that. And every couple of days a new floral offering arrived and Elaine sniffed at it negligently and went back to brooding over Pete. It was all so futile.

And then one day Nancy happened to answer the phone, herself, and the sound of Roger's voice was so dear and so familiar when he said accusingly, "Woman, you've been avoiding me. What did I do?" that she couldn't force herself to be cold and distant.

"How about Saturday night?" Roger wanted to know. "Going to the dance with me?"

Nancy said softly, "You're so masterful—how can I help myself?"

"Attagirl," said Roger, quite as though he meant it.

All the rest of the morning she felt cheered, and then, at one o'clock, a familiar long green box appeared. . . . Things, decided Nancy desperately, had gone far enough. She went upstairs and got her purse and powdered her nose and went out, slamming the door purposefully behind her. When she returned from downtown an hour later she looked, inexplicably, happier.

Pete arrived at five o'clock, just as Elaine had, and Nancy, who was in the living-room once more, poked her head out the door inquiringly and beamed at him.

"Well, it's darn' near time," she greeted him. "We've been looking for you for weeks."

Pete looked rather drawn and tired and haggard. Pete ignored her banter completely. He said, "Where is she, Nance?"

But before she could answer there was the sound of an upstairs door opening, followed by a quick rush of footsteps along the hall and a little touching cry that was somehow glad and mad and tearful all at



once; and Elaine was halfway down the stairs and Pete was halfway up, and they sort of melted together in a long embrace. . . . Nancy gulped and blinked her eyes very fast, and then she went back into the living-room and minded her own business for quite a long time.

Later, while Elaine was busy packing and Mother was blissfully helping her, Nancy managed to corner a blithesome Pete and speak to him very firmly, indeed. After all, love is a wonderful thing and Nancy was a staunch believer in it but—in this world a girl has to look out for herself.

Nancy said, "Listen, Pete—you didn't mention her wire, did you?"

Pete looked slightly surprised. "Why—now you mention it, I don't believe I did. But what do you know about Elaine's wire?"

"Plenty," said Nancy succinctly. "It cost me a dollar forty-six, to be exact."

Pete wrinkled his brow and rubbed his chin reflectively. Presently he seemed to have digested that. "You sent that wire?"

Nancy nodded. "If I hadn't she'd have gone into a decline before now, Pete; she's been mooning around like nothing human. And both of you are so darn' stiff-necked—I just took pity on you. I signed her name because I knew you wouldn't come unless you thought she'd given in."

"I probably wouldn't," admitted Pete with a little sheepish grin; "at least not for a few more days. But—I'm glad you did it, Nance. As for the dollar forty-six—"

He gave her a bill. Nancy beamed at him. "Pete, you're a sweet guy—I just couldn't let you get out of the family. Twenty dollars will get me the very pair of evening sandals I've been yearning for. Some day I'll do something handsome for you."

"You have," said Pete fervently.

A LITTLE later, when Mother came downstairs, Nancy, with an expression of sweet, sisterly interest transfiguring her face, went up. Elaine, looking quite radiant, was just finishing packing her last bag. Nancy indicated the American Beauties on the chest of drawers with a little expressive movement of her head.

"Did you tell Pete," she inquired casually, "about the mysterious unknown?"

Elaine flushed slightly. "Why—why, no, I didn't. That is, Pete asked who sent them and I—I sort of intimated that they were yours and—you just put them in here to brighten things up. You don't mind?"

"Well," Nancy appeared to consider the matter, "I don't especially mind—still—"

"But surely you see I couldn't go into all that now," said Elaine ingratulatingly. "And—Pete mighty not exactly like the idea—"

"No-o," Nancy admitted reflectively; "I can see that he mightn't." Her eyes wandered longingly toward the little jewel case in the top of the only open suitcase. "Only—Elaine, d'you wear those topaz earrings very often?"

When Roger Allen had called for Nancy the following night and had helped her carefully into his roadster, he did not immediately drive on. Instead, he spoke in a rather hesitant voice:

"Uh—Nancy, there's something I have to tell you. Maybe you won't like it but—"

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3. Where should the funeral be held?
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5. What are the funeral director's responsibilities?
6. How much should the funeral cost?
7. How may the quality and value of the casket be definitely determined?

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you tried to fool me, too, so you haven't any right to be really sore. You see, I—I've been sending flowers to your sister as a—sort of a joke on you—for stringing me along the way you did."

"Stringing you—?—" Nancy sounded dumfounded.

"You know what I mean," said Roger Allen firmly. "As if I didn't know who you were all the time! I ought to, when I followed you that night you rushed away from the dance all alone. I wasn't ten feet behind you."

Nancy said, "Oh," weakly.

"So, anyway," Roger went on in a rather apologetic tone, "I thought I'd teach you a lesson. When I found out you had a sister Elaine I sent her flowers. And when I dated you I kidded you along about it, too. But when you wouldn't come to the phone I realized that it had gone far enough. You—aren't mad at me, are you, Nancy?"

Nancy appeared to consider the matter. She toyed idly with a dangling topaz earring; she rubbed the toe of one glittering

sandal thoughtfully against the heel of the other one; she observed the look of humble pleading in Roger Allen's adoring eyes; and finally she reached a decision.

The smile she flashed upon him was positively dazzling, and she tucked one hand humbly under his arm, but her tone was admonitory: "Well, I'll forgive you this time because it's a first offense. But in the future you be careful—a little mystery is all right but it's pretty dangerous stuff to play around with!"

## Behind the Guns of Crime

(Continued from page 13)

for \$100,000 each were stolen in New York. The underground railway got into action. The crook was directed to an attorney in a Southern city, who directed him in turn to a bank vice president. The banker sent out from his private offices for sufficient cash to buy the bonds at 95 cents on the dollar—and placed the bonds among the bank's assets. One of the bonds was eventually deposited as security for county funds on deposit in that bank.

The banker, at the trial which resulted in his conviction, contended that the transaction was perfectly legitimate. But the prosecuting officials called attention to the fact that the banker paid for the bonds with cash instead of with the customary check; also, that the crook, before calling at the bank, had offered the bonds to fences for 60 cents on the dollar; also, that banks don't usually buy a half-million in bonds from someone they don't know.

I can name several cities which today are important centers for the "shoving" of "hot" bonds and money, and so can any well-informed police official. How does a city get that way? Well, some fence starts business there with wide "connections." Immediately word goes out through crookdom. Other fences settle in the community. In a short time, a center of criminal activities is established.

HOW swiftly such word can travel was demonstrated to me when I met a gambler on a train. I had known him in a far Western city. I asked him if he was going there.

"No," he said; "I'm laying off that town—it's hot. There's a big investigation on—won't be anything running until a week from Monday. Big Eddie, the No. 1 guy there, figures to keep the lid clamped down until after the grand jury adjourns."

"So?" I asked. "When did they turn on the heat?"

"Yesterday," said the gambler.

We were 2,000 miles from that particular city. Eastern newspapers had carried nothing about the investigation. Only twenty-four hours had elapsed. Yet this gambler knew all about it. The information had gone out over the leased wires which serve the race track gambling poolrooms, telling what had happened, who was responsible, and how long to stay away. Incidentally, I was in that city on the Monday following the grand jury adjournment. Promptly on time, in accordance with advance announcement, the games and gaff joints opened up again, and the town was no longer "hot."

There was a time when this passing of information was a haphazard affair. That was in the days when crime was localized. All that is changed now—crooks move from place to place in speedy automobiles and by airplanes; swiftness of transportation and communication has broadened their field of activity.

Prohibition brought about the tightly knit criminal organization that exists in this country today. Before prohibition, crime was sporadic, poorly planned, every fellow for himself. But with the vast amassing of information which came through prohibition, criminal elements were welded, until now the paths of crime are nation-wide.

Bootlegging also brought many highly intelligent, well-educated persons into crime. These are the men who today are applying to all manner of "rackets" the ideas of organization used in evading prohibition.

Much was printed recently about a gang supposed to contain typical old-time Western desperadoes led by Harvey Bailey, the convicted Urschel kidnapper. Instead, they are typical of the present-day efficiency of organized crime. They got their start as small-time bootleggers. They worked up in the booze racket, but quit when the profits began to wane, and took up bank robbery, kidnapping, and other major crimes.

They carried with them into the newer fields all the information which bootlegging had given them.

Once, the ordinary crook bought his own gun. Now he steals it from the United States Government. Hardly a month passes without a National Guard armory being robbed of a dozen or so United States Army .45 caliber automatic pistols. They are found in the hands of dead gangsters in New York, St. Paul, Kansas City, Hot Springs, Ark., San Francisco, Los Angeles, and elsewhere. Here, again, the underground railway carries its load of information; the telegraph sings with the news that it's easier and simpler to get one's "rod" from the Government than to buy it where a record may be kept. A flagrant case was that of the Barrow brothers.

LAST spring, Marvin Ivan (Buck) Barrow went free from the Texas Penitentiary as a result of a so-called sympathetic pardon. He immediately joined his brother Clyde and two women. One of their first actions was to kick in a government arsenal in Oklahoma, from which they stole four automatic rifles, a bushel basketful of automatic pistols, and enough ammunition

to supply fifty men. Then they started forth on a summer of robbery and murder.

They killed a constable and detective in Joplin, Mo., and wounded three other officers who surrounded them in Platte City, Mo. Near Des Moines, they were again surrounded. Other officers were wounded and Clyde Barrow was killed. One woman was captured and taken to Jefferson City, Mo., to serve a ten-year term. Marvin Barrow and the other, according to officers, were wounded. But they got away.

And what became of them? They crawled bleeding into an automobile for a get-away. Did they die in some out-of-the-way place like hunted beasts? Or did they know just where to go—some retreat where there were medical care, food, clothing, persons to shield them?

The very fact that they had stolen a bushel basketful of automatics would tend to support the latter theory. They got those guns for a purpose—to pay off debts along crime's underground railway, and they were sure that officials of the underground crime railway would care for them until they were well again.

REPEAL of prohibition will not end the system. It is thoroughly buttressed by a decade of experiment and progress. In fact, repeal may make conditions worse, just as the dying profits of prohibition brought about the recent wave of kidnappings and big stick-ups.

Today there are many cities in which unscrupulous or cowardly police are willing to bargain with crooks. Police heads in such communities have made truces with crookdom, whereby the crook promises not to pull any jobs in the town, in return for which the police promise not to molest him or to answer pleas of the police of other cities who may want him. Thus the town becomes a haven where a crook can be safe unless some detective from another city comes in and insists upon his arrest.

Nothing in my investigation indicates that police departments have any greater percentage of crookedness than other lines of endeavor. It simply counts for more there, and the crook plans on it. And yet figures tend to show that at least 7 per cent of law-enforcement officers are not only crooked, but possess criminal records. The United States Civil Service Commission, which in 1929 began fingerprinting its applicants, found that out of every 13 applicants one was a criminal. There were men who had served terms for murder, arson, mayhem, robbery, grand and petty larceny, perjury, bigamy, and almost

every other crime on the calendar. Last year Los Angeles made a test fingerprinting of 87 police applicants. Seven out of the 87 had criminal records. And there is a reason for such records.

I sat at the entrance to a circus in a large American city recently. Every few minutes one of the city policemen assigned to the show would come anxiously to the door and ask if "Johnny" had come yet. "Johnny," political boss of the city, had said he was going to attend the circus. He is now, by the way, under indictment by a Federal grand jury on a charge of evading income taxes—after efforts to get him on charges of bootlegging and racketeering had failed.

I was with a city detective. One by one, as the cops asked the solicitous question, the detective remarked:

"Johnny made him a sergeant," or "Johnny put him on the force," or "Johnny lifted him from a beat to the lieutenant."

Enlarge the scene. Take in a score or twosome of big towns in America. Paint the same kind of picture—for the same picture does exist elsewhere. Then figure out for yourself why it is hard to break up nationalized crime without the aid of a Federal non-political body, a national fight against national crookdom.

Since the enactment, about eighteen months ago, of the so-called Lindbergh kidnapping law, there have been 15 cases in which the Federal government either had charge or worked in cooperation with local or state police. Not one of those 15 kidnapping cases, ranging from New York to Denver, Colo., remains unsolved. As I write, 43 persons have been convicted and 32 other persons await trial. Such effectiveness comes from the fact that Government agents can laugh at local, state, and even national politicians who seek to interfere with their efforts. They move about without regard to state lines. No "Johnny" has lifted them from patrolman to lieutenant, with the power to break them again.

**B**UT to get back to the underground railway and its information system: Let me tell you about a gang of bandits, known as the Fleagle Gang—all since killed or hanged—who held up a bank in Lamar, Colo. There was a gun battle; a member of the gang, Howard L. Royston, was shot in the jaw. Their headquarters were on a ranch near Garden City, Kans. But, with Royston dangerously wounded, they could not stay there. Royston, requiring more expert treatment than the average crooked surgeon could give him, was driven across Nebraska and into Minnesota, to St. Paul. There a skilled surgeon patched him up.

The fact that there are doctors who forget their ethics for a fee is bad enough. But the dangerous part is that crookdom knows exactly where and how to find them.

Even prison escapes are arranged these days with nice precision. Consider this: A group of prisoners seeking to escape from Leavenworth Penitentiary in Kansas arranged, through the resources of the underground railway, to have guns and dynamite shipped into the prison in a barrel of paste for the shoe factory. Their accomplices even sent them code telegrams telling them of the progress of the plot!

A fellow convict, Harold Fontaine, on being released, was told by the plotters to

get in touch with three big-time crooks who had escaped some time before. Now, officers of the United States Division of Investigation were working day and night in a vain effort to find these three fugitives, and were assisted by police from a dozen cities. Yet seven crooks cut off from the world in Leavenworth Penitentiary knew exactly how to reach them! Fontaine had no difficulty whatever in locating them through a Chicago resort keeper and a system of "forwarding addresses." The contact established, progress was reported in this code telegram sent into the prison to Stanley Brown, one of the seven convicts seeking escape:

"Mother and I are well. I will leave next week." The telegram was signed "Mrs. Brown."

**T**HE paste was bought under an assumed name from the manufacturer. Then, from another source, a barrel was obtained. This was painted and labeled to resemble similar barrels sent regularly to the prison. Somebody did that painting. Somebody affixed the label—an expert job. The criminals to whom Fontaine appealed knew exactly where to go to get the men for each job. Then a vulcanizing job was done, to enclose in an automobile inner tube seven revolvers and sixteen sticks of dynamite. Again they knew where to go.

Remember that these three were hunted men, and thus constricted in their movements. They could offer no references nor persuade reputable persons that they were putting guns in rubber tires merely as an experiment, or buying dynamite to blow up stumps on the old farm. But they had no difficulty. Again they sent a telegram to a convict in Leavenworth:

"Aunt Emma very ill. Leaving St. Louis tonight."

Aunt Emma was the barrel of shoe paste. On its arrival at the penitentiary, a convict plotter on the freight dock recognized it. Telegrams had announced its coming. Secret markings shouted its contents to him. He placed it to one side until he could distribute the guns.

Shortly after that, seven desperate convicts kidnapped the warden and his entire office force and broke out of the penitentiary. Each was bound for a specific destination along crime's underground railway, some resort where he would be cared for and given money and clothing.

Had it not been for one small detail which the convicts overlooked, the plot might have been completely successful. They had planned to take the warden with them and use his car for the get-away. But the warden kept his car locked and the keys in an inaccessible place. That was their undoing. Other cars had to be commandeered. Time was lost, allowing posers to form, with the result that three of the fugitives were surrounded in a farmhouse and killed themselves rather than surrender and the other four were recaptured. It was only one failure in an underground business of many successes, and the underground railway was not responsible for the failure. Every detail of the plot had been thoroughly and efficiently managed.

I have mentioned resorts—and by resorts I mean anything from the hide-away of an old ex-convict, outside a city, to playgrounds like Miami and Saratoga. The crooks patronize the best hotels, follow the playgrounds, these days. They

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THE SECRET OF LASTING BEAUTY

will be found mingling with the crowds at Atlantic City, Pebble Beach, or Tia Juana.

In one of our biggest cities, four murderers at one time were associating with business and professional men on a fashionable golf course. Naturally there came the question of how they got there. Again, prohibition entered. Their best friend was a man of good family, who had turned bootlegger and who had recently finished a term in the penitentiary for the traffic. Many of his old friends clung to him, despite his bootlegging. So he introduced the newly arrived criminals, one by one, to his respectable friends. The new arrivals spoke good English and gave no indication that murder and bank robbery were their specialties. They were invited to good clubs.

The incident is repeated and repeated throughout America. Two escaped prisoners from Leavenworth actually were captured on another exclusive golf course. They said they had played golf at clubs in practically every city they visited.

Two gangsters were killed not long ago in a mid-Western city. The most surprised persons were the hard-boiled newspapermen who covered the case. They had known the pair as men-about-town, golfers, and sportsmen. Yet there were smoking United States Army automatics which the two had dropped when, caught in the commission of a murder, they had been shot down with a sawed-off shotgun in the hands of a fearless sheriff.

Perhaps I can help make my point with the case of Neil McConlogue, a mild-mannered, youngish man of poetic mien and gentle ways. He is the author of one of the most beautiful of all Mother's Day poems. But he is a crook.

He tried to embezzle money from a man who had befriended him. He left a trail of bad checks from one end of the country to the other. He impersonated Federal officers. He has done time in Rhode Island State Prison, Atlanta Federal Prison, San Quentin, for everything from false pretenses and forgery to grand larceny. He even practiced the ghoulish art of stealing from the grieving relatives of dead persons, telling them that he was an old friend of the departed one. Yet every Mother's Day thousands of mothers sigh to the lilt of his sentimental verses.

ONE case which I investigated contained practically every phase of the underground railway: its grapevine telegraph, its transportation facilities, its helpfulness to those who ride its rails. This is the life and death of Frank Nash, to whom the underworld rallied in time of trouble, only to slaughter him accidentally in what is now known as the Kansas City Massacre.

Nash was a fugitive from a Federal prison, having escaped while serving a 25-year sentence on a mail robbery charge. Previously he had been twice pardoned, once after a life sentence for murder and once after a 25-year sentence for robbery. At the time of his escape he had served a total of less than 13 years on the three sentences.

Immediately this murderer, this bank bandit, this mail robber, had his hair dyed and bought a toupée. He underwent a facial operation by a plastic surgeon which so altered the shape of his nose as to change his appearance entirely. But no one re-

## You'd Be Surprised—



AT Winchester, Mass., John T. Russell recovered a golf ball and a two-pound rainbow trout at the same time. He sliced a second shot on the eighteenth hole, and his ball landed in a brook on the course, killing the trout.

MOTORCAR racing is tough enough at any time, but for Tommy Milton, holder of 50 or so world's speed records, its hazards are multiplied. Milton is totally blind in one eye. Although he memorizes eye-test charts to pass racing requirements, he also has to be able to "blind race" the tracks. Once, while traveling almost 100 miles an hour, a cinder flew into his good eye. Entirely blinded, he relied on his racing sense and got down into the apron without killing himself or any of the other riders.

THE little fellows who hunch themselves upon the backs of racing horses fare pretty well—when there is racing to be done. They usually ride about five out of eight daily races and are paid a straight fee of \$10 for each race. The average rider makes between \$150 and \$300 a week. For each victory he gets \$25. Contract riders get higher wages, and winners of large stakes get an extra bonus. If you have a short, lightweight son of about 16, you might get him a job on a horse.

FOOTBALL is the oldest sport known. It dates back more than 2,500 years. There is controversy as to whether it originated in Athens or in Rome. The Greeks had a name for it—"sphendia." The Romans called it "harpastum." Centuries later England called it "rugby." Still later America called it "football"—possibly because it is less football than anything else.

NIGHT baseball has been the father of many unusual happenings on the baseball diamond, but this business of two batters following each other on different days is too much. In the Central Jersey League one player batted at 11:58 and the man following him took his place at 12:01.

AND night games do a few things to football, too. There is the instance of Herbert Duwe, University of Arizona, who ran 60 yards for a touchdown and nobody saw him do it—the lights went out just as he received the ball.

THE game of golf has been making the ladies get out and work. In 1914 feminine golf competitors could shoot around a 100 and get away with it. By 1932, an 89 wasn't good enough, and now the medalists must dip into the high 70's. All of which means that the ladies will have to be considered when the gents get to bragging about their scores.

IN a wrestling bout at Evansville, Ind., Joe Savoldi and Lou Plummer collided head-on in the middle of the ring with a resounding crash, knocking both men senseless. Some seconds later Savoldi recovered sufficiently to fall on Plummer for the deciding fall.

ported that an unprepossessing man of 42, with no apparent reason for so doing, had done those things.

At first he made his headquarters at an inn outside Chicago, listed in official records as being an important way station on the underground. Once the word traveled along the grapevine telegraph that Frank Nash could be found at the inn, crooks and criminals from all parts of America dropped by to talk things over with him. Soon he was pulling bank robberies again, moving about the country. At last he gravitated to Hot Springs, Ark., to take the baths, play golf, and sport about a bit.

By this time Nash had plenty of money. He gambled at various joints and played the horses in the pool-rooms, apparently indifferent to the possibility of his arrest as an escaped prisoner. And, it should be pointed out, by this time Frank Nash was wanted for more than a mere escape. He had helped smuggle those guns and dynamite in that barrel of shoe paste into Leavenworth Penitentiary. He had also helped to arrange the Lansing (Kans.) Prison escape on last Memorial Day, when Harvey Bailey went through the gate with five other life-timers, the jail delivery predicted days before with this telegram sent to the wife of a convict:

"Expect to cut hay on the thirtieth. Have purchased six cows for delivery at Pitcher."

Nash's part in the job of "cutting hay" had been to arrange for the hide-out of the "six cows" on the farm of an ex-convict near Pitcher, Okla.

NEWS of Nash's activities drifted many miles away to the United States Division of Investigation, and one day last summer F. J. Lackey and Frank Smith, special agents, and Otto Reed, chief of police of McAlester, Okla., drove into Hot Springs.

Now, the common method in making a Federal arrest is to ask the assistance of the local police. But, in this case, not only was that procedure done away with, but an officer from an outside state was taken along as an aid. Why was this done? The Government will make no explanation. The Hot Springs police force asserts its surprise at the action and lets it go at that. However, elements in Hot Springs fighting the present local administration insist that the course was followed because the Government agents wanted to be sure to get their man, wanted no "tip-off."

Whether Frank Nash was protected in Hot Springs, I do not know. The fact remains, however, that Federal officers drove straight to a pool-room, in front of which Nash stood talking with friends. They surrounded Nash, arrested him, and put him in the front seat of the car, handcuffing him.

All this, as well as what followed, is a matter of grand jury evidence and is also a part of the records of the Kansas City, Mo., police department and of the prosecutor's office of Jackson County, Mo. In that evidence is a clear picture of the way crime's underground railway works, in a pinch.

It shows that with the aid of an airplane and the long-distance telephone criminal units—men lost to the law-abiding world—in Hot Springs, Ark., Joplin, Mo., Kansas City, Mo., and Chicago, Ill., were so speedily assembled and put to work that within

less than twenty hours from the time of the arrest of Frank Nash in Hot Springs, a massacre of police officers occurred in Kansas City, Mo., as a result. Here are the facts:

As the car containing the officers and Nash was driven away from the pool-room after the arrest, Nash turned in his seat, raised his hand-cuffed hands, quickly crossing and recrossing them, as if in signal. Several men on the curb nodded as though they understood.

The officers with their prisoner proceeded as far as Benton, Ark., when a cordon of police, thrown across the road, stopped them. The Federal agents showed their credentials.

"I guess somebody made a mistake," the Benton officers said. "The Hot Springs force telephoned that a man had been kidnapped."

AFTER an hour more of travel the car was stopped by the police of Little Rock, and again the Federal officers were forced to show credentials.

The Little Rock police, back at headquarters, answered a call from Hot Springs, to hear a voice they believed they identified as that of an officer on the Hot Springs police force, inquiring if anything had been heard of those kidnappers.

"They're no kidnappers," came the reply. "They're Federal officers with an escaped prisoner named Frank Nash. They're taking him back to Leavenworth."

"Which way are they going?" asked the voice.

"They took the Joplin road out of here."

The grand jury evidence showed that the call did not come from a police station, but from the home of a local politician, a man with a police record, who knew many of the underworld visitors to Hot Springs.

Immediately after the call to Little Rock, this man chartered an airplane, and with Nash's wife flew to Joplin, Mo. He had sent word to an old confidence man who lived there that he must meet them and something must be done to free Nash.

But the would-be rescuer searched for the prisoner in vain. Good reason. After leaving Little Rock on the Joplin road the Federal agents, thirty miles out, at a cut-off, had switched to the road leading to Fort Smith, Ark.

From the confidence man's house, outside Joplin, there were telephone calls to Chicago, Hot Springs, and Kansas City. A call from Hot Springs brought information that Nash had been taken to Fort Smith.

From a suburb of Chicago came a suggestion to get in touch with a certain notorious machine gunner and directions to enlist the aid of several persons in Kansas City in locating him. In an incredibly short time, when you consider that the police had been hunting vainly for this gunman for months, the bandit was on the telephone in Kansas City, talking to Nash's friends in Joplin.

In Kansas City, the gunman checked up on the arrival time of the train bringing Nash from Fort Smith, and summoned five convicts, all fugitives from justice, to help. Police couldn't find them, but the underground railway went only sound its whistle and they appeared.

Arrangements were made to trail the officers' car along the road from Kansas City to Leavenworth, and hold it up either

on the road or at the doors of the penitentiary. Everything was set—the machine gunner so reported to Joplin.

When the train bringing Nash arrived at the Kansas City terminal, he and his captors were met on the platform by William J. Grooms and Frank E. Hermanson, Kansas City detectives; and Raymond J. Caffrey and R. E. Vetterli, Government agents.

In the station plaza the officers started to load Nash into the car which was to take him the last thirty miles to the Leavenworth Penitentiary. Hundreds of persons were near by. Cabs came and went. The life of the Union Station flowed on all about them. Nash started to get into the rear seat. They moved him to the front; he sat under the wheel awaiting final disposition. At this point machine gunners stepped forth.

Evidently their leader decided he could free Nash easier with a surprise attack at the station than on a country road, where the officers naturally might be better prepared to give resistance.

The bandits moved swiftly into position, surrounding the police car.

"Get 'em up!" shouted the leader.

Of seven men threatened with death, not one obeyed the command. Every officer reached for his gun. Hermanson shot twice, wounding the leader in an arm. It maddened the bandit.

"Give it to 'em!" he shouted, and the faithful engineers of crime's underground railway went into action with machine guns. Caffrey, Grooms, Reed, and Nash were killed instantly. Vetterli and Lackey were wounded. The only man who escaped unharmed was Special Agent Smith, who, queerly enough, had taken Nash's place in the rear seat.

A machine gunner stuck his head through the shattered car window. Before him was a tangled mess of lifeless sprawls. The killer swung his gun in excited command.

"Frank's dead!" he shouted. "They're all dead! Scram!"

THE story of Frank Nash, perhaps a bit more melodramatic than others, is, in the main, typical of hundreds of cases. Estimate the amount of money he has cost the community at large and you see how it is possible that crime today is costing us \$12,000,000,000 a year—more than \$100 for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

And the cost is steadily mounting! In many communities the Crime Tax is greater than city, county, state, school, and Federal taxes combined.

In return for our money we are getting murder, arson, bank robberies, kidnappings, corruption of public officials, vice, and terrorism.

The only hope of uprooting this vicious underground system seems to be some form of Federal non-political assistance to local police, to which honest police chiefs could turn, or to which honest citizens could force even crooked chiefs to appeal.

A separate national police force might be difficult, or impossible, to establish. Probably it would involve changes in the Constitution and other obstacles. But Federal assistance in crime eradication, avoiding interference with the rights of the states, should be no more difficult than Federal aid in road building.

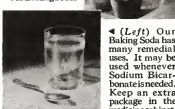


◀ (Left) To relieve the pain of burns or scalds, apply a cooling paste of Baking Soda and water. It is instantly soothing and is available everywhere for a few cents a package.

▼ (Below) For best results when cleaning window frames and other woodwork, sprinkle a little Baking Soda on a damp cloth, rub the woodwork briskly, rinse with a clean wet cloth and then wipe dry.



► (Right) When making muffins, use the leavening that brings out the finest taste and texture—cooking experts recommend leavening of sour milk and our Baking Soda.



◀ (Left) Our Baking Soda has many remedial uses. It may be used whenever Sodium Bicarbonate is needed. Keep an extra package in the medicine cabinet.

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# Three Men and Diana

(Continued from page 51)

spot was still at her heart; it would always be there. Sometimes she remembered her little domain at "El Doradito," the hot southern sunlight slanting into her diminutive kitchen; banana palms waving great leaves in the court; and the sense of excitement and adventure that one always felt on entering the big studios—

It was all like a dream now. It was like a dream that she had been a man's wife, cooked his breakfasts, nursed him when he was ill.

But the dream bore fruit in her waking hours. Diana was no longer interested in men. She nodded to them in the omnibus; they were about her all day long; often some man followed up a casual acquaintance and wanted her telephone number, wanted her to come to dinner and a show. She refused it all absently, unemotionally.

Work was her salvation. She could not drink deep enough of its healing and anesthetizing waters. When she was not actually in the office she thought about it a good deal; thought that they must remember to order plenty of the Christmas flashlights this year, and that the defective football must be exchanged for a new one.

Nearly a year and a half after her return home she and her grandmother bought a motorcar. She drove it to work every day. It was a breath-taking experience; it seemed to give her wings. No more waiting for the bus; she could choose her own time for starting, now.

"We can go anywhere we like now, Gram," Di said. "Sacramento; have you ever seen Sacramento? We could go to Canada next year."

**SLOWLY**—slowly the tides of youth and hope and courage flowed back to fill the empty spaces in her soul. She had been one year with Rowley & Palmer—two years. She knew the stock now, knew the customers, the men downstairs.

Diana was twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three. She was one of the great army of office women who moved through the world monotonously, steadily, filling omnibuses and cafeterias and streets, obeying telephone calls, office bells, noon whistles; always neat and responsive and unobtrusive; machines.

In the first days of her work back in the Bayhead Hardware Store, it had seemed fun enough. And there had been the feverish time of meeting Bruce again, of believing that the doors of life were going to open wide; she had seen herself, for that little happy time, his wife, young Mrs. Palmer, of Bayhead, coming and going in the big Palmer house, beloved and admired and envied—

Well, that was over, and the brief, strange dream of her marriage to Neal was over, and she was one of the clerks at Rowley & Palmer's. Perhaps there would never be any more adventure in her life; certainly many women, at fifty, did not seem to have had as much as she had had, at twenty-three. Perhaps from now on it would be just dull plodding.

But it was not all unpleasant. There was something rather agreeable about arriving at the office in the dull, soft, foggy mornings, smelling the good, clean, leathery and rubbery breath of the new ponchos

and saddles, hip-boots and gauntlets. The girls would come drifting in, exchanging the news of the hours during which they had been parted.

"What'd be do yesterday, Diana?"

"Yesterday? Oh, washed my hair, and had breakfast with Gram—and, let's see—went over to see the O'Connor babies, and then Gram and I went down and had supper with an old friend of hers in San Jose."

"You sound too good to be true, Diana. Haven't you got a beau?"

"I have not."

"But aren't you ever going to marry?"

"I don't think so."

"Diana's young man threw her out,"

May one day suggested.

"That was it," Diana agreed composedly.

**SHE** knew the very day they discovered that she had been married, although no word was said. Somehow, through some queer, indirect channel, the office staff found it out, and instantly she knew it. She knew it because of their changed attitudes, the sudden cessation of teasing on the subject of beaux and marriage, and because of their odd respect—their odd consideration for this junior associate of theirs who was yet more experienced than they.

Nobody told her whence the story had come, or how, or how much or little they knew. She only felt that somehow she was different in their eyes now and, strangely enough, was more important. . . .

"Miss Tressady?"

"Mr. Cates."

"I've come up here about something kinder funny—I don't know whether you'll want to do it or not."

"All of us, Mr. Cates, or just me?"

"Just you. We're demonstrating the Kozikitch Kabinet this month, and what I want you to do is pose for a photograph, showing it off; see?"

"With a lot of spices and jams and flours in it?" Diana encouraged him.

"Exactly. Only—and here's the catch. We want you to be the Kozikitch Girl, see? And we want to advertise that twice every day, for half an hour; you'll be there in the window, yourself, to sort of flourish about with it."

"Oh, wait—" Diana said, smiling, a finger to her cheek.

"Go ahead!" May encouraged her.

"It'll be piles of fun."

"Look; there'd be that in it for you," the salesman said.

He penciled something on a piece of paper, displayed it, crumpled up the paper, and thrust it in his pocket.

Diana looked thoughtful. Finances at home were never easy; this would mean a new coat, the camel's-hair coat with the dark fur collar. It would mean a new brown hat. She hesitated.

"I in a smart little gingham home-dress with cuffs?" she suggested.

"Something like that."

"Well, why not?"

It was not much of an adventure; it was a change, anyway. The taking of the photographs in the advertising department was rather fun, and it was amusing to see

what the enlargements made of them; such a pretty, smiling young wife Diana looked, in her striped pink gingham, pointing happily to her new Kozikitch Kabinet.

The occasion, ridiculous as it was, took on the color of a little personal success. The retired president of the firm, old Mr. Rowley, Joan's grandfather, a tiny, wizened man, was known to have liked the advertisement. Various trade magazines wanted it to reproduce, and on the much-heralded day, when Diana stepped into the window to display herself as well as the cabinet, there was quite a gathering on the sidewalk outside. Every day, at eleven and at three, she serious'y and silently repeated the process: opening the cabinet drawers to show flour and sugar bins, shifting the spice boxes and egg-beaters to and fro, turning sometimes to smile at her audience.

"If I had a little gas stove here I could actually demonstrate biscuits or stew or something," she told Mr. Cates.

"Say, that's an idea for next Christmas! But could you do it?"

"Could I make biscuits!"

It had rather shaken her up, this experience, and she felt younger and happier for it. She had met men in the other departments; they had made her feel that she was young and pretty and likable. One day a spectacled, capable woman of forty was introduced into the sports department; the renowned "Betty Budget" of the *Morning Star*. Betty wanted the "Kozikitch Girl" to come to her big Friday morning forum and demonstrate the cabinet for San Francisco housewives.

Diana retailed these adventures to Margaret; and Margaret, whirling through housework as she listened, beamed with satisfaction.

"Diana, you're the outstanding one!"

"Demonstrating a kitchen cabinet."

Margaret always looked anxious when Diana assumed that quiet, disillusioned tone.

"You're having wonderful experiences, Di."

"I don't know." Diana would rub her cheek against the straight, fuzzy fluff of the head of one of the O'Connor babies.

"These are the adventure, Mag."

"Children? Oh," Margaret would say easily, "anyone can have children."

**THE** two women loved each other dearly, but in Diana's love there was a protective element and in Margaret's one of simple idolatry. Everything the glittering, golden Diana did was wonderful in Margaret's eyes; if anyone was unkind to Diana, Margaret flashed anger, and when things went right for the younger woman the older was happy. There was complete confidence between them; Diana could say to Margaret what she could say to no other human being, and Margaret, in return, would comment even upon Len for Diana's benefit.

"He likes to have me alone here when he gets home at night."

"Even doesn't want me here?"

"Well, you know how men are."

"Aren't men, Diana might muse aloud, "aren't men funny?"

"Oh, funny!"

"I suppose they'll never get over centuries of harem ideals. The sultan—or Brigham Young—that's their ideal."

"Diana, you'll never marry again?"

"I'm barely divorced now. My inter-lucency year isn't up."

"I know," Margaret sighed. "It seems a pity," she said, "for you to go all your life this way."

"I thought you thought remarriage was awful, Mag."

"It would be, for me. But—maybe, it wouldn't be for you."

"I have no religious scruples, if you mean that," Diana said. "I have no religion. I wish I had."

"Oh, I wish you had, Di!"

"I've nothing I ought to have, I'm nothing I ought to be," Diana summarized it bitterly. "I'm twenty-three and a flop. There's something broken inside me. It's all like a dream—loving Bruce—oh, loving him so, Mag! And then marrying Neal, and loving him, too, in a different way; really being terribly fond of him, and his songs, and being down there with him, where everything was so new and queer. I thought it might go on forever. And it only lasted a few months."

"He may be breaking his neck to make good, Di, and get you back."

"I'd never go back."

"You don't know what he's with Deirdre."

"What's her name?"

"I know he was. About two months after he left me I saw a picture in a movie magazine; one of the girls in the office had it. They were on location. And standing right beside her was Neal."

"And he's never written?"

"No."

Margaret would wrinkle her white forehead.

"How do you account for it?"

"I don't."

"Well, we know this," the young wife and mother would say, with her own earnestness, "we know that it will come out right, somehow."

Diana smiled. She thought that Margaret, with her fine, white Irish skin, the transparent circles about her sad blue eyes, her black hair and heartbreaking voice, was too fine, too frail for the overwhelming demands life was making upon her mind, her heart, her body, in these days.

One evening when Diana had come across the Gully in her office clothes, to help Margaret put the babies to bed, Margaret said:

"I saw an old friend of yours yesterday."

"Of mine?"

"Yes, Peter Platt."

"Peter Platt! No, did you? I haven't seen him for—oh, years. How does he look and what's he doing?"

"He's going to New York."

"Peter Platt is? How on earth is he going to get there?"

"He's studying law, you know."

"He has been studying law, as far as I can remember, since I was in my sophomore year at Rutherford."

"Yes, well—anyway, you wouldn't know him."

"Fat and red-headed?"

"Fat? No. But square, you know, and—but I always liked him and you didn't," Margaret said.

"I didn't dislike him," Diana protested slowly.

"I thought you did. And I always thought," Margaret said, with the powdered, sweet white baby in her arms, "I always thought that he liked you more than was comfortable for him, poor kid, and that if he'd ever had a break of any kind he would have told you so."

"As a matter of fact, he did."

"Did what?"

"Peter. Told me he liked me."

"Peter Platt did? And on what did he propose to marry?"

"I don't know that he proposed to marry. He just—intimated, that he was fond of me."

"Di, and you didn't like him?"

"I was mad about Bruce at the moment, or just about to marry Neal—I've forgotten which. Maybe both. No," Diana concluded, brushing Jimmy's straight fair hair into an awkward aureole, and laughing again at his affronted and puzzled little face, "I somehow didn't see Peter in that light. Maybe I might have if—but, anyway, I didn't. What's he doing?"

"He's with that Frank Cope."

"Senator Cope. The man who ran for governor or something?"

"Ran for lieutenant governor. Mrs. Brock's cousin."

"And what is Peter to him—secretary?"

"Something like that. Politics, you know."

"And is he happy?"

"Peter? You know he always was happy. The same old grinning boy that used to give us our malted milks. Only much older. His father died, you know, and I guess he has to help them out at home. He sort of suggested it."

"He was always nice," Diana said in an almost apologetic tone. "I'd like to see Peter."

THE next day he telephoned her at the office. Could she and would she dine with him that night? He was going away the next day. He sounded stiff, almost unfriendly, but Diana, following a sudden impulse, said that she would be delighted.

"If you don't mind my office clothes, Peter."

"Why, no, not at all, of course." He was taking himself a little seriously, she thought. "Where—where would you like to go—the St. Anthony or the Oakland?" he asked.

The "St. Anthony" or the "Oakland"! Little Peter Platt! Diana begged off from either; she wanted to go to some quiet place like "New Frank." Suppose Peter met her there at half-past six?

She looked interestedly for him when she had parked her car outside the famous little French restaurant in Pine Street. The street was dark and deserted, but the windows of New Frank's gushed light across the sidewalk. A squarely built man was waiting. Diana looked at him in surprise. Peter had changed.

He was heavier; he looked much older than his twenty-eight years, and he was nicely dressed and groomed. But the grin was the same.

They were seated at one of the little white tables ranged starkly up and down the long room.

"I've never been here before," Peter said.

"You get the best food in the city here."

He smiled at her, amused.

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"I didn't know you were such a city person, Diana."

"Oh, I stay in now and then, and some of us from the office go to a show."

"You look awfully well," he said.

"I keep well."

There was a pause. Diana was studying the menu, her long lashes lowered, a characteristic frown wrinkling her forehead.

"Diana," he asked after a while, "you're happy, aren't you?"

Diana looked down; looked up.

"Are you?"

"Yes," he said; "I'm awfully happy. I mean I like what I'm doing, I like the senator. It's politics, you know, and it's darned exciting. You—you like it all the time—the men you meet, and everything. We're going on to New York now; he's been put on the national board; it's what I like to do. You aren't happy, you know, until you're doing what you like to do."

"Then I'm not happy," Diana decided, after thought.

"At Rowley & Palmer's?"

"It isn't exactly calculated to make a woman happy—hardware," she submitted.

"No, but Margaret said that you were working into advertising, and you gave lectures—"

"Margaret!" Diana laid significance on the name, and Peter smiled. "You know Margaret."

Peter was eating his dinner with great enjoyment; he began to recount some of the experiences he had had in the state legislature at Sacramento, in the cause of the admired Senator Cope.

HER companion seemed to Diana to be an odd mixture of awkward humbleness and oddbravado. She liked him, somehow, when he was simple and friendly. When he was showing off, impressing the waiter and talking about this everlasting Cope, whoever he was, then she didn't like him at all.

"Where are you staying tonight?"

"Oh, I'm going back to Bayhead."

"Alone!"

"Certainly. I'll be home by ten. I often do it."

"Drive down to Bayhead at night?"

"Certainly. The Bayshore road is as straight as a string, and lighted all the way. Why not?"

"I can't let you do that. I'll go down with you, and come back on the train."

"Oh, nonsense!"

He was not listening. They had reached their desert now. The man said suddenly: "Margaret gave me some idea—I only want to say that I hope everything turns out all right."

"All right?" Diana echoed, looking up. Color rose in her face.

"Yep. About you and Neal Tressady."

"We're divorced, you know."

"Well," the man apologized hastily. "I didn't—I didn't know just how it was. She didn't tell me much about it. She just said—that he was kind of down on his luck—something like that."

"He went off with another woman," Diana explained simply. She saw from his face that he knew.

"That's queer," Peter said lamely.

There was a silence.

"Oh, it's all queer!" Diana presently conceded, with a weary smile. She looked at him apologetically. "I don't say very much about it," she added.

"No, I suppose not. But what—what was the big idea?"

"You'd have to ask him, I suppose."

"He's still down there?"

"As far as I know. He may have been in fifty places. He may be dead."

AFTER dinner they went out to her car, and Peter suggested a "movie." But Diana explained that she must be early at the office tomorrow, and had nearly three quarters of an hour's train tonight. Then he would drive down with her—he'd like to.

"Please—please don't!" she pleaded, tired by his gentle persistence. But in the end he went, and they talked of Bayhead families and mutual friends all the way down, and when they reached Bayhead, Diana drove him around for a few minutes, to show him the new Waxman apartments and the post office.

"You're still in the old place?"

"In the disgraceful old place. Gram holds on to it, because the new highway may go right through here, if they fill the Gully. The Pawsey place is going to be torn down—remember that horrible 'Arbor Villa'? Mrs. Pawsey has rented the corner for a gas station, someone told Gram, and she's going to get three hundred a month for it."

"Too bad your grandmother couldn't have fallen into that."

"We never do, somehow. We always seem to just miss the bus."

"Where's your father now?"

"Oh, home. Part of the time, anyway." She left her guest at the 10:10 train.

"Good-by, Peter, and I hope you love New York!"

"Good-by, Diana, and good luck!"

"And you didn't get any thrill out of it at all?" Margaret asked disappointedly, when Diana went over to see her a night or two later. Len did night work, at the telephone office, and the two women could fuss over the babies and talk comfortably, without any fear of disturbance.

"Not the faintest."

"I thought Peter was so nice."

"He is nice. And he feels a little important, too. Evidently he's getting on."

"They say he's terribly smart. Mrs. Brock told me that Senator Cope thinks the world and all of him."

"Maybe," Diana conceded indifferently. She at least could return to the routine at the office without wasting another thought upon him. The only value his attention had was to remind her of the paucity of change and amusement in her life; to go to dinner with a red-headed old friend from soda-fountain days was an event. "One part of me's dead," she said to Margaret.

"It'll come alive again."

"I hope not."

There was a certain not disagreeable stir in the sporting goods department on a Saturday morning in June, when Mrs. Baxter returned from a trip downstairs with news.

"Listen, girls; Chase Palmer is sick."

"Oh, is he? Sick? Is that so?"

"A stroke, Harry Moore said."

"A stroke!"

"That means he won't come back?"

"Well, not for weeks, if he ever does."

"Oh, won't that seem queer? Will they promote Mr. Mayo?"

"I suppose so. For a while, anyway."

Diana told her grandmother at dinner-time:

"Chase Palmer is awfully sick, Gram."

"Well, I heard uptown that he wasn't so well."

They debated the details.

"Doesn't it seem odd to have Mr. Palmer ill? He was always so well and so handsome, playing golf and everything."

"You suppose Bruce'll come home?"

"No, I don't think so," Diana mused.

"It isn't as if he had had anything to do with the business."

"How odd of that boy now, Di?"

"Bruce? Let's see. I'm twenty-four—he's thirty, I guess."

Mrs. John Towne now. Elinor Palmer had married William Truro Wade and they lived in Paterson, New Jersey. And Joan was going to be married; it had been announced. Joan would marry only a superman, of course. This particular superman was named Francis Clute McAde.

Francis McAde was in the bond business in San Francisco; he belonged to the most distinguished family in Baltimore, which—as everyone knew, was the most distinguished city in America—

Joan had visited his sister, Clara, one college vacation, and Francis had been home and the mischief had been done. And they had all been so lovely to Joan, promising her old silver and portraits and giving her parties—!

Now and, just before Joan's marriage, old Mr. Palmer was ill. Diana wondered if it would change Joan's plans; the Rowleys and the Palmers were related; Mrs. Rowley was Bruce's "Aunt Emily," Joan called Bruce's father "Uncle Chase."

The girls in the office discussed inexhaustibly the change that Mr. Palmer's absence and possible death would cause. He had been the mainstay and backbone of the business; everything had been referred to him. Mr. Will Rowley was all very well, but he was dreamy, impractical; he liked books and travel. He was not really a hardware man.

Three weeks after their first knowledge of the president's illness, Diana, happening to be left alone in the office one noon-time, looked up from a moment's delayed work to see a tall man on the other side of the long table, smiling at her. She had not heard him come in; she had been thinking only of getting an invoice ready to mail.

Her heart stood still. It was Bruce.

"Hello, Diana!"

"Hello, Bruce!" Her eyes were shining with pleasure and excitement as she stood up and held out a hand across the littered table.

"Well, how nice this is," he said, in the voice she had not heard for more than three years. He came around the table, and they walked to one of the high, shuttered windows and stood there, talking.

"Bruce, when'd you get here?"

"Last night."

"And you found—?" Diana was casting about for words, any words. "You found your father pretty sick?"

"Yes. And he won't get better."

"Won't?"

"They say not. Isn't it a rotten break?"

"Oh, too bad! But that means you'll be here—how long?"

"Indefinitely."

"So you're out of diplomacy?"

"Well, I wasn't ever really in."



Early summer sunshine was slanting down through the high shutters; the sporting goods department was suddenly a pleasant place in which to be. The world was a pleasant place in which to be. And to be Diana Tressady, slender and tall, and with a crown of brushed fair hair and an office dress of checked brown and white silk, and long eyelashes and white teeth, was satisfyingly good.

She stood beside Bruce, looking down through the shutter slits at the street, glancing up, lowering her lashes again.

"You look awfully well, Diana."

"I am well."

"Where's—I suppose I may ask you? Where's Neal Tressady?"

He got a candid look from her blue eyes.

"I don't know, Bruce."

"You're not—?"

"Divorced, yes. We haven't seen each other for more than three years."

"You little thing; and you've been here all that time?"

"I like it here."

"I saw the refrigerator ad, downstairs. Keats has it, in his department, you know. I asked him if that wasn't Miss Carmichael, and he said, 'No, one of our own young ladies, Miss Tressady.' But you're—"

He bowed, smiling; the phrase stopped midway. But she knew what it might have been: "You're prettier than the picture."

BRUCE went away, and Diana went to her delayed lunch. Her color was high, her eyes shining.

"Bruce Palmer's back," she said, over her tomatoes and tea.

"I thought he was in Senegambia or somewhere."

"Switzerland."

"Bruce Palmer is not only back," Mrs. Baxter told them a day later, "but he's going to be in his father's office with Mr. Mayo. Roach just told me that at the next board meeting they'd probably make him a vice president."

"What do you know—?"

Diana contributed nothing to her information concerning Bruce. But she glowed, shone, sparkled with shy new beauty in these days; the world was transfigured for her. Even to her grandmother she rarely mentioned Bruce; at the office she said nothing.

But Bruce kept his feelings no secret. Every day, sometimes two or three times a day, he stopped the elevator at the fourth floor and came into the sporting goods department to speak to her.

When Bruce came to the Mason Avenue house to call for her she let him wait in the kitchen. There was to be no agony of pretense this time with Bruce, such as she had indulged in four years ago. She would not fool herself again.

"Just why we go on living in this dreadful place is a secret between my father and grandmother," she told him. "Did I tell you they've grown quite companionable? Isn't that funny? They putter about together, and talk of old days."

She would welcome her derelict, vague old parent home, perhaps, as she spoke, get him into a chair, put a glass of lemonade down before him.

"Here, Dad, drink that; it's nice and cold. Isn't this the blaziest day ever! Do you know what Mr. Palmer and I are doing? We're taking our supper over to Halfmoon Bay. Isn't that a grand plot?"

"We could go down to Santa Cruz and swim, Di."

"Oh, but let's do Halfmoon Bay today; it's so much quieter! And let's save Santa Cruz. I—I don't want to meet people."

Shy and happy and sunburned, she would get into his roadster after a careful disposition of picnic box and broiler and thermos bottle in the rumble box.

"What now?"

"Chops. Four double chops. And cream. That's all."

"Diana, do you know I think you're the most wonderful sport in the world?"

"No? Do you?" The color would rush to her face.

"I know you are!"

"When you have snarled and kicked and cried and raged and dodged as much as I have, Bruce, it's so nice to be called a good sport. But I'm a completely rotten sport. I've hated it all, for ten years—I've hated it ever since I left school. I've hated Mason Avenue, and dish-washing, and dirt, and the smell of our front hall. And now you call me a sport!"

"Because you are. D'you suppose my sister Elinor would stand for it?"

"What would she do? I tried to break loose. I married, and then—then I guess I found out what real trouble was."

"You were so unhappy?"

"If I was, it was my own fault—"

"Your own fault for marrying him?"

"I suppose so."

"Di, did I have anything to do with you doing it?"

"Oh, I suppose you did, Bruce. It's hard to say."

"But you liked me all the while?"

"I thought of you all the while. I'll always think of you," Diana admitted simply.

"Have you thought," he asked her one day, when they were lying on the sands at Santa Cruz, "have you thought what all this means?"

"What all this means?"

"I mean our spending most of our evenings and Sundays together?"

"That it's summer, I suppose," she said slowly. "And that your family is up at the Lake—"

"Dad isn't up at the Lake. And Mother goes up only now and then."

"Well—?" She evaded the issue again.

"What do you think it means?"

"Mightn't it mean—?" Bruce drew a furrow in the sand with the side of his palm. "Mightn't it mean that we were beginning to care for each other, Di?"

"Not beginning—" she said, under her breath.

THE man's head was close to hers; they were lying with their elbows sunk in the sand.

"You mean," Bruce began, very low, "that you've always liked me?"

"In a way—" Diana answered, in the same tone, and with a sideways glance.

"You felt bad when I went away, Di?"

"Oh, well—" she said.

"You didn't feel any worse than I did. There's never been anyone else, Di. Only—only now we're in an awful jam!"

"In an awful jam?" Her color faded; her eyes met his again.

"Well, you see it!"

"Oh, yes—yes, I see it, Bruce." All the life, the youth was gone from her tone.

"I mean—my mother, you know. And

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my father, too. They'd both have fits."

"I know."

"How the deuce could we be married now?"

She could not believe the words, even when they lingered in the enchanted summer air, with the crying of gulls and the gentle swish and fall of the sea. Bruce—Bruce Palmer, saying the word "married" to her!

"Oh, no, I know that," she said quickly, sensitively. "We couldn't."

Her smooth fingers touched his.

"This is enough happiness for now, Bruce. Just to be friends."

"Not for me!"

**H**IS glance thrilled her to the tips of her toes; Diana could not speak. It was all so tremendous, so overpowering, so much more than her wildest dream!

"You're such a cool little thing, Di. Why don't you get excited?"

"But I am. I'm all turning around, inside, all the time. Only—only, I can't believe it."

"Di, we couldn't marry now. It would break both their hearts. We couldn't have a wedding, with my father so ill and my mother feeling as she does about my marrying at all."

"She wouldn't want you to marry?"

"Well—no."

"And not me, especially." Diana mused upon it. "On account of Neal, I suppose," she said. "I can see how she'd feel. She would want you to marry a different sort of girl. A girl with a big home—all that."

"I'll never love any other woman."

"You don't know that. Connie—Connie Newbegin, for instance. Isn't she very beautiful, Bruce?"

"What on earth made you hit on Connie?"

"Just thinking. Why? Why are you smiling?"

"I was smiling because my mother has always meant to make a match of it, between me and Connie."

"You saw her in Paris?"

"Every day."

"And is she beautiful, Bruce? She was striking when she was younger."

"Yes, she is, sensationally so. And what of it?"

Diana laughed.

"What of it? Don't you admire her?"

"As it happens, I dislike her."

Diana laughed, quite shamelessly pleased.

"Only tell me this, Di, before we plan. You do love me, don't you?" he said one day.

They had dined together in the city, not for the first time, but this time, in the Oakland Hotel, high up on the hills above the bay, they had had a perfect meal on a green iron balcony, watching the slow summer evening die away in purple and mauve over the water, and the first stars come out over Berkeley.

"Love you? Oh, Bruce, only God knows how dearly!"

"Then I have a real plan, Di. Why should we tell them?"

"Tell them what?"

"About us. About being engaged."

Diana's face was lovely in confusion. They were standing on the balcony, looking down; Bruce's arm was about her.

"But of course we mustn't!"

"Well, why not get married, and keep that a secret, too?"

"You mean now—any day?"

"Now, any day."

He felt her shrink against him, her tumbled bare head against his shoulder.

"Oh, no, we couldn't do that!" she whispered.

"Why not, darling?"

"Oh, because there seems to be something—something dishonorable about that sort of thing!"

"Not when there's such good reason, Di. Why, what could stop us? You're free, you said."

"Of Neal, you mean? Oh, yes, I'm free."

"Don't you see, Di, the difficulties we'd get into if we announced it. Mother calling on your grandmother—receptions and all that."

"Oh, no, Bruce, I couldn't bear all that! I'd hate it. I only want—you. I don't need anyone else!"

"And I don't want anyone but you."

"It would be—?" She was pondering.

"It would be a shock to your father?"

"Terrible, yes. He's like that."

"And he's conscious? He talks and understands, and all that?"

"Oh, absolutely. He's only a little childish and weak. And that might end tomorrow; he might go out in his sleep, the doctor says. In that case, Di, I'm president of the company; I can do as I like. We don't have to ask anybody—we can tell them, and if they don't like it they can get out. Marry me, and we'll have wonderful times. If Dad gets better, we'll tell him, and you'll come up to the house as Mrs. Bruce; and if he doesn't—why, it won't be anybody's business what I do!"

"They'd talk so much—" she said in a whisper, shrinking.

"They can't talk, if they don't know."

"Would I—?" She turned to him the trusting eyes of a child. "Would I go on at the office, Bruce?"

"For a while. Until we could taper the whole thing off gradually. Be my wife! We'd be so happy, sweetheart."

"We don't seem," she whispered, "to have the right."

**I** KNOW a man who'd marry us like a shot," Bruce said. "He was on the train coming West with me, and a darned nice fellow. He's Harvard. Shall we go up and see him one of these days, Di? He's a clergyman whose family knows old Doctor Graham, at St. Jerome's."

"Suppose—suppose Neal turned up?"

"My darling, the world is full of divorced husbands, and the one thing they don't do is turn up."

"Your—your father would be furious."

"My father's a dying man. Di, you and I were sweethearts years ago; we're made for each other. Will you come up to the city hall with me tomorrow, and get a license? And will you go with me to see Robin Purcell afterward?"

"Well—" Diana said faintly.

(To be continued)

## I'm Afraid of What You'll Think

(Continued from page 53)

loosening up reminds me of another thing my friend the business executive said to his staff of wooden Indians.

"You'll never be worth much to me here in your routine jobs," he said, "unless you let loose your ideas. If this business is to go, it has to be primed with ideas. I can't supply them all. Afraid your suggestions will be turned down or laughed at? What of it? Somebody always laughs at every big idea. But nobody's going to bite you. I have a lot of perfectly wild and useless ideas—everybody has—and some good ones, too. Most of the ideas I get go into the wastebasket. No harm done. But, for every ten worthless ones, there's usually at least one I can use. The only thing that makes me mad is to get nothing but blanks. Snap out of it, and let's have what you've got!"

My experience is that right here is the most costly part of being shy. I hate to think of the times I've hugged a perfectly good idea or suggestion to myself, afraid

my superiors might think it foolish or put me down as crack-brained. Invariably someone else has come along later with the same idea and cashed in on it.

**N**EVER shall I forget my first attempt at earning a living. The job was selling a new line of cooking utensils to eager housewives. There was a beautiful array of glittering samples: frying pan, coffeepot, waffle iron, double boiler, kettle, and I forget how many others. There was a new brown leather bag to pack them in. There were pages of printed instructions, giving me sure-fire sales talks for every situation, and showing me how to demonstrate to friend housewife how impossible it was for anything to stick to the pots or pans—anything from pancakes to stewed tomatoes burned to a crisp. And there was a big, fat commission on every piece I sold. The brand I was selling was well advertised, and it looked like easy meat.

The first week was easy enough. I

spent it at home learning the sales talks, and burning stewed tomatoes until the folks threatened to drive me and my pots out of the house.

The second week I packed my samples and started fearfully out on the road. And then the grief began. I don't remember how many pounds that sample case weighed, but it was no heavier than the heart within me. The two together made quite a burden. I walked for blocks and blocks and for miles and miles trying to get up enough nerve to ring the first doorbell. Nothing in the instruction book told me how to do that. I would come to a big brick dwelling, and decide the prospect was too imposing; behind the door was surely a butler all set to bounce me down the steps. I would stroll up to a shabby cottage, and decide that the housewife who lived there could not possibly afford my expensive wares. I would approach a home that looked inviting, only to balk at an automobile at the curb. Visitors, no

doubt; a bad time to interview the woman of the house; I would come back later.

These, of course, were only lame self-excesses to cover up a craven heart.

At last, cussing myself for a fool, I took a tighter grip on the sample case, strode up the steps of a well-kept, homey-looking white dwelling, and pushed the bell. A middle-aged matron who looked the part of a thoroughly capable housewife responded and said, with a challenging smile, "Well?"

It was quite disarming. I forgot all about the sales talks, mumbled something about kitchenware, and then blurted, "Let me show you what to do when you burn stewed tomatoes."

The smile vanished. "Thanks," said the woman, "I never burn my stewed tomatoes," and closed the door in my face.

I called it a day. The money I had invested in those beautiful samples I charged to profit and loss, gave the pots and pans to a cousin who was getting married, and looked to other fields.

That, I think, was the last time the jitters put me down for the full count. I suppose that, by all the rules, I should have stuck it out grinning until I had made myself into a star salesman. Perhaps it was just as well, though, that I tumbled early to the fact that as a salesman I would always be a first-rate dishwasher. I discovered that part of the battle of making the best of timidity is to find a groove that will fit with the least torture.

I THINK there is some consolation for the shy man, though, in the truth that all of us can't hope to be aggressive, forceful leaders. We're not all built that way. It seems that every man or woman has been given some particular chore to perform, according to his nature. The majority of us are destined to be followers.

But this does not alter the fact that a follower is worth mighty little to a commander if he is all cramped up with the jitters.

Most anyone can see that if ever there was a time when called for limbering up and letting go with both barrels, striking out with all the initiative and resourcefulness in the arsenal, it is the present. The trouble is—confound it!—that there probably never was a more difficult time for doing it. Everywhere the air is clogged with fear, and uncertainties and rumors and confusions. They close in upon a man—and, if he doesn't watch out, they'll get him.

Some time ago a great friend of mine who is an old hand at such matters put me wise to a few tricks for breaking the shell and shaking off the jitters. I'm no psychologist or psychiatrist or any other kind of psych, but I know that it works, because I've tried it.

The first little trick is a bit of straight thinking and self-measuring. You simply stand off and take a good look at yourself, and then say something like this:

"The trouble with you is that you take yourself too blamed seriously. You've got the notion that the whole world is looking at you and what you do. You're afraid of yourself and of what people will think of you. You're twisted wrong way round. Fact is, nobody's looking at you or worrying about you."

The next trick is a bit of gymnastics. You practice turning yourself inside out.

You try jumping out of yourself and into your job or whatever else is next at hand. You start focusing your thoughts away from yourself and on other people. Each day you make it a point of business to do at least one thing for somebody else.

Next, you go out and spend your last I O U for a new outfit—hat, suit, shoes, neckties, socks, gloves. Sure, and spats, too, if you can stand the feel of them—until you look as perky as the mayor's secretary. There's nothing quite like it to make you step out and mix.

After that come some daily loosening-up exercises—something like learning to play golf. At first you're all tightened up in queer contortions—mentally and physically. So you practice to relax, and take a nice, easy, natural swing. That done, you proceed to convince yourself that all the things you fear for the coming hours will probably never happen.

And then you start to work, trying all the time to stay loosened up, to take things one at a time with an easy swing and a follow-through, putting into them all you've got. And, take it from me, this is no cinch. It means, for one thing, that you've got to stop "pressing" for ideas. You've got to get rid of the notion that the thoughts and ideas which make you what you are, are your own patented products, that it's up to you to invent them. Well, from now on, that's out. The only big ideas you ever had really came to you out of a clear sky, and you know it. You just got them, and you had nothing to do with starting them. You're simply the machine that takes them as they come and turns them into something useful.

## How Shy Are You?

A TOTAL score of 100 for the test on page 53 indicates that you possess complete self-assurance. A score of 85 or better indicates you have enough confidence in yourself to be a successful salesman or social leader; 75 or better, enough to be comfortable on most occasions. A score of 60 passes the test, showing sufficient self-assurance to meet a majority of everyday situations. Any score below 60 indicates that you are a naturally shy person, and are entitled to real credit for every successful contact you make with other people.



### Names of the Authors and Titles of the PATTERICS

(Shown on pag. 69)

#### "TIME'S UP"

—Vivian Harvey, Warren, Ohio.

#### "HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR"

—Mrs. Edgar L. Cooper, Georgetown, Texas.

#### "SMART AS A WHIP"

—E. L. Rich, Santa Cruz, Calif.

#### "OLD TIMER"

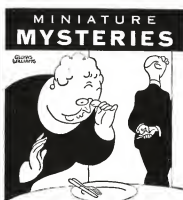
—J. P. Salisbury, Providence, R. I.

#### "BLESSING IN DISGUISE"

—Myrtle M. Shattuck, West Somerville, Mass.

#### "OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM"

—Quincy Sewell, Decatur, Ala.



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|-------------------|----------------|
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| ( ) Asst. Manager | ( ) Auditor    |
| ( ) Receptionist  | ( ) Waitress   |
| ( ) Housekeeper   | ( ) Room Clerk |

# I've Still Got a Tank of Gas



Remember how Archie Chadbourne used to write to us telling his adventures as a truck driver at \$25 a week? And then he had to give up his job. . . . Months of silence—and here he is again, the same old Archie.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
ARLENE BLISS, JR.

## By ARCHIE CHADBOURNE



A HARD-BITTEN man, tall and rawboned, stood in the doorway of my gasoline service station near Los Angeles, Calif., and tried to sell me razor blades. I am old-fashioned enough to still use a straight razor, but he looked over at a gang of R F C men working for the county on a sewer job across the road.

"Mind if I sit down?" he asked. "Those men'll be off for noon directly and I might do some business."

"They're broke," I suggested. "They get only nine to seventeen days a month at three-twenty a day."

"I know," he returned. "I got nine days myself two months ago. They're the best kind of men. They know what it means to

be on the street. They'll buy if they have any money at all. They'll divide what they have—the world over."

I left him to service a car. When I came back he was still sitting there, looking tired and discouraged.

"Well," I said inanity, "it's a great life if you don't weaken."

I WAS thinking how many of those razor blades he'd have to sell to make even a living, and how many other peddlers had already been by this station within the week.

"Oh, yeah!" he exclaimed. "Well, I've weakened all right. But it isn't the first time, and I've always come back strong. I was stranded high and dry in Calcutta—"

He'd been stranded in other places, too. He was an oil driller who had been places—Turkey, Russia, China; five years with a big oil company in Java—at \$700 a month. Came back to the states so the kids could

go to school and now—nine days' county work.

"You've had a lot of adventure," I suggested.

"Adventure! Say, brother, I've been in some pretty tough spots, but I've never been in a tougher spot than right here for the last three years. I've done a bit of everything trying to get by until things break. I've the promise of a job as soon as they do."

JUST the first of this week I met him again as he waited for a bus at this corner. The company that had promised him the job had sent for him and he was going to work in the Signal Hill oil fields. He was tickled pink about it. This man epitomizes the courage, the endurance, and the hope of so many folks I know who have been fighting the depression. He had weakened, but had kept courage and faith.

A lot of us have weakened in the last three years. Boy, and how! We never had any money, to start with. Most of us had jobs, though, and were paying on a home, a radio, an automobile, and an operation. Now we're stripped—haven't even got the monthly payments left—except for that operation. We'd sort of planned on how we'd fix the old house into a couple of apartments when the kids were grown and have a certain income for our stale old age. Yes, life was getting stale. We envied men who went into far adventures.

But many a man has come back after he's been counted out. A lot of us, like this razor-blade peddler, are coming back.

Now, if you think I'm going to pat myself on the back for my part in staging a comeback, you're right. I am. I'm not out of the woods yet by any means, but if and when I am back with even half a hide, I'd like somebody to say, "Good Boy!"

For twenty-five years I was a driver on a delivery truck in Colorado Springs. Then the doctor said, "Change locations," just like that.

Imagine saying that to a man who had worked so long in one place that he knew only one job! Imagine turning that fellow loose in a topsy-turvy world where there was nothing to do! I didn't realize how little the world needed me until I packed my handkerchief and came to California. After three months of vain prospecting for a meal ticket I went back to Colorado Springs, where I knew people. They all promised to keep "an eye out" for me. I went around to the same old places seeking work, only to find that there was no such animal. It was then that I began to weaken. Up to then it hadn't seemed

possible that a husky brute like me could find nothing to do.

Then a friend saw me standing on the corner, me with a turrimy as empty as a haughty smile.

"Art," he said, "I'm tearing down a house and building it up again. Can you help me out?"

Could I! I'm the best little wrecker he ever hired. He found that out when he started to rebuild. I just couldn't learn the tricks of building, and one morning he flunked me. So I sold him a shirt.

I didn't want to sell shirts; I wanted a job. I sold seven shirts in ten days. As a salesman I was very weak. The men who bought of me didn't need shirts. They bought just to help me out. That burned me up.

It was an old Indian missionary in Utah who gave me a new slant on being humble. "It hurts your pride a lot," he told me, "but sometimes I think it is more blessed to receive gracefully than it is to give. It is what you do with what you receive that counts. You've got to use it as a trust. Some day you'll be back on your feet, and then you can use that trust for some other person less fortunate in getting back."

Most of us have done all kinds of things to just "get by." My "positions" came along in rotation. Collecting bad debts for an agency was not profitable for me or the agency, but I lasted three months. I was surprised at the number of bad debtors I found in bed. Some went to bed when they saw me coming and some of them were simply laid cold by being unable to find work. I understood their viewpoint too well to make a good collector, and so was on the street again.

Friends offered me the choice of three jobs. All selling. Is it any wonder there are so many salesmen? There was nothing else open to us. We had to sell, beg, or starve. I turned thumbs down on the selling jobs. Then I got a chance with a real estate firm.

Did I sell real estate? Don't be silly. Real estate was not moving. The boss was paying the office rent from the renewals of insurance written years ago. I met a lot of people, rented a few houses, and showed property all over town with my own gasoline, but I wasn't making any money. My wife wrote me to come back to California and starve 'neath a turquoise sky, but I couldn't get away; I had a "big deal" pending and if it went through I'd be sitting pretty. I only had to get the parties together and, presto—commission! When I got my parties together they were still \$30,000 apart. Figure my commission from that.

CALIFORNIA was delighted to see me.

Her officials met me at the state line and took away my oranges and searched my baggage for microbes. They found I still had \$2.41, so they let me in. I lost no time. I accepted a position as a salesman for a spice and extract company which advertised "customers established and a chance to earn \$35 a week."

What a chance! What a break! My territory was in Los Angeles between a couple of tire plants and a group of steel works—all closed down. I had 1,563 doorbells to push every three weeks. I bought \$16 worth of samples for friend housewife to touch, see, and taste, and was in busi-

ness in a big way. I carried 15 pounds in each hand in a couple of peach crates painted brilliantly, and a 5-pound box of soap flakes under one arm. Before I quit I had spavins on both legs.

Many a harried housewife would come to the door and say with genuine pity, "You poor man. I'd like to buy if I could, but I can't buy of every peddler who comes to my door."

I couldn't blame her. There were twenty men working up and down the street inside half a mile, selling everything from oranges to mausoleum crypts.

I never did get to enjoy selling extracts, but I got a big chance to meet folks and listen to their stories of unemployment and notice their hope for a better break.

Not only the people I met in my territory but the men who worked for the same company encouraged me with their fine spirit. There were 150 of them in Los Angeles County. There were former auto salesmen, insurance salesmen, oil workers, pipe organ players, laborers, all eating humble pie and claiming to like it. It took courage to canvass from door to door.

A lot of us who had wondered at times what we would do if we found ourselves on the streets, have found out. We've got more backbone than we thought we had.

WELL, I sort of petered out on this door-to-door job. I made as high as \$18 in a week. Mostly it was nearer \$10. But once I traveled all day and sold only a 10-cent can of cinnamon. So I resigned.

I borrowed a little cash and set out to buy a job with it. I looked at every chicken ranch in southern California. I included berry patches, mushroom cellars, hamburger joints, and gasoline service stations. At last I decided on a two-pump filling station on the main drag between Los Angeles and Long Beach. The crate looks like a cross between a lighthouse and an oil derrick, but three bus lines stop here and that makes it good for candy and tobacco.

When I bought the first gasoline I didn't have money enough left to change a five-spot. I applied the pulmotor to this business. I'm getting a living out of it now, but I'm not setting the world on fire. I went from door to door soliciting business and giving away a cookbook which the gasoline company printed. And I've been free with service. If a car comes in with the radiator boiling I'm right on it with the hose. I've three maps on the door so I can direct folks to the streets of the three closest cities. Many of the motorists who stop want only information, wind, or water. I've given those freely. Glad to, and I've maneuvered some of them into buying gasoline.

I prevailed on an iceman to place an ice box on the lot. I sell ice. I got the milkman to leave milk in the box, so I sell milk. There is no grocery store near by, so I sell bread. I had some old magazines on hand, so I started a magazine exchange.

Out of the depression has come adventure I little dreamed of. I've been more fortunate than many, for I've been living among folks who have been fighting in "tough spots." I've been amazed at their courage and endurance—at the neighborliness of people. The oil man was right. They'll divide what they have. They've given me courage when I lacked it. And when the veterans of the depression hold their meetings I'd like to be included.

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# Smart Girls Don't

(Continued from page 47)

having breakfast with him at the drug store. And my first day went off beautifully. It didn't take fifteen minutes to learn the ropes. In fact, the only thing I had to learn was to call evening dresses gowns and sports ones frocks. And I had the chartreuse laid aside for me until pay day.

It was fun coming home and changing my frock, knowing that I could sit down to the table without having any idea what was coming. I felt very elegant.

I was sorry Eva had decided on lamb chops for the first meal. Jack doesn't exactly dislike them—he just dislikes the idea of them, if you know what I mean. He seems to feel that they're not like a real meal. But dinner was fun. I had lots to tell about the shop.

I ENJOYED the work. Most customers were friends or acquaintances, and it was fun chatting with them. You certainly learn a lot about human nature in a job like that. People come in and try on all kinds of things they haven't the faintest intention of buying. That darn' librarian—I never could stand her, anyway—tried on six evening gowns, and then calmly said she didn't need one right then—she was just looking! I was tempted to say something snooty, but Mrs. Belmore said you have to stand for that sort of thing.

It was a shock to learn that I had to work Saturday afternoons. Heavens, as I said to Mrs. Belmore, I thought everybody had a half-day off on Saturday.

"Most people do," she said. "And it's the only time they have to buy clothes."

But it didn't seem quite fair. Jack didn't work Saturday afternoons.

Eva was a nice girl, but she certainly wasn't gifted with an imagination. I mean, she kept right on giving us lamb chops. I got so I dreaded sitting down to the dinner table. If there's one thing that makes me turn over inside it's the way Jack looks when he's disappointed in the dinner. He was really awfully sweet at first. He didn't say a word, but you always know those things. I finally spoke to Eva. I told her to have more variety, and to try to economize more. The food bills were going up in the most amazing way.

After that we had a session with hamburger steak. Jack will stand for that once in a long while, but he doesn't like it often. Then we had chops again. I saw that I'd have to write out the menus myself. Especially after Jack's patience broke down, and he threw his napkin on the table and said if we had lamb chops again he'd go downtown to a lunch wagon.

Eva was a good maid, that was the funny part of it. But when you're away all day they just don't seem to take any interest. She cleaned the apartment nicely, and she did up my laundry beautifully. But I thought I'd lose my mind over the stove.

I'm not a fussy housekeeper, but it's so easy to keep a stove spotless if you'll just clean it every time you use it. I'd tell Eva that, and she'd say, "Yes'm, Mrs. Carey," and then I'd go out in the kitchen and find the front of it all brown with grease. Many a time I scrubbed it off myself after working all day.

I had expected to have lots of extra money; in fact, I'd had Mrs. Belmore put aside two sports frocks and an evening gown. Well, where all the money went I don't know to this day. I paid the maid—that was only fair, since we wouldn't have had her if I hadn't worked. But that should have left me seven dollars clear.

I'd forgotten about my lunches, for one thing. The luncheon special at the Candlewick Tea Shoppe is only thirty-five cents, but with the tip that makes nearly fifty. And then Eva would not use her head about buying.

So I just couldn't keep within the food budget. I was ashamed to tell Jack—it seemed such bad management. It was easier to pay the extra out of my salary. I thought after a while things would adjust themselves, but at the end of the month I still had four dresses to pay for—I hadn't even been able to pay for the chartreuse.

As Clara said, though, you can't expect everything to run smoothly at first.

"Don't be discouraged," she said. "Remember, you're striking a blow for the freedom of women, and we're all of us awfully proud of you."

"We've been trying to decide on your successor in the bridge club," she went on to say. "We've about decided to ask that nice little Mrs. Harvey Jones who moved here from Elm City. I believe she'd fit into the Half Hour, too."

I couldn't help feeling that they needn't have been in quite such a rush to fill my place. It was rather hard—here I was just slaving away, and all that it mattered to them was that they had to get somebody else for the bridge club. I didn't think Mrs. Harvey Jones was the least bit attractive, either. I never could get a word out of her—I just couldn't imagine her fitting into our crowd.

IT'S funny how quickly you can be dropped out of everything and practically forgotten. I couldn't have believed it if it hadn't actually happened to me. Jack and I both love company, and we had had people over at least three or four times a week. Why, I can get up an impromptu meal for any number at a moment's notice, and enjoy doing it, too. Jack would come home feeling like a party, and we'd start calling people at five-thirty, and the girls who had started their dinners would take them off the stove and stick them in the ice box and come along over.

Well, the crowd that used to hang around the apartment so much just melted away. To begin with, when I came home from the shop I was too tired to think about getting up a party. And, anyhow, it's different when you have a maid. Once or twice I did invite someone in on the spur of the moment. But when I went out into the kitchen to tell Eva there'd be extra people, she just wouldn't enter into the spirit of the thing. I'd feel gay enough when I went out, but by the time she'd said, "Yes, ma'am, we ain't got enough butter and they didn't deliver any potatoes," in a perfectly dead, uninterested voice, I'd just feel my enthusiasm oozing away.

Of course, we went out some, but I refused a lot of invitations because I was so darn' exhausted—I didn't want to go to

the movies, or to the country club—I just wanted to go to bed. I could feel that Jack missed the fun. I'd urge him to go along without me, but he never would. I don't see how men do it—I mean, Jack can work in an office all day, and be ready for a party or a dance or a movie almost any night in the week. Of course, as I told him, he does have a nice, quiet office with chairs to sit in, and a secretary to do all his running around for him. The Sally and Anne Shop was jammed with customers all the time. I never had a chance to sit down except at lunchtime, and Mrs. Belmore was so stingy about that measly little hour that she was quite cool if I stayed out even five or six minutes overtime.

So we drifted slowly out of the crowd, but this replacing me in the bridge and Half Hour clubs was the last straw, especially when I'd taken the old job just on account of the Half Hour.

Jack said I couldn't expect them to put a bronze tablet on the back of my chair at the bridge table, and keep it forever vacant in my memory, but I didn't think they had to be so darn' eager to rake in a new member. And that drab little Mrs. Jones, of all people!

I DECIDED right then that we'd give a big party. Good grief! The crowd was beginning to think that we were dead and buried or something. And I determined that the party would be the best one we'd ever had.

Jack says that it was my fault that everything went so badly. He claims I acted as though I were giving the party to punish the guests, and he insists that I snapped everyone's head off. But it undoubtedly was the horrid party that has ever been given.

I asked everyone a week ahead, and I planned everything so carefully. Eva started fixing things two days ahead—she baked a ham and roasted two chickens, and fixed chicken and vegetables in aspic and set it in molds to jell.

The party was set for Saturday night. Saturday was the worst day I'd ever put in at the shop. The dreadful peroxidized woman whose husband keeps that Riverdale Inn spent three hours practically screaming at me because we didn't have the sizes she wanted in the colors she wanted. When Mrs. Belmore finally came in and told her she wouldn't allow anyone to talk to her girls like that, I was a nervous wreck.

And then I got a telephone call. "This is Eva's sister," a voice said. "Eva's sick. She won't be able to come tonight."

I could have burst out crying then and there. The minute the shop closed I tore home. Most of the preparations had been made ahead of time, thank heavens. But it took so much time to start the coffee and fix the platters of salad and turn out the aspic, even with Jack helping, that I didn't have time for the hot bath I was simply aching for. And I dressed in such a rush that I didn't feel a bit ready for the guests when they came.

The supper didn't go off well. I had everything laid out on the table in the dining alcove, and I thought it looked delicious. But men have queer ideas about food.



They were kidding about my having a job, and Joe was filling a plate for Louise Rice.

"I suppose the good old days are gone forever," he said, waving the salad spoon. "Remember when we used to come over to Judy's and she'd make us French fried potatoes, and ham and eggs and hot biscuits? But what do I see here? Salads and cold meat from the delicatessen store! That's what it is to have a working wife!"

I could have murdered him! Delicatessen store—when I thought of the work I'd put into that supper and the effort to think of something a little more sophisticated than French fried potatoes! Honestly, the minute some men see a slice of cold ham and a salad, they think it's been brought home in a paper bag.

But that started all of them going.

"Remember those hot curries with rice," Phil said.

"And broiled steak and onions," Tommy put in.

They went on like that, patting Jack on the back and sympathizing with him because a wonderful cooking career had been cut off in its prime.

Maybe I could have stood it if Jack hadn't chimed right in. He'd shake his head sadly and ask them if they couldn't see how he was falling off. Of all the disloyalty!

WHEN they finally went home, I just asked Jack right out what he meant by not standing up for me.

"Can't you take a little kidding any more?" he said. "What did you want me to do? Take a sock at somebody?"

I told him that I was perfectly able to take kidding, but I didn't care for that cheap type of humor. And he turned on me in the most awful way and said I had been rude to all our guests, and the food hadn't been fit to eat, and he thought it was the kindest thing they could do to try to laugh it off.

I was so furious I couldn't even speak. I started gathering up the dishes, and the tears were just running down my face, because whenever I get mad I start to cry, and that just makes me madder than ever.

I couldn't figure it out. Our parties had always been so successful, even when they were planned at the last minute, and I thought one that was planned so far ahead would be much nicer. I felt so miserable until Jack came over and took the plates away from me and said I wasn't to do another thing, and he'd get up early in the morning and wash up, himself.

That party brought me up short. It was the first time the crowd hadn't enjoyed themselves at our place.

I began to realize that there was something wrong with me. I was tired and cross before they arrived, and I felt so rushed that nobody could relax and have a good time. It was my fault that nobody had had a good time. I could see that plainly enough, looking back.

It was just the same when Jack and I were alone. We always seemed to be having disagreements and arguments about all kinds of stupid, unimportant little things.

I'd always been as calm and placid as a summer sea, and I was beginning to get hair-trigger nerves. Because I felt so torn apart. When I was working I just kept picturing Eva doing everything wrong and

buying all kinds of expensive food. And I never had enough time—when could I mend my clothes or sew buttons on Jack's.

I could see that getting a job had been the most idiotic thing I'd ever done in my life. I worked like a horse all day, never had any time for myself or my friends. And I was actually losing money by it. I'd finally paid off on the chauffeure, but I still owed on three others!

It was all very well for Clara to say I was striking a blow for the freedom of women. Good grief! What about a little freedom for me?

I suppose the smart thing to do when you realize you're wrong about something is to admit it nobly, and start over again. Well, I didn't do it. I just felt too darn' silly, when I'd made such a fuss about getting the old job. And, anyhow, I'd never told Jack how much I owed Mrs. Belmore. Not that he wouldn't be willing to pay, but I couldn't bear to tell him—I didn't have the faintest idea where the money had gone, and it all seemed so ridiculous.

Well, thank heavens, the decision was taken out of my hands. I suppose I'd be working to this day if it hadn't been for Joan. When Father, who is the best doctor in Winfield, if I do say it, told me absolutely I couldn't stand on my feet all day, I could have cheered.

The idea of having a baby seemed awfully strange to me at first. I mean, it seems the most natural thing in the world to happen to anybody else, but I just couldn't imagine it happening to me, somehow. Not that we didn't want children—we did, of course, but you think of it in the vague future. It was so bewildering—Jack and I used to sit and try to imagine ourselves as parents—it just didn't seem possible.

But now that Joan is here, we just can't imagine ourselves anything else! As for being tied down—Well, I can sterilize the bottles, fix the formula for the day, do Joan's washing, and have all the foundations laid for dinner, and be completely finished by eleven o'clock. And if I want to go somewhere where I can't take Joan along, I can get a very reliable high-school girl to come over and watch her, and it costs only fifty cents.

I'LL NEVER forget the bliss of those first few weeks after I gave up my job. There were so many things I just couldn't wait to get at. Everything was in the wrong place, and the stove—well, there's one stain I never will get out, but the kitchen certainly looks like a different place.

Jennie Orson took Eva. Jennie's taken my job at Mrs. Belmore's, though I warned her against it. She doesn't think Joe gives her enough of an allowance, and she's determined to earn her own.

She stopped by on her way from work the other day. She had on a stunning blue pebbly crêpe frock, but she looked awfully tired around the eyes. She said Eva gave them veal loaf three times in succession last week, and that Joe swore up and down that if it happened again he was going to move to the Commercial Hotel.

I'm back in the bridge club and the Half Hour, too, because poor Jennie had to drop out. At next week's meeting the symposium will be on "Shall Girls Work?" They'll all fall over when they hear my paper on "Smart Girls Don't."

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# Ozarkadia

(Continued from page 60)

reckoned he would probably grow to five feet, but he fell an inch or two short of it, and he never gained much over a hundred pounds of heft.

For better than thirty years he kept a crossroads store out in Brush Creek community, and did well enough until one day the store burned. There was no insurance, and at sixty-four Sammy found himself jobless, penniless, and in debt for a good many hundreds of dollars.

Not long ago Sammy showed me into a one-room log cabin which he calls home. In a far corner there was a wooden bin piled high with hulled black walnuts. Sammy explained that since he is no longer strong enough to wield a chopping ax and lacks the heft to do farming, he is paying off his debt by picking out black walnut kernels and selling them to town confectioners. He reckons that in three or four more years, provided the walnut crops are good, he will have the account straightened.

I am not writing a sermon, but I am suggesting that if more of our helmsmen of finance were Sammy Blankhalls, we should have less ranting against capital, fewer Kreugers and Insults and Banks of United States.

Sammy Blankhall is a true son of his environment. Straightforward dealings and plain honesty are dominant humors of the land. Farm homes stand without locks the year round.

Leisure time and spontaneous friendliness provide a first-rate balance wheel for behavior. The rural Ozarkadian has time to ponder and observe and to build friendships. He can ponder at easy random on kings, cabbages, and hog killing; on hay curing, government, and chinch bugs, on war and God and birth. Livings are made with fair ease, but wealth is not easy to acquire. Being an own son of mother earth, he need abide little that is artificial or pretentious. He has a remarkable amount of halter in the matter of building and enjoying his own life.

AS AN expression of resourceful self-sufficiency, my America remains a lasting haven for homecrafts. Out in the hills you will find basket makers, rug weavers, clay molders, wood carvers, cabinet workers, cloth weavers, and followers of various other waning crafts.

My greatest enthusiasm goes for home weavers. Hill wives still sing at answering looms. Old spinning wheels and dye pots and hand cards still perform their interesting preliminaries, and old looms still help at mixing warps and wefts.

My favorite pair of home weavers is Aunt Betsy Honsinger and Aunt Matilda Clark. We aren't related. "Aunt" is simply a countryside term of affection. Both have rated the title since they were in the neighborhood of fifty, which was a good many years ago.

Their professional partnership, or "brace," works out splendidly. Matilda Clark does the carding or fiber combing, works the spinning wheel that changes the carded wool into yarn, gets together the herbs for dyeing, the walnut-hull brown, the sumac-berry gray, the hemlock-root black,

the peach-leaf yellow, and all such as that. Betsy Honsinger is the loom artist. She strings the warp, loads the hand-shuttle, and actually produces the cloth, at the rate of six or seven generous-sized and long-lasting yards every day.

Both are mountaineers and intensely proud of it. Both have been at home weaving since they were children. Between them, they have produced about everything weavable on a hand loom, from bathtubs to counterpanes. They know enough patterns to fill up a stylebook, and both testify that they would rather weave than eat, much as they relish their victuals. Their looms and most of their incidental weaving equipment are home-built and fit handily within a modest-sized back porch. Their philosophy of production is, first, to clothe themselves; second, to live modestly upon whatever surplus they can sell.

ONE of the distinctive institutions of Ozarkadia is fun-making. Along with well-standardized diversions of towns, the country keeps its back-brush frolics—square dances at which each swain covets with the damsel of his heart and all others present, to the accompaniment of fiddle or banjo music; and play-parties, wherein singing games and line games do away with the need of synecopation.

The scene is apt to be the countryside schoolhouse or tavern, or, better still, a vacant farmhouse. You may be strolling along, expecting nothing in particular, when all at once you make out a thudding of feet. Next, you hear the squeak of a fiddle, and there you are at the scene of fun-making, wherein young and old, homely and beautiful, home folks and strangers, are welcome to take part.

A truly typical Ozarkadian sport is fox hunting, which comes with autumnal moonlight. The actual hunting resolves itself into a good-natured running contest between hound and fox, with men as amiable and lounging onlookers. Countrymen gather from towns and farms, pitch camps in handy bends of valleys where firewood and water are plentiful, plunk banjos, sing and drink and talk. Hunts usually hold for a week or ten days. The days are given over to gregarious mixings and to discussions of politics and hounds.

When night comes, the dogs, which have likely spent the day leashed to convenient wagon wheels, are led forth and set to trail. Then the hunters stroll forth to favorable hilltops, build watch fires, and lounge upon the earth, quaffing strong coffee, etc., reciting annals of earlier years and hunts, devising drolleries and monkey-shines and easy talk, the while listening to the baying of the hounds, identifying the "mouth" or voice of each, and speculating upon the animal's competency.

Foxes just aren't caught. Any able-bodied fox can take care of himself in the rough lands. He simply runs as long as he sees fit to, then dashes into a ledge den or bluff crevice, and that ends the chase.

When moon and refreshments have waned, and the night is old, the hunters go back to their tents and sleep, while the hounds continue to frolic through far-flung wildernesses, playing after a quarry

which any rational hound knows can never be caught.

Another Ozarkadian institution that simply won't bear overlooking is the crossroads store, which remains an easy-going clearing center for its backwoods community, for barter and buying, philosophy and talk and good fellowship.

You may be wandering along a farm road which shows no visible intentions of getting anywhere in particular, when all at once the road widens and there you are in Red Star, or Nellie's Apron, or Eagle Rock, or some other unmapped hamlet. You will know the town by the store, for the store really is the town.

The crossroad stores are vaguely uniform in structure, slope-roofed, board houses, usually weather-grayed and a bit decrepit, havens possessed of hitching posts and watering places and room for a few more comers. You find there old countrymen who have outlived the working span; farmers bent on spending an idle afternoon at pleasant talk; youths reckoning to overhear the talk of wise and knowing men; farm wives come to barter and delve with pin money. There news, both local and national, is duly digested.

Personally, I am a long-addicted fancier of crossroad stores. I like to be around them. My chosen pose is leaning upon awning posts.

Not long ago I picked the wrong post. It came loose at the top and there I was falling straight down. The storekeeper was sympathetic and explained that he would surely take me on to the next town except for the fact that the motor out of his auto was spread all over his parlor and front bedroom. So I seated myself beneath an overhanging stock of lamp chimneys, ax handles, and baking soda and extended the visit.

THEN the storekeeper's dog strolled in, approached the round of cheese and whined softly. The animal smelled of distant woodlands and vanquished polecats and showed a confiding nature, along with a peculiar bluntness of chest.

"He got a little blunt-chested from pushin' himself after rabbits when he was a puppy."

The owner added in appreciation:

"But he's a mighty smart dawg. I first figured to name him Dan'l Webster. Then, after he took to trallin', I changed it to Al Smith. Whenever he gets with a pack of dawgs he first sets out trallin'. Then he takes the lead and hollers so loud that the rest of the dawgs can't think to trail, and so they just follow him.

"After a while the trail will take a sharp turn. And whenever it does, this dawg slows up and lets the rest of the pack go stavin' on past him. Then he drops back and takes the true trail to himself, and if it's something he can catch, he catches it."

I agreed that the dog's name was timely and well-chosen. Then it struck me that the episode might be taken as more broadly symbolic—that while other Americans have loped uproariously onward in quest of the "bigger and better," rural Ozarkadia has tarried a bit and kept to the true trail.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Death Rides the Mesa

(Continued from page 66)

more hours and the day would be past.

But for Craig that day was not to end quite so uneventfully. Dinner over, he sought out Kay, but the girl gave him no opportunity to be alone with her, and, soon pleading weariness, left for her room. So for the rest of the evening Craig played at chess with Thone, and, shortly after ten, went upstairs.

How long he lay wakeful Craig did not know, but it could have been only a matter of moments when he heard a cautious footstep passing down the opposite side of the balcony. Instantly on his feet, he stepped into the corridor just in time to hear the slight scraping of a door opening downstairs and, a moment later, its quiet, careful closing. Running to the window, Craig leaned out and saw beneath him the heavy figure of Flaherty, making for the corral.

In the darkness Craig groped about for his clothes, then, strapping on his automatic, returned to his vigil by the window.

For long moments the canyon lay empty, but now unmistakably he heard the muffled footfalls of a horse somewhere beyond the pool, and at last Flaherty emerged from the deeper shadows, riding toward the canyon trail. Boots in hand, Craig hastened down the stairs and out toward the corral; then, swiftly saddling, he led his horse to where the shadows of the tamarisk were heaviest.

At the foot of the trail Craig mounted. He rode leisurely now, in no apparent haste, confident there would be no difficulty in following the Irishman's tracks.

On he rode beneath the stars, steadily climbing out of the canyon, until at last cliffs gave way to mesa, and, throwing a shaft from his flashlight to the trail, he saw that Flaherty had turned southward toward the crossroads and the cantina.

AT THE end of an hour Craig gained the top of a little knoll and looked down on that solitary cantina of the crossroads, its lights gleaming, white and spectral, far out into the desert. Drawing nearer, the slow beat of music floated dimly and brokenly to him through the night.

Dismounting before the door, Craig fastened his horse to the long hitching rail, and saw with surprise that over a dozen animals were already tethered there, but the nearest one, he noticed with silent satisfaction, was the mare that Flaherty had ridden. Shaking the alkali from his shoulders, he threw open the door.

A stout Mexican stood in the narrow hallway, and as Craig came forward he looked up curiously, then, seeing the holster of the automatic projecting from beneath the tall man's coat, said, in perfect English, "Your gun please, señor."

"What do you mean?"

"It is a rule of the authorities that no man may go armed within any cantina. When you leave, it will be restored to you."

Without answering, Craig stepped past the Mexican and, opening the inner door, looked down the length of a long, brightly lighted barroom. Eight shabby *vaqueros* stood drinking there, and as Craig's eyes fell to the holsters at the men's belts, he saw they were empty. Satisfied, he pulled out his own automatic, handed it to the Mexican, and entered the barroom.

His eyes had suddenly become dull and indifferent, as if weary from hard riding, yet they missed no slightest detail in any feature of the spurred and booted men who stood there. They showed no slightest interest in Craig as he passed them, but he noticed that they grew strangely silent at his approach—a silence not broken until he had stepped into the dimly lit patio beyond.

Here a number of small circular tables dotted the place, and in each corner potted palms served as the sole half-hearted attempt at decoration. Above, surrounding the empty patio, stretched the usual narrow balcony.

Still no sign of Flaherty, and Craig hesitated—whether to mount the steps and search the rooms about the balcony, or await developments below.

But even as he hesitated all need for decision vanished. Loudly, from above, Red's voice boomed out, and at the first sound Craig realized that Flaherty had made good use of his short time in the cantina. For the voice was flush with liquor.

MOTIONLESS, Craig listened, and now from upstairs the voice of a woman answered, low and indistinct. Again Red's voice boomed out, and, convinced that Flaherty's midnight ride meant no more than what Reed called his "monthly bust," Craig turned to go, when the unseen woman spoke again. This time the voice had raised in swift anger, and to his amazement Craig recognized the lisping accent of Carlotta Vasquez.

Crossing the patio, Ringland crept up the stairs, and at the top raised his head cautiously above the level of the floor. There Carlotta stood with her back toward him, hands on her hips, face upturned, as if in stormy anger at the big Irishman. Flaherty, meanwhile, was shaking his head in amused reproach.

"You wouldn't be after frightening a poor man to death with those big black eyes?" he bantered, and drunken laughter swept through his voice. "Remember, it's Red Flaherty you're dealing with, and even a delicious little wildcat like yourself can get just so far with threats and never a bit farther." Again his voice lowered. "Faith now, you could do a lot more with a smile."

Hotly the girl's voice answered. "We have nothing more to say. You are one coward, Mike Flaherty. I should always have known it. But remember this—if you ever tell why you came here this night—"

Flaherty's laughter interrupted. "What better reason for a long ride than to find a sweet girl like yourself? Sure and I'd ride three times as far to see those pretty lips, but you're a little fool to try and make a bloody cat's-paw of Red Flaherty."

She turned, and for a moment Craig thought she was about to leave, but now the voice blazed back with unleashed fury:

"You are drunk."

"Maybe so. But I'm sober enough to know a handsome woman when I see one."

"What woman would look at you? Why, even the peon girls laugh as you ride by. Leave me or I call below and have them throw you out."

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If it was Carlotta's intention to lash Flaherty to blind anger, she instantly succeeded.

Red's voice had become a growl. "Now, by the lord Harry, I'd be glad to see you and those mongrels downstairs throw me out! But I don't think you'll be trying it at all. Suppose I happen to mention that the daughter of the proud house of Vasquez brought me here to ask—"

Those last words were forever lost. In quick return Carlotta clapped her hand over the Irishman's mouth, but Flaherty seized the girl's wrist in his big hand and leaned over the railing to call a waiter. The moment that massive form was turned, though, Craig saw Carlotta snatch a knife from the table. In the same swift instant the steel blade glittered above Flaherty's unprotected back.

No time to call out. Like a cat Craig leaped forward, eyes fixed on that poised and gleaming steel, and seized her wrist in the very instant of descent. At the sound Flaherty whirled, and, catching sight of that gleaming blade, darted back.

But the girl had utterly forgotten him—her eyes were blazing up into Craig's stern features.

Never in a life passed among dangers did Craig behold a look of deadlier hatred than gleamed in the girl's dark eyes, as, thwarted and trembling, she recognized him. He gently disengaged the weapon from her grasp.

He shook his head, as at a willful child. "Tomorrow," he said softly, "you'll be glad I did this."

"Glad!" Carlotta's voice came only in a hoarse whisper. "Por Dios, before tonight is over I hope you lie dead—dead at my feet—both of you!"

Violently she tore her wrist from the man's grasp, then ran down the stairs, and Craig heard her heels clicking on the tile as she hurried through the patio and out into the barroom beyond.

"Boy," Flaherty's hand fell heavily on Ringland's shoulder, "you saved me from getting six inches of steel in my spine."

His voice had sobered, but Craig's ears were only half attentive, for on the floor below a little group of *vaqueros* came bursting in from the bar. Their dark faces raised toward the two men on the balcony, and, with a low hum of angry voices, they poured across the patio toward the stairs. Too clearly Craig realized this new danger—Carlotta was making good her threat. Spinning Flaherty about, he pointed.

"Those men are after us. How do we get out of here?"

BUT at the sight Red's eyes lighted with the joy of battle, and he raised those huge gorilla arms of his in exultation. "Get out? We get out the same way we got in—straight down through that howling vermin. Follow me and I'll show you how a man of County Sligo handles these unadorned desert spawn."

Ripping off his coat, Red Flaherty strode toward the head of the stairs.

But the first *vaquero* had already gained the top and, with a shout to the others, sprang forward. Flaherty met that leap with the litherness of a huge cat. He caught the little Mexican in midair and, raising his struggling form high above his head, hurled him like a child out over the balcony down on the tiles below.

But even before Red could turn, two

more were close upon him. The foremost Craig struck with all his force full on the point of the jaw, knocking him back, cold and insensible. But the other had seized Flaherty and, wrapping arms and legs about his burly form, made a desperate effort to entangle him until help might arrive and end the unequal battle. Cursing wildly, Red clawed at his new antagonist.

And now the rest of the attackers had reached the top. Yelling, shoving, and crowding, brown knotted hands thrust eagerly forward, the *vaqueros* struck.

Close quarters now. Fighting shoulder to shoulder in that narrow place, the two men were forced back step by step, snarling, tearing, and striking, jerking themselves free from the grasp of those ever menacing hands that reached forward to drag them down.

Once Flaherty's red fingers closed about the neck of a *vaquero* and, raising him, bent his agonized form back over the railing, and, with a little laugh, tossed him into the patio, then turned to the fray again. But already blood had been drawn from Red's forehead, and his lip lay open. Forced back, foot by foot, the two were fighting at last perilously near the end of the corridor. Beyond that there would be no further retreat, and Craig's searching eye made out a closed door to the left. If they could get inside, it might be possible to climb out on the roof. If not—well, they could be in no worse plight than now, and, quickly as he reached that decision, Craig acted.

BENDING low, he lunged suddenly forward and, seizing the foremost *vaquero* about the waist, raised and hurled him with all his strength at the attackers. Struck with the terrific impact of that flying body, the Mexicans surged backward, and, as they gave ground, Craig pulled open the door and, turning, jerked Flaherty into a darkened room. Violently he flung the door closed, his fingers touched a bolt, and, slipping it into place, he ran his hands over the wall until they encountered the electric switch. A dim, yellowish light illuminated the room, revealing on the opposite side a window which gave out upon the sloping roof. With a vast feeling of relief, Craig threw open the sash.

But Flaherty, still flushed with the fumes of *tequila* and the joy of strife, was not to be so lightly balked. Snarling his resentment, he turned to the door.

"Just as we're getting on top of the burns you pull me in here like a skunk making for its den," And the Irish fighter would have jerked back the bolt had not Craig spun him across the room and forced the man to look into his eyes.

"Flaherty," he said slowly, emphasizing every word, "you're a good fighter. Remember that! You're a fine scrapper, and some night we'll come back and clean up the whole cantina, but just now we're going to fool them."

A slow, uncertain smile spread over Red's face, and Craig saw that this idea of outwitting the enemy was finding favor in Flaherty's deliberate brain. But already a pounding, splintering crash resounded through the door—not for long would it withstand repeated shocks like those. Craig ran to the window, then, beckoning Flaherty, stepped outside.

Out there the roof shelved steeply, and on hands and feet Craig half crawled, half

scrambled to the edge. Looking back, he called in a low voice to Red, and presently the man's frame bulged through the window, and clumsily his high-heeled riding boots rattled over the loose tile shingles until he was perched beside Craig at the very edge. And none too soon. A crash from the open window told them the attackers had gained the room at last.

With a whispered "Follow," Craig let himself drop lightly to the ground.

No one in sight, and, as Flaherty sprawled down beside him, Craig hurried to the horses. Untying Red's mare first, he forced the Irishman to mount, then, quickly vaulting into his own saddle, looked back.

In black silhouette the heads and shoulders of three men were outlined against the light of the room upstairs, and now a *vaquero* burst from the door, gun in hand. Through the night Flaherty hurled loud defiance over his shoulder, and in response three blue flames of light leaped toward them, shattering the silence with the angry crack of an automatic.

High time to go, and, wheeling, the two men spurred their horses out into the darkness toward the Canyon of the Dead. They rode steadily, Craig turning in his mind the night's strange outcome and its disquieting implications. From now on his task would be more difficult and infinitely more hazardous. He had earned the undying enmity of Carlotta—perhaps of her brother, too. And Flaherty? Craig wondered. But just before they entered the canyon, Red leaned over and slapped Craig heavily on the shoulder.

"You're a fighter, my boy." The voice held a tone of friendly admiration. "But take a word of wisdom from me and be watchful. If ever I saw hate on a woman's face, it lay in the eyes of Carlotta Vasquez tonight when you took away that knife." He hesitated, then asked abruptly, "Do you know what I was doing there?"

"I might guess."

"You needn't. I'll tell you. Carlotta sent Pedro over today and asked me to meet her at the cantina. When I got there she had brought over all the toughest of Arturo's *vaqueros* and wanted me to lead them down into the canyon." Red smiled. "You know what for?"

"To get me."

"Exactly—to kick you out of this country. And, just between us, I don't think she cared a whoop what shape you were in when you left. She thought because of that set-to we had I'd be jumpin' at the chance."

"Why didn't you accept?"

Flaherty looked squarely into Craig's face. "If ever I want to get you, Ringland, I'll do it head on—it won't be hiding behind a lot of Vasquez's *vaqueros*." Craig heard him chuckle. "Faith, wasn't she the mad little wildcat? You can't change a woman down deep, no matter how blue their blood is or whether they're princess or peon. But I'll not be forgetting your part tonight."

DAWN was just touching the canyon with its first pale whiteness when they reached the hacienda, and, skirting the path, they rode to the corral, unsaddled, and together returned to the house. There, at the head of the stairs, as Craig turned towards his room, the Irishman's voice whispered, "I'm just wondering what that

little Carlotta will do when she sees you again?"

Craig, too, wondered. But it was idle, that speculation. He was never to see her again.

After a brief two hours' rest, Craig bathed his face in cold water, and, saddling his extra horse, hurried up the canyon trail to the temple. It was still dark inside, and, switching on the light, Craig saw that Thone and Reed were preparing for another shipment of Aztec relics across the line. Already several idols stood wrapped in long rolls of burlap, and two large panniers were half packed with urns.

Thoughtfully Craig regarded the place, then returned to his horse. He rode rapidly now, yet in spite of his haste the long hoot of an owl told him the Mexican agent was before him.

Excitement burned in Juan's eyes, and while Craig was still afar he called out, "The señor was right."

"You mean about that piece of the poison bottle?"

"Sí. I sent it for examination as you told me, and today I receive word it is—" "Iridio-platinum, his," Craig interrupted, his own eyes bright.

"Si."

"Good." A quiet exultation sounded in his voice. "The metal more precious than gold. Well, it's closing together, Juan, every loose string. But I came to warn you that the Night Rider soon goes abroad."

"How does the señor know?"

"Another shipment of relics is being made ready at the temple. Also, the Rider was seen in broad daylight—that means activity of some unusual kind. Tonight, it may, we shall see the end. So keep well back, but have your men between the canyon and the border."

He raised his hand and disappeared down the trail.

IT WAS late afternoon when Craig made yet another excursion beyond the head of the canyon. This time he had asked Kay to come with him.

For the better part of two hours they rode, and, filled with that never-ceasing wonder of the desert sunset, man and girl sat their horses, watching in silence the deepening colors of this crag-strewn world.

Pushing ahead at last, they descended a small declivity, and at the bottom, dismounting, Craig lifted the girl from his saddle.

"We'll leave the horses here," he told her. "I want to go to the top of that little promontory. The trail from the bad lands passes close by, and it's been my watch-tower for many a day."

Together they climbed the face of that cliff, and, once there, Craig pulled from his pocket a much-worn map.

"Your uncle gave me this when I first came here," he said. "It's not very accurate—but good enough."

She looked at it intently, and, pointing to a series of red-dotted lines, asked, "What are they? Trails?"

"In a sense. They're trails of the Night Rider. On this map I've been putting every scrap of information I can get about the Rider's movements. Whenever a sheep herder has been sent out of the canyon country, I've recorded the place where the Night Rider was seen. Then I tried to work out the most likely ways he might be expected to come, and whenever I am able to trail him, I follow.

"It's been slow work, but some interesting results are beginning to show up. Back there where your hand is, you see the trails are wide apart, but here"—Craig tapped with the point of his pencil—"they come together. It's as if the Rider, on his way to the canyon, had to use one of three trails, none of them very far apart. So my best chance lay in watching close to where those trails converge, and I've been doing just that. Look down there and you'll understand why the Night Rider has kept to those three routes."

Following with her eyes the man's outstretched hand, Kay saw three deep arroyos stretching out before her, leading into a small valley that lay almost at their feet. On each side limestone cliffs rose, straight and precipitous.

"The neck of the bottle," Craig was saying. "Our Rider has to follow one of those three canyons or else circle for many miles."

"Where does he go then?"

He shrugged. "If I only knew. It's to find that out I've ridden this country many times."

Below them the desert night wind caused little eddies of limestone dust and alkali to rise, ghostlike and tenuous, catching the rays of the ever-lowering sun, which turned those impalpable columns of whiteness to shell-pink and rose. Involuntarily the girl shivered and drew closer.

"Shouldn't we go back now?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Better wait until it's almost dark." And again his eyes swept the country before them.

"CRAIG!"

The girl was looking back toward the mesa to where, among the darkening shadows, a rider came at a trot down the steep arroyo. Her quick eyes caught sight of the black mantle that floated behind him, and instinctively she made as if to rise, but with startling suddenness Craig's arms closed about her, forcing her prone beside him. There he held her, motionless, his eyes commanding silence. Once he glanced back to where the horses stood, and, confident they could not be seen by the approaching rider, he crouched low beside the girl, his arm still across her shoulders, eyes tense and narrow, and his lips formed the words, "The Night Rider."

Slowly the horseman trotted forward, a black hood drawn low over his head, the loose black cloak reaching down to his stirrups. Satanic, mysterious dweller of some other world that black-draped figure seemed, as he rode swiftly through the crimson sunset. Swerving close to the foot of the broken limestone walls, he reined in his horse opposite what might have been a cave or a deep declivity in the cliff, and Kay felt Craig's hand upon her shoulder stiffen, warning her to make no move.

For now the cloaked horseman was scanning the horizon, turning slowly in his saddle, searching not only the skyline above, but every arroyo that led from where he sat. A long, unhurried scrutiny.

At last he turned, the sound of a sharp, short whistle split the air, and those two watchers on the promontory suddenly started, for from among the rocks a solitary figure came walking. At his approach the Rider drew that black, concealing hood from his head, and now, silhouetted in the last rays of the dying sun, Arturo Vasquez sat his horse.

(To be continued)

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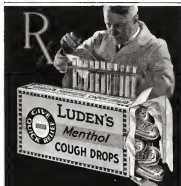
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diphtheria. That had cost money, a lot of money. His life insurance had lapsed. Slowly their resources dwindled, disappeared. She had tried desperately to hold him to his old, steady way of life, to preserve his pride, but that was hopeless. Little by little he had slipped, first into bitterness, then into despair, then, as an antidote, into drink.

SHE heard her husband's step outside the door, and jumped up quickly. He came in with a lurch and a leer, flinging his cap to the couch and settling down beside it. He grinned at her.

"Feeling better?" he asked humorously. "When do you take them bandages off?" Selina looked at him unflinchingly.

"You've been drinking, John," she said. "When a man like you has been in jail, I should think that would be enough of a lesson."

He glowered and put his feet up on the couch.

"Should think a man could take a drink without being picked on by everyone," he grumbled. "Why shouldn't I take a drink? Or two drinks? Three—" He lapsed into gibberish.

"Is it true they're opening the factory again?" Selina asked patiently.

"Huh?" The man stared at her. "Oh—old Jake thinks he's opening."

"I suppose you're getting your job back?" Selina questioned. The words were spoken quietly; they revealed none of her eagerness.

"Job back?" he repeated stupidly. Suddenly he roared with laughter. "That's one swell joke on Jake Hartley! Got a rush order, wants to open the plant tomorrow—and can't get a blessed man to work for him!"

Selina stared at him incredulously, her body stiffening with anger.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Why—" He reached for a black bottle and uncorked it with a defiant gesture. "Just this afternoon he had me in the mayor's office. 'Well, John,' he says, 'I got great news for you.' I didn't say nothing. 'Want you all to come back to work.' I says—" Again he broke off into gales of laughter.

"Was that what the meeting was about?" Selina asked.

He nodded.

"What did you decide?" "Decide?" He thought for a moment, and rubbed the back of his hand across his mouth. "We decided that if we didn't get them free movie tickets before the end of the week, we'd—"

"About the jobs?" Selina screamed.

"The work at the factory?"

He sat up. His face took on a more intelligent expression.

"We decided that we wasn't going back to work," he said very clearly. "Jake Hartley threw us out of our jobs—took everything we had away from us. Now he can taste some of his own medicine."

He fumbled with a corner of the mattress, watching Selina narrowly. She stood there in silence, merely shaking her head in utter lack of comprehension.

"But, John," she said at last; "I want to understand. Don't you realize that this is our chance?"

He eyed her with displeasure.

"Forget it," he said.

"But, John—" Selina's voice was plead-

ing. "John, all I want is to understand. When they want you back at work—why won't you go?"

"Forget it!" he shouted, in a rage. "I don't want to talk about it. It's decided—see? That's all!"

She looked at him as if he were a stranger.

"You did this," she said quietly. "You put this idea into the heads of those men. You're responsible for this, John Foster—" He jerked himself to his feet.

"Yeah?" he snarled. "What of it? Who cares? I tell you, I don't give a hang if I never work again!" He stared at her wildly, swaying on his feet. "See? Why should I work?" he demanded. "Ain't the city feeding me? They took it all away—everything—" He swept his arm about in a wide circle. "Now I don't care! Let them keep on feeding me—they will keep on! If they don't—" He brandished the bottle in his fist.

"But don't you want more?" Selina asked.

She tried to stand close to him, but he pushed her away.

"Sure—I want more," he said with a grin. "And I'll get it! They don't dare say no! He shouted triumphantly. "They know if they did we'd wreck 'em!"

"Your own daughter's in Chicago—working," Selina said evenly. "I've tried to get something here. I'll try again."

"Then the more fool you," he said. "What's a man got to work for? Why should I work?"

He staggered to the door, opened it, glanced once at Selina, and went out. She looked after him for a minute, then went to the door and bolted it. Then she sat down again and took up her sewing. . . .

PORTRAITS of his ancestors—the men who had built the industry and shaped its destiny—stared down at Jacob Hartley from the walls of his office in the furniture plant. There were four of them, and their expressions varied slightly, but all were jolly and benevolent-looking. Jacob's eyes went from the slow contemplation of the portraits to an anxious look at the face of a wall clock that hung over the door on the opposite side of the room. His fingers played aimlessly with things on the desk. He frowned.

Frank stood by the windows that looked out over the bare, dust-blown factory yards. A hundred feet or so away was a high woven-wire fence, topped by three strands of barbed wire. High-tension wires hung against the gray sky. Frank glanced at the clock and turned away.

The clock chimed feebly. Ten o'clock. The men nodded as they heard footsteps near the door. Frank sat down near his father.

John Foster knocked and came in. He was still unshaven; his eyes, still bloodshot, were hot and angry.

Jacob stood up and pulled a chair over to the desk. He motioned Foster to it.

"Sit down," he said. He opened a cigarette box and passed it to the foreman.

"Now—" he began.

Foster looked up quickly.

"The Unemployed Council of Hartley has decided not to accept your offer," he said. "It was discussed in public mass meeting last night and the men voted against the proposition. The Council decided to go on record in demanding free

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movie tickets for unemployed men and their families. If we don't get them—"

"Wait a minute!" Jacob said. "Do I understand that you're refusing to come back to work?"

"That's right," Foster said belligerently. "We're not going back to work."

Jacob's head snapped up. He looked at the foreman squarely.

"You drunken, dirty bum," he said, very distinctly. "You're not fit for work! I don't know what's happened to you, but I know you're not the man who used to be my foreman."

He turned to Frank.  
 "Call Mayor Perkins and get him over here," he said. He stood up.

"Now, get out!" he ordered. "I'm going to give you men just one last chance. I'm going to open the gate this afternoon at three o'clock. If you don't come back then, you can stand the consequences."

"Consequences!" Foster growled. "You're the one who'd better mind the consequences, Mister Hartley! We ain't going to work for you, and if you try to make us there'll be the dickens to pay."

"Get out!" Jacob roared.  
 He raised his fists and took a step toward the foreman. Foster went.

"The mayor's coming right over," Frank said. He put a hand on his father's shoulder. Jacob shook his head.

"I can't understand it," he murmured. "I don't know what's happened to those men. I don't know whether Foster's responsible, or what it is."

He straightened up and faced his son. "Whatever it is, it's awful wrong," he said firmly. "If it's our mistake, we've got to correct it. I'm going to get those men into the plant this afternoon—somehow."

Frank nodded.  
 "I think I know what the trouble is," he said slowly. "It's a question of morale. Those men—even Foster—are fundamentally sound. If they were put back to work, they'd get their balance in no time. But their minds are distorted. Just as the mayor told us—they've been out of work for two years. We took them out of their jobs and left them high and dry—made them sell what they had and eat up their savings, and then go and live on charity. No man—particularly a man who's been in a good job all his life—can live on charity very long and keep up his morale. Their whole character has changed."

Jacob looked at his son thoughtfully.  
 "We did that," he said. "In our own town, to our own people."

"It couldn't be helped," Frank reminded him. "It wasn't your fault. There just wasn't any work."  
 "And now that there is work—" Jacob said. "If we don't get those men started this afternoon—"

"We lose the order," Frank finished. "And they lose everything."

**MAYOR PERKINS** bustled in a few minutes later. Briefly Jacob told him of the new developments. He shook his head sadly.

"I was afraid there'd be trouble," he said. "It was wrong to let Foster out of jail. He's the organizer."

"We've got to make a counter-attack," Jacob said. "Today—right now—I want you to send out an order canceling all municipal relief. Recall the food checks. Stop the cash allowances—"

"I don't dare!" the mayor gasped. "I don't dare do that."

"You've got to," Jacob said. "Those men must be brought to their senses. I want them to know that we mean business. You'd better notify the newspapers, and post typewritten notices all over town."

"Then I'll have to call on the governor for the state militia," the mayor warned. "They won't stand for anything like that." Jacob shook his head.

"That's the last thing to do," he said. "And if we have to do that, it'll be too late."

"There'll be a riot!" said Mayor Perkins. "They'll bust into every store in town."

"I'll share the responsibility for that," Jacob said. "Don't you see? If we don't settle this thing now—today—it'll never be settled. We'll just go along for the rest of time, supporting an able-bodied population that can work, but won't."

The mayor thought for a minute, then nodded.

"All right," he said reluctantly. "I'll do it. But if it doesn't work, we might just as well get out of Hartley."

"Yes," Jacob agreed. "It's going to be a show-down—but it's got to work. . . ."

AT ONE o'clock the proprietor of a grocery store located in the middle of the factory workers' district pasted an announcement on the door, locked it carefully, and went home. The announcement was simple, and brief:

"By order of the Mayor, no more city food tickets will be honored in this or any other store."

The street was empty when the storekeeper left, but within thirty minutes after his departure a crowd of angry, excited housewives, carrying market baskets, lists, and municipal food tickets signed by the mayor, had gathered.

Other women appeared, read the notice, lingered for a moment or two to add their bit to the rising storm of protest, then bustled away to spread the news. Before long the whole neighborhood knew what had happened.

In front of the store the sharp clacking of many female tongues rose like the screeching of peacocks. Some voices were hoarse, some frightened, some curious, a few defiant.

"The city's broke!"  
 "They ain't going to give us any more food!"

"They're going to starve us out!"  
 "Our kids'll go hungry!"  
 "What's this I hear about jobs at the factory?"

Selma Foster came down the street and stopped in front of the store. Her arm was still bandaged, and the chattering women made room for her in their midst. When she had listened for a while, she said:

"What are you going to do about it?"

"It must be a mistake," one of the women said. "They ain't going to let all of us starve. They can't do that."

"Whose fault is it?" she asked abruptly. They stared at her dumbly.

"Do you know what happened at that meetin' last night?" she demanded. "Or were your men too ashamed to say? Do you know Mr. Hartley offered jobs to all our husbands? And do you know what they did at the meeting?"

The women shook their heads.





"Mr. Hartley," she said, addressing Jacob, "we women want to apply for jobs here. If the men feel like going home and doing the housework for us, they're welcome to it. But somebody's got to earn us a living, and if they won't, we will!"

A lusty cheer followed her speech. A man standing near by interrupted it with a rude catcall. There was an audible crack as a woman behind him brought an iron skillet down on his head. There was no attempt at retaliation on the part of the males.

John Foster had watched his wife incredulously as she talked. Suddenly it dawned on him that she was defying him, making a fool of him before his fellows. He stepped forward and seized her by the arm.

"Get back to the house!" he ordered, giving her arm a jerk as he spoke. "This ain't none of your business. Go on—out of here!"

Before her allies could intervene he had given her a push that sent her flying back against the gate. On the rebound she stumbled and fell.

The Hartleys exchanged meaning glances.

For a bare second their eyes met, but it was enough. Unmindful of the pandemonium that had broken loose, Frank stripped off his coat and rushed the foreman.

He took one of Foster's wild, powerful blows on the forehead above the eye. Then, unexpectedly, he connected with Foster's chin—a beautiful, unhampered uppercut that lifted him to his toes. The foreman collapsed in a heap almost in front of Selina. Swiftly Frank took him by the arms and dragged him through the gate. Then he faced the crowd expectantly.

"I'm ready for anyone else who wants a fight," he said. He glanced searchingly at the faces of the men near him. "But if that's all, you can come in."

THEY seemed undecided. A few grinned sheepishly and avoided Frank's eyes. Suddenly, three men crossed the line.

"We'll come," one of them said.

A shout of triumph went up from the women. Those in the rear pushed forward. Either because they had definitely given in, or because of the strong pressure from be-

hind, a dozen men went through the gate. Jacob slapped his son on the back.

"Done it!" he shouted in his ear.

To the accompaniment of a running fire of acid comment from their wives, the men lined up and entered the yard. Standing above the semi-prostrate body of his foreman, Jacob Hartley nodded a greeting as they came. . . .

"Our work's not done yet," he remarked to Frank when they went to the office a few minutes later. "It will take weeks to restore these men to their senses. Bring back their—what did you call it?"

"Morale," Frank supplied.

"That's it. It's going to be a big job. I think every city in the country is going to face this same problem—or something like it—and it's going to be a serious undertaking to restore the morale of America's unemployed population."

"What about Foster?" Frank asked.

"Will you take him back?"

Jacob nodded.

"I'll have a talk with him," he said. "We may as well start our rehabilitation program with him."

## Buzz the Bullfrog

(Continued from page 29)

secured a position as bandier, I think he called it, in a very respectable dancing academy. I have never been one of those who feel that dancing is wrong. It is rather, I think, a wholesome recreation for young and old.

HOPEFUL that Theodore had at last found an honorable niche for himself amid the hurly-burly of modern life, I was all the more upset when he telephoned me, with that frightened croak which in his case is the unmistakable harbinger of trouble.

"Well, Theodore," I said with a trace of impatience, "what's wrong now?"

"I shot some fellows, Rev," Theodore whispered with hoarse apology. "Three customers in the dance joint tried to make trouble, and I had to get behind the smoke wagon. Then the cops came and I beat it. I done all this shooting in self-defense, the way I see it, Rev, but I was afraid the cops might not see it that way."

"I think you are perfectly right—the cops might not see it that way," I said acidly. "When a man with three convictions gets into a shooting brawl, appearances are decidedly against him. Will any of these persons die?"

"Now, naw, Rev. I just winged each of 'em a couple times."

"Were you, yourself, wounded?"

"Me wounded?" Theodore inquired. "Old Buzz the Bullfrog wounded? Not me, Rev. Why, I got medals!"

"This is no time for levity, Theodore," I said severely. "What are you going to do now?"

"I want you to get me out of here."

"Where are you, in jail?"

"No, Rev, I'm in a drug store."

"Then why don't you walk out?"

"That's the funny part of it, Rev. This here drug store has been padlocked on the outside and I can't get out."

"That's not funny, Theodore. How did this thing happen?"

"It was this way, Rev. After the shooting I ducked out of the dance joint—just a

couple doors up the street—and ducked into this here Phrank's Phull-Value Pharmacy. This Frank is a pal of mine—see?—and he hid me down in the cellar.

"I'd been hiding down there a couple hours when I heard the cops come tramping in above, shouting and yelling. But the funny thing was, they wasn't after me. Frank's been having a little trouble lately about selling liquor without no prescriptions, and these here cops had come in to padlock the place.

"So after a while it got quiet and I sneaked upstairs. The cops had taken Frank and his clerks away and the place was empty, and outside the front door I could see a big, new, brass padlock as big as a horse-collar. It was lucky I had a few nickels in my pocket so I could telephone you, eh, Rev?"

"Yes, that was lucky," I responded without enthusiasm. "I was trying to put my intellect, which is rather a keen one, at work on this problem."

"Why don't you go out the back way?"

"This here drug store don't have nothing only the front entrance, Rev."

"How about waiting until after dark," I advised, "and then breaking the window in front and making good your escape?"

"Not a chance, Rev. There's too much law around here. Too many cops, I mean. There's a police station across the street. If I was to bust out of here they'd have me in the jug in thirty seconds."

"Indeed, Theodore?" I responded feebly. "Indeed? Then let me have your telephone number and I will call you back in a few hours. I find that I am suffering from an uncommonly severe headache, and must lie down for a little while."

My head was quite in a whirl as I tottered to the couch in my study. In all my ecclesiastical experience I had met no situation comparable to this.

Doubtless my legal duty was to report Theodore's whereabouts to the police. On the other hand, as Theodore's spiritual adviser, I had a duty not to disclose what he

had told me in trusting confidence. Furthermore, I was myself partly to blame. Had I not, in my gluttonous love of frogs' legs, encouraged Theodore in that very marksmanship which had now brought him within the shadow of life imprisonment?

I took a headache powder and crossed the Rubicon. Come what might, I would try to help my good Theodore. I would snatch him, a brand from the burning. But how would I get him out of that dratted pharmacy? Somehow, my intellect would find a way.

WHEN I telephoned him I found him unexpectedly cheerful:

"Gee, Rev, I been exploring around here some, and it's quite some dump, the way I see it. Food and everything. It looks like my pal Frank left all his stock in the store. That's the way he operates, you know. Leaves his stuff in the place, and then when they take off the padlock again in six months he just opens up again."

"Food?" I asked.

"Sure; this is a regular drug store. I found whole cases of malted milk and tomato juice and canned chow mein and chile con carne and deviled ham and canned asparagus and everything."

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Then you are in no danger of starving?"

"Now, naw, Rev. I got enough here to live on the fat of the land for months."

"I hope it won't be that long, Theodore. I am putting my mind to work on this problem. I am sure I shall soon arrive at a solution. Meanwhile, eat well and carefully. Don't stuff. Balance your diet. And conduct yourself as conscientiously as possible under the circumstances."

"There ain't no other way to conduct myself, Rev," Theodore observed, not without logic.

"And," I added hesitantly, with a twinge of conscience, "keep out of sight of the officers across the street."

"Trust me, Rev."

Thus auspiciously began the extraordinary hermitage of Buzz the Bullfrog, immured, alone, marooned, in the midst of a great city. And I, his only friend and confidant, seemed unable to help him. Think as I would, I could see no way out.

Days, weeks, and months passed. I paced the floor of my study restlessly. My weight dropped to 240 pounds, then 230, then 220. I was becoming a shadow. Often I would pause in the midst of a sermon, lost in thought.

Theodore, meanwhile, seemed to be enduring his solitude. Each day that I telephoned him he had some new interest in life, some little achievement to report.

Back of the prescription partition, thoroughly screened from the street, he had rigged up comfortable quarters for himself, with couch, chair, desk, reading lamp, and sink for washing his dishes. He cooked with gas over a patent burner. In order to ensure these comforts, as well as phone connections, I sent cash to the gas, electric, and telephone companies, merely signing the letters of transmittal, with a slight feeling of guilt: "Phrank's Phull-Value Pharmacy." Frank, himself, was in jail and knew nothing about this.

MOST encouragingly, Theodore for the first time in his life became interested in reading, other than the sports news. On a counter, marked "Any Book Here for 19 Cents," he found some inspirational literature.

"Say, Rev.," he reported enthusiastically, "there's great stuff in some of these here books. Here's a guy named Arnold B-e-n- Bennett, he's got a book called *Living on Twenty-Four Hours a Day*. Rev, I never knew how much time I been wasting in my life. This guy says we gotta make every minute count in improving ourself.

"So now I got me one of these pink alarm clocks off the counter, and toned it down with a dish towel so it won't disturb no cops, and it wakes me up at six o'clock sharp so I can get on the job."

"What job, Theodore?"

"Improving myself," said Theodore proudly. "I got another book here called *How to Improve Your Chest Expansion Six Inches*. Gives all kinds of exercises I gotta go through with. Then I got my hobby."

"Hobby? What hobby?" I demanded with some asperity. The truth is I was a little vexed to find Theodore so happy while I was worrying myself to a shadow.

"Says in the book every man ought to have a hobby. So I've tooken up the hobby of hair tonic. You know I never have liked this being bald. This here drug store has got about twenty kinds of hair tonic, so every day I mix 'em together in some new kind of combination and rub it on my noggin. Nothing's sprouted yet, but if at first you don't succeed, like it says in the book, try, try again.

"Then I got my sun baths to tend to. I got me a sun lamp from the drug store stock all rigged up. Every day, for one hour, I strip down and lay in them healing violent rays, like the circular says. And have I got a good tan? Palm Beach, Rev, Palm Beach ain't got nothing on me."

Theodore, indeed, seemed to be thriving while I pined away. He reported that he was eating with better appetite than ever before in his life. He was gaining weight steadily. He was raising a beard. He even claimed to have struck on a hair-tonic

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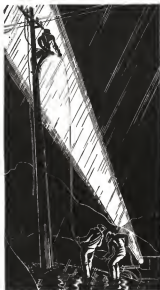
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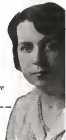
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# Brave Old World

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE



IT WAS the seventeenth of September, in 1932, and, as I sat fishing by a lazy creek in southern Pennsylvania, certain leaves from a huge sycamore detached themselves negligently, waltzed strangely through the still air, and came to rest upon the quiet waters.

"Do you see those leaves?" asked my companion, a ruddy old farmer, who, at eighty-two, was still keen on fishing. "Well, I saw leaves just like that falling from that same tree on the seventeenth day of September, seventy years ago. And do you know how I happen to remember the date? It was on account of what I heard: I was sitting on this same rock fishing when I heard the big guns of the Battle of Antietam, fifteen miles away."

This incident reminds us that, while we are fond of emphasizing the changes that the world and life undergo, yet there are many things that have a certain heartening power to last. The guns of Antietam roared, and were hushed; but the sycamore stood, the tranquil waters flowed, the skies smiled down, and the blue hills continued to encircle the valley. Even the man who was talking to me had endured.

Wordsworth speaks of a "central peace at the heart of endless agitation." Amid the shocks of change, what things are going to be counted of permanent value in the new order? I believe they are essentially the same things that have always counted: We may have gone off the gold standard, but a human being of integrity and courtesy will always be worth his weight in gold.

*Brave New World*, that interesting best seller, suggests that, the former things having passed away, youth must remake life and the world. But some things do not pass; and these are the only things that really count, since their value changes not.

Seldom during the last four years—or forty-four, for that matter—have I listened to a public speaker who has not said, or broadly intimated, that we live in a changing world; and this statement was made with an air of discovery and of portentous warning. And through the audience usually ran a shiver of uneasiness and dread. But, said the first caveman to his wife, "Stoneface, we live in a changing world."

THESE puzzle-headed declaimers who try, by alarming us, to keep us from going to sleep, have not taken the sane and the long view of the history of mankind. It is really no more startling to declare that we live in a changing world than to say that we live upon the earth. Every age has witnessed changes, some of them very profound. There have been upheavals in the history of our race far surpassing anything we have seen. We naturally dread change; and just now many people seem to feel that the whole past is gone and the future utterly unknown. The past is alive, and from it we draw most of our wisdom; the future will be pretty much like the past. The future of the individual is veiled; but

the future of the race may be quite accurately forecast from the present.

Out of remotest antiquity have we come bringing with us most of the virtues and most of the vices that have lifted or lowered our natures since the dawn of time. And honest people in all ages have had pretty much the same admirations and disgusts: admirations for the pure, the lovely, the heroic, the unselfish; disgusts for the shameful, the mean, the disloyal, the cowardly. Of all the things that time tarnishes least, genuine goodness is the foremost.

I cannot therefore take seriously all this sophomoric outcry about "brave new world." Brave old world it seems rather to be, in which essential standards for human behavior, basic criteria for human happiness are ageless and changeless.

ONE day I was talking with an ancient Negro about the way that great thoughts of his people were going to hear a new preacher of showy parts and spectacular methods. My old friend's meditative eyes gleamed shrewdly as he said:

"What they are looking for is not religion. They want a man to tell them that they can sin and be happy."

This remark goes deep into human motives. Many of those who trumpet the passing of old things have, let us say, an ulterior motive in longing to establish a different order. In some circles supposed to be "smart" it is generally accepted that we have reached a stage in civilization when it is Victorian and dowdy to be moral. As the old Negro said, many people want a changed order which will sanction their own immorality. But, if they were not so sophisticated, they would be wise enough to know that no war, no social upheaval, no exhausting depression, no sudden recovery—nothing will delay or frustrate the long purposes of God.

"The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The Captains and the Kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart."

When I hear all this talk about the world's crashing about our ears, I perceive that men have in mind only material things, and usually only those material things which they themselves have made. It is natural for such things not to last. But there is an ancient order that changes not. I mean the massive solidarity of the earth itself, the dim, infallible prescience of the laws of nature, the seasons and the tides, sowing-time and harvest-time. And along with the noble eternity of these things the virtues of the human heart abide also. High courage, that bequeaths to all mankind its infinite estate: gayety, that sings on the lonely road; courtesy, that thinks of the other person first; are not these and a multitude of other virtues as constant in their value as fine gold? I have never read about their worth having changed in all human history. They stand at par today. And as long as our mortal nature remains what it is, there appears no possibility of their losing ground.

formula which was growing hair on his head.

Envious as I was, I could not help admiring the splendid spirit with which he was turning his hermitlike life to good account. Surely, he was becoming a reformed character. If I could just spirit him out of that store, I would indeed be snatching a brand from the burning.

But the time was growing short. In one month more, now, the officers of the law would open up the drug store again. And then my cheerful Theodore would be seized and flung into prison for life.

I must act now! I must!

And then inspiration came to me. "A brand from the burning!" Why not set the drug store on fire? Then Theodore could perhaps slip out in the resulting confusion. But, no. That would be arson. For two days I pondered this difficulty, until my second inspiration arrived.

Why not get some smoke pots, such as we had used in our Sunday-school play to represent the Burning Bush, and simulate a fire? I would throw a smoke screen over Phrank's Phul-Value Pharmacy!

"Eureka!" I said to myself. "Eureka!" And when I awoke during the night, terrified by the rashness of my plan, I stole myself with the thought that, if I could carry this off, no one ever again would venture to call me a sissy. An unworthy thought, but I am telling the facts.

I PURCHASED a number of small but adequate portable smoke pots, and informed Theodore of my plans. I instructed him to disguise himself as well as possible and be ready for flight at about eleven of the evening of September fifth last.

On that evening I drove into the center of town and parked my car directly in front of the drug store. At eleven o'clock, just as the crowds were swarming out of the theaters near by, I unobtrusively entered the dark little alley beside the padlocked drug store. I placed the smoke pots, tremblingly ignited them, returned quickly to my car, and armed myself with a half-brick which I had brought along.

Then, as white smoke billowed out with gratifying density and poured swirling over the entire street, I shouted, with not entirely insincere terror:

"Fire!"

Then, pointing my hand at the drug store as though I had discovered the source of the conflagration, I flung the brick through the dusty plate glass window and dashed into the store through the aperture I had made.

In the shadows within, beside the soda fountain, was waiting my good Theodore. He was indeed, disguised, as well as changed. In the light from the street I could see that he was huskier than I had ever known him to be. He was deeply tanned, had some hair on his head, wore a long, brown beard, white sports shirt open at the neck, flowered beach pajamas, sandals, and dark-blue sun glasses. In his hand he twirled a tennis racket.

"Come on," I gasped as soon as I recovered from the shock. "No time to lose." We dashed to the shattered window.

As we emerged, several firemen with axes brushed past us on the way in. There was wild confusion. A burly police sergeant seized me by the arm. I quailed, and Theodore emitted a frightened croak.

"Gee, Reverend, are you hurt?" the sergeant inquired solicitously.

"No, Sergeant," I responded stiffly. "My friend the professor, here, and I had a good look 'round. Apparently the flames have not yet spread to this store."

The sergeant, glancing at Theodore, started visibly, but there was no sign of recognition in his face. It was the beard and costume which shook him, not the man. He escorted us to my car and cleared a way for us out of the crowd. In fifteen minutes I had Theodore safely secreted in the attic of the parish house.

"Sweet oil of lavender!" was Theodore's only comment—evidently some phrase he had picked up in the drug store.

**EMBOLDENED** by the brilliant success of my stratagem, I next day tackled the problem of getting Theodore to some distant part of the country and establishing him in some honest employment.

But how far would Theodore have to go to be safe? Would he have to go abroad? In order to determine this, I would have to find out the seriousness of the charges against him. I decided to go directly to the chief of police. I was brimming now with confidence in my ability to cope with the authorities.

"What brings you here, Doctor?" said the chief of police.

"Just happened to be dropping by, Chief," I said diplomatically, deftly offering him a cigar. "By the way, Chief, what are the charges against Theodore Thwing, otherwise known as Buzz the Bullfrog? I used to know Mr. Thwing, and wondered whether he has gotten into trouble in recent months."

"There aren't any charges against him, Doctor," said the chief, "but we've been looking all over for the little mug for the last five months. We're holding \$2,500 cash money reward that belongs to him. He was going straight, you know. Working as a bouncer for the Élite Dancing Academy. He broke up a holdup there. Prettiest thing you ever saw. Shot each of three armed gunmen through the right fist, then the left fist. Some shooting. And then, just as the cops came in, Buzz the Bullfrog got scared of something and sneaked out. We haven't seen him since. And one of the gangsters the Bullfrog winged had \$1,500 reward on him for a bank robbery and the other two \$500 each for postal holdups."

The rest of the story you doubtless know from the newspapers—how the chief of police personally presented the reward to Theodore and congratulated him publicly; and how Theodore used this as capital in establishing his astonishingly successful tonic, known far and wide as "Frog's Hair—Will Grow Luxuriant, Glossy, Curly Hair on a Frog." The name and slogan are his own.

I do not participate in the profits from this tonic, though I will admit, since I have vowed to tell the whole truth, that I have permitted Theodore, out of his prosperity, to pay off the mortgage on the church and contribute liberally to our poor fund. He has also reimbursed his former pal, Frank, for the foods consumed and the plate-glass window. And, despite his new-found responsibilities as head of a hustling hair-tonic concern, Theodore never fails to send me around a luscious hamper of frogs' legs once a week.

Truly, a brand from the burning.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

# An invitation TO EDUCATED MEN



In a literal sense, education covers a multitude of accomplishments, or one accomplishment well. But a true sense of education includes no provision for satisfaction. Its principal characteristics are an insatiable desire to learn and, greater still, the practice of adaptability.

Any man who is content with his present knowledge is not truly educated though his name may be inscribed upon diplomas and degrees be affixed thereto. If the desire to know more is not the beacon light of his mind, he has merely finished some course of study. And if he doesn't recognize adaptability as a moving force of life, eventually he is as out of date as the course of study he finished.

Today's problems are a constant challenge to men to demonstrate the power and practicability of education . . . to go forward with progress by modern methods.

The established procedure of a few years ago is obsolete. The man who holds to old methods and old-fashioned training is not making any contribution to a New Deal for himself. In fact, he is carrying an economic millstone round his neck! We suggest that present-day business leaders, who completed International Correspondence Schools Courses only a few years ago, ascertain if some regular or selected form of modern training cannot be of considerable help to them.

Other business leaders, college-trained, cannot return to the institutions where they received their training. The demands of business and advancing years restrain them. But they, too, can modernize their training, by spare-time study of I. C. S. Courses. Thousands of successful men are doing that very thing today. Why not follow their example? The instruction you will receive is the latest accepted by authorities in the subject of your choice.

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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

# THE MEETING PLACE

## Right!

ROXBURY, MASS.—In your article on President Conant of Harvard you said he went to an ordinary high school. This is a great error. Roxbury Latin School is the finest prep school in the world. It was founded 300 years ago. The students go there six years. It is free to boys who live in the district known as Roxbury. From this vast area, which sends probably 5,000 boys to high school each year, thirty fellows are selected to go to Roxbury Latin School by men who thoroughly understand boys. These thirty have fine teachers, good athletics, and great opportunities for developing—six years with other boys who have been chosen by wise men as the leaders of tomorrow.—Andrew Fisher.

Apologies to President Conant and Roxbury Latin School; congratulations to both.

## Puzzled

CONNAUTVILLE, PA.—E. G. asks for one rule for success. No one rule could hit everyone. Just what is success? To me it seems to be quite as elusive as the will-o'-the-wisp. I do not mean for myself. I am young and have quite a way to go. But some so-called successful persons do not seem to me to quite fit the word.—R. D. M.

Rules or not, this we know: Success is easier attained than defined.

## Cynic

CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISS.—Roger Babson, in his article, "How to Go After a Job," overlooked the best bet: Pick out a man you think will make a good boss and marry his daughter.—P. F.

What if she's smart enough to say NO?

## Praise

RECENT, N. DAK.—Congratulations on "Women Want Bargains" by Francis Sill Wickman. You may receive some scorching letters for including this in your magazine, but I trust you will consign them to your wastebasket. Such stories as this accomplish a lot more in the way of educating people than efforts on the part of us preachers.—J. C. F.

No scorches yet. Disappointed. We'd consign them to this page and not to the wastebasket.

## Reproof

KINGSTON, PA.—Henry F. Pringle, in his article "A Jonah Who Swallowed a Whale," must have had a Zenmurray complex. In it the name of the subject is mentioned no fewer than 43 times. I'm wondering how the "Z" on his typewriter stood the attack. Yours in fun.—Mrs. A. M. J.

We won't ask him. He'd prove it was all our fault. We know authors. And yours in fun, Mrs. J.

## Sings

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Courtney Ryley Cooper's yarn, "The Wedding Gift," is a beautifully written rhapsody, and as I read about the synchronized movement on the throttle and reverse lever, the drivers



roaring in tremendous obbligato with the pound of the tender trucks, as a railroad man I had to pinch myself to be sure I was reading a railroad story. It is quite possible that I lack the higher qualities of appreciation, but we'll let it go at that if you'll kindly get him to put in correct mechanical details.—F. J. T.

Mr. Cooper has ridden many a mile in the cab of an engine. Very meticulous about mechanical details. But sings at his work.

## Snapped

WEBSTER GROVES, MO.—I had just returned from my second visit to A Century of Progress at Chicago, when I read Mr. Beatty's "Did I Meet You at the Fair?" You can imagine my surprise when I saw the picture of the woman seated, too tired to walk to a restaurant, or even to close the open purse bursting with free literature and souvenirs, peacefully munching an ice cream cone. The picture happened to be of none other than the undersigned. Thought you might be interested to know that Mr. Lobbe's fast-moving lens caught at least one American Magazine subscriber.—Mrs. F. L. D.

Thanks. Caught others, too—so they write us.



## Flashes

PEORIA, ILL.—D. McW. fascinated by Lawrence Tibbett autobiography; encloses letter for him. We sent it on. . . GREENEVILLE, TENN.—A. R. C. disappointed by Don Marquis's discussion of the Future Life. Likes Don; feels he fell short. Quite a job Don took on. Know anybody who could have done it better? . . . SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—A. B. McI. congratulates us on new short features in back pages. Wait'll she sees the grand ones now in preparation. . . TANABECHO, WAKAYMAKEN (Really!), JAPAN—Mr. Seitaro Matsuba uses THE AMERICAN to teach English in Mission School. Delighted. . . PEKIN, ILL.—L. McQ's "whole soul squeals in anguish" on reading the new Kathleen Norris serial. In the minority. . . JOPLIN, MO.—F. W. thinks all our illustrations should be in black and white. Says colored pictures are banners of the jazz age. Well, you know, one man's meat . . .

## Credit

LINDSBORG, KANS.—Hate off to your judgment in selling Elmer T. Peterson's "That's Where the Tall Corn Grows." Sorry there was no credit given to the creator of the Illustrating Lithograph, Birger Sandzén, dean of Kansas artists and a resident of the community.—W. M.

We're sorry too. It was a splendid lithograph. Our hats off to Artist Sandzén and Community Lindsburg.

## Beginnings

GULFPORT, MISS.—H. F. P., of Duluth, tells a story in The Meeting Place and suggests that it may be an old one. I have a volume entitled "A Library of Poetry and Song," published in 1870. In it is a poem, "The Eggs and the Horses—a Matrimonial Epic." It begins:

John Dobbin was so captivated,  
By Mary Trueman's fortune, face, and cap,  
(With near two thousand pounds the hook was baited),  
That in he popped to matrimony's trap.

He finds the lady too domineering and appeals to her father for help. Her father gives John a basket with 100 eggs and a string of 5 or 6 horses. He has to leave a horse at every household where the husband is boss, an egg wherever the wife is boss. The poem winds up with an empty basket and John turning home sadly with all the horses.—H. E. B.

Thanks, Mr. B. So that's where it started. Maybe. We'll wager the Greeks had a verse about it.

## Love?

BOSTON, MASS.—Swell stuff, that piece on "How to Go After a Job." But will it work? I came out of college with a lot of fine ideas. I finally landed a job because the reception-room girl felt kindly towards me. She took my phone number and called me the day the boss was feeling like giving away gold eagles—so I got one.—B. S.

Sounds more like the Birth of Romance than Big Business. May not work next time. Better save the article.

## Hi!

BARABOO, WIS.—Our family have been constant subscribers to The American since 1920, and more than that, we have every number from that date to the last issue, despite the fact that we have a stack well over six feet high.—A. W.

Our bow. Always occupy a high place in the hearts of our readers. Never knew it was that high.

## Diplomacy

FELLSMERE, FLA.—How come you all print articles about groups of states and others about individual states? I hope you don't dish up Florida in a Southern group, because she isn't in the same class. Please give her as much space as you did California.—Mrs. H. H. P.

We've been expecting a letter like yours, Mrs. H. H. P., ever since we published the California piece. Don't worry, we'll do right by Florida.



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Consider the soups and salads and vegetables and even the meats, of a home-cooked dinner . . . soft foods, all. Tender foods. Creamy foods. Foods which require little labor from your gums.

Is it remarkable, then, that mod-

ern gums are lazy, flabby, devitalized, that they tend to bleed?

Rather, it would be remarkable if you *didn't* find "pink" upon your tooth brush several mornings out of the week.

You needn't change your food habits. But do care for your gums as well as for your teeth, with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Ipana cleans the teeth, beautifully, ef-

ficiently. But also, massaged into the gums, the ziralol in Ipana acts upon the gum tissues, helps speed circulation through the gums, aids in bringing back healthy firmness to the gums.

Begin today with Ipana and massage of the gums. Don't permit "pink tooth brush" to dull your teeth, to endanger your teeth. Don't let it open the gates to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and pyorrhea. It is reasonable, it is *intelligent*, to protect your mouth, its looks and health, with Ipana.

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